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Fifth Avenue to the Footlights, by Mrs. Lydig Hoyt

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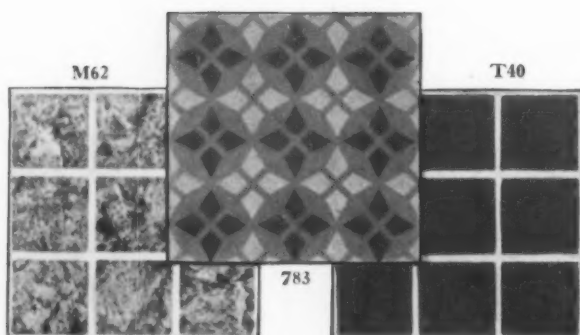
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the burlap back



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The gray wicker furniture and blue chintz coverings are just the furnishings this floor of Inset-Tile Linoleum calls for.



If you prefer any of these Armstrong patterns for your sun porch, order by number from your linoleum merchant. The design in the picture is No. T43.

The Postman on McCall Street

CAN you imagine the letters that the postman delivers every day to the Editor from the dwellers on McCall Street? There are literally thousands of them, bearing every kind of message from the highest praise to biting criticism. The Editor believes that many readers would enjoy reading some of these missives, and so here follows a selection picked at random, demonstrating the variety of interests of those living on the longest thoroughfare in the world—McCall Street.

"In my McCall's for February, I was delighted to read the announcement of Ethel M. Dell's coming novel. The author is one of the best. As an old reader of McCall's, I have been glad to watch its progress to the front ranks, and am glad to see such authors as Mary Roberts Rinehart, Robert W. Chambers, Sophie Kerr and others in the table of contents.

"MRS. E. M. SMITH,
Woodhaven, Long Island."

In Case of Fire

"DEAR MR. CUMMIN: I have saved Teeny Town ever since it started in McCall's Magazine. But it seems funny that I have all of Teeny Town but the Fire Company, and as you do not put Teeny Town in the Magazine any more, I cannot get a Fire Company any place. So I thought you might know a way to get me a Fire Company? Please answer my letter soon, as I have to use a police patrol in case of fire.

"DICK CONRAD, Johnstown, Pa.

"P. S. If you can get me one, be sure to have some firemen off the trucks so they can go into the buildings."

A Flower Lover

"May we hope for more about flower gardens in the future numbers of your charming magazine? Upon receiving my magazine the first thing I do is to glance through it in hope of finding something pertaining to flowers and gardens. It would be well worth the subscription price if a page each month were devoted to flowers and charming views of gardens.

"HELEN R. MCLENNA,
"Graniteville, Mass."

Flappers Must Reform

"I am so thoroughly in sympathy with your article in a recent McCall's in regard to the flapper, that I felt I must ask you to put it even stronger next time. I have a son, as fine a young man as any nice girl would want to meet, but he is so disgusted with the silly girls of today that he prefers to go out with men, and he is at the age when he ought to be married and have a home and family of his own.

"My little daughter is starting to copy (in her play) the manner and dress of these silly girls as she sees them on the street, so I do hope the reform will come before I have a young lady to deal with, but I feel very sure it has got to come through the men.

"Any true wife and mother will say that she would rather have the approval of her husband and sons than the whole world.—P. S. E."

Can Man Destroy Marriage?

"I was much interested in the article published in your January number, "Can Divorce Ever Part Husband and Wife." Today is the day when we are drifting too far from the sacredness of marriage, and it is well that such articles be put before the public.

"Can man sever bond not made by man? Man never instituted the sacrament of marriage, hence he can not repudiate it.

"Look at the mystery of the burning fire. Can man destroy it? He can destroy the blaze but not the mystery of the burning flame. So it is with marriage: not

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How to Make a Home

By Gene Stratton Porter

Illustration by Harvey Emrich

GRANTING that a combination of personal necessities and the finest architecture possible has evolved a building large enough for comfort, small enough for convenience, and appealingly attractive, still it is not a home.

Its potentialities bear just as heavily toward the divorce court as toward the haven of contentment, unless it is used in the right way by the right kind of people.

Personally, I am a firm believer in the Master of the House. My father was my ideal man, and he was most essentially the master of his home. He performed most of the work that brought the money. He knew what he could afford to spend on a given occasion. He had a very definite idea as to the position of the mistress of the home. He knew exactly how he wanted the children reared and educated. He laid down the law, and no one obeyed it quite so proudly and so gladly as my mother.

In all my life I never heard my father speak an unkind or an ill-advised word in his home. I never saw my mother treated with anything short of the most scrupulous deference. She was always consulted about what was to be done and how she wanted it done, but she began the consultation with the definite understanding that certain things could be done and certain things could not be done; that a certain amount of money could be spent, more than that could not be spent. She might cut her coat in any fashion she choose, but she must cut it according to her cloth.

I never have been intimately acquainted with any woman who found more joy in this procedure. It is quite true that she obeyed my father more quickly and willingly than we children obeyed him; on the other hand it is equally true that he obeyed her when she issued any command in her province.

This, perhaps, was the keynote of the situation: they each had a definite but a distinct province, and neither made any effort to encroach on the prerogatives of the other. I think the whole matter lay in the nutshell that my mother had the good sense not to request that my father do anything which would conflict with his religious, political or social principles. He knew her convictions equally well and respected her intelligence in the same way.

I was personally acquainted with the bishop who was rehearsing a bridal couple for their marriage, when the bride said to him: "Now, Bishop, you might as well change that 'obey' clause. I have not the slightest intention of obeying my husband."

And the bishop answered: "My child, you little realize the blessings of obedience. If I perform your marriage ceremony, the 'obey' clause will stand, and you will pledge yourself to keep it."

A great deal is being written in the present days about children who show no respect for their parents and who are rude and disobedient. Such a state of affairs is quite impossible in a home where husband and wife obey each other, show each other consideration and respect, and treat their children in the same manner from their birth.

It is the lawless husband and wife who think it smart to spar, to be saucy, to say anything that comes into their heads that they feel is brilliant or witty, without the least regard as to how deeply it may cut, who have rude, disobedient children.

Children are imitative little beings. They behave in public as they have been allowed to behave in their homes. If the master of the house shows no respect, no deference, to the wife and mother, if he does not see to it that the children obey her; if she does not assume the same attitude toward him, if she does not teach her children to love him, to respect his judgment, to rely on him for home and comfort, it is very seldom that the children will assume such an attitude of their own volition. It is quite impossible that they should do so, if they are daily witnesses of contention.

IF the children of our generation are to respect their parents, to love their homes, to protect their country, they must be taught from childhood to do these things. Solomon was quite right when he proffered the advice: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

In order that a home become an altar at which the hearts of a family bow in loving worship, there must be mutual respect, confidence and love between parents. Polished floors, artistic decorations, and modern conveniences do not constitute a home, since those really form only the shell. The kernel lies in the man's having the backbone to be the head of his family in reality and in truth, in the woman's having the breadth of vision and the wisdom to see that she can

only give sons and daughters to the world who will be an ornament and a help to their country, when she has the assistance and the moral support of her husband.

I am well aware that these conditions are not met with so frequently in these days as they were among our forefathers; but I am also aware that if we want our nation to be the power among other nations to which our courage, achievement, wealth, and intelligence entitle us, we must get back closer to the old standards of home life, since the home is the foundation stone upon which our nation must stand or fall.

THE ideal conditions outlined above produce the sane, level-headed, reasoning men and women who are standing firmly for things of good report in our country today. In those unfortunate homes where the man is ideal and the woman is a silly, irresponsible and extravagant creature, there comes the old problem of the man's having to do the best in his power by himself; but it seems to me, that in many such cases, if a man would have patience, if he would be what his name implies—a man—he might win his wife more nearly to his ideals, and he might be able to fashion his home life more nearly to his desires and in accordance with the needs of his country.

Conversely, there are many splendid women with big hearts, sane heads, and strong bodies, married to immoral, irresponsible men wholly lacking in business ability. In such cases, the burdens fall on the woman. She can only do all that lies in her power to evolve from her surroundings something as nearly as possible her ideal of a home, which frequently involves finding a way to pay the bills, not only for herself and the children, but for her husband as well.

Sometimes these conditions grow so exaggerated that it is better that men and women should separate and remove from the sight of their children the parent who is feather-brained, financially irresponsible, or immoral, the cause of daily contention in a home. This is a pitiful thing, but where it is necessary, it is infinitely better than to rear children in unfavorable surroundings.

It makes no difference whether a newly-wedded couple are beginning life in the mansion of a millionaire or in the tiniest apartment. If they do not start with mutual respect, with mutual love, with a united purpose, they will never evolve a real home. In so far as I have been able to penetrate to the homes of this

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New models that are true musical instruments



Victrola No. 240, \$115
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Mahogany

Being musical instruments the first requirement is quality of musical performance and in these new models the design is determined by their *musical* requirements. These requirements have been learned through twenty-four years devoted solely to the talking-machine art.

See and hear these new Victrolas which, while new in design, have all the characteristic tone-quality which has made the Victrola pre-eminent.



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GOLDEN PUDDING—A Crisco puff pastry shell makes this orange custard dessert a cookery triumph. Follow the recipe in "A Calendar of Dinners" offered below.

Do you know how to make puff pastry?

—it is the basis for many unusual desserts

PUFF pastry is that in which shortening and flour are mixed and rolled together in layers separated by cold air. The air enclosed in the paste expands in the heat of the oven so that the pastry bakes in crisp, puffy layers.

The trick in making puff pastry is to keep the flour and shortening from combining in a dense airless mass. This happens if the mixture is handled heavily, if too much water is used, or if there is moisture in the shortening.

Formerly, puff pastry was difficult to make because butter was the only shortening of sufficient delicacy and it had to be "washed"—a long, tedious process—to remove the salt, moisture, and curd. If this "washing" was not done properly, the pastry was tough.

Today, expert cooks eliminate this

difficult part of puff pastry making by using Crisco—a pure white shortening as delicate as butter and with the additional advantage of being 100% rich—free from salt and moisture.

The flavor of some shortenings makes them unsuitable for delicate desserts. Crisco is a strictly vegetable product,—tasteless and odorless. It makes pastry that is crisp, flaky, and tender, and as digestible as it is good. The fact that Crisco is ideal for puff pastry is the best proof that no finer shortening or cooking fat for any purpose can be made.

The cookbook offered at the left tells you the expert way to use Crisco in making puff pastry and in doing all kinds of better cooking. Send for it, and see how easy and economical it is to cook things that are as good as the magazine pictures look.

Do you know the right way to roll out pie crust?

You can learn this cookery trick and all the other knacks by which professional cooks insure successful results in their baking from "A Calendar of Dinners", the big, interesting cookbook written by Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal". This cloth-bound book covers all branches of cookery, contains tables of weights and measures, cookery time tables, 615 exclusive recipes, and 365 dinner menus—one for every day in the year. Each copy of this book costs us almost 50c to print. You can obtain one

copy for 10c in stamps, mailed with your address to Section L-5, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.

Get Crisco at your grocer's. It is sold the right way, by net weight, in sanitary cans holding 1, 3, 6, or 9 pounds. It costs less per pound in the larger sizes. It never is sold in bulk.

CRISCO

For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making



Fifth Avenue to the Footlights

By
Mrs. Lydig Hoyt

Illustration by
Hugh Ferriss

IT was at our country house on Long Island, late October. I was about six years old. "Your older sister," Miss M—, the music teacher, was saying to me with surprise and pain, "has locked herself into the attic."

I was confused and pleasantly excited by the mutiny against authority which my sister was staging in the family's absence. I had trotted up to the attic door with the maid when she went to announce Miss M—'s arrival from the station and had heard the conversation through the door. I well knew that my sister wasn't coming out.

"Well," continued Miss M— doubtfully, "I'm supposed to give a piano lesson . . . Do you want to take one?"

I had rather to shin up the piano stool as though it were a tree, I was so little then. I sat there, picking out notes with my forefinger, delighted with the sense of performing. Miss M— later told my mother that I ought to take lessons. She didn't know that I had been tinkering with the piano-keys for several months.

You can't definitely connect what a child of six does with what a woman does twenty years later. Yet my start with the study of music then led eventually to my being able to go on the stage afterwards. The training I got from music—piano, violin, voice—enured me to work, because I took my training seriously enough. If I hadn't learned breath control from a voice teacher years before I made my debut at the Astor Theatre in New York this fall, my stage fright would have left me nearly speechless.

It might seem a far cry and one that was heard over the passing of a good many years, from my finger-playing on the piano as a child to my listening to the orchestral overture as I stood for the first time in the wings of the Astor Theatre waiting for my cue. But it wasn't a far cry. I see the one leading directly to the other.

A young girl's debut is probably the most egotistical experience she ever goes through. She is never so important at any function again except at her wedding and then emotional reactions soften her excitement.

Flowers enough to decorate the tropics, notes, letters and telephone calls sufficient to describe the business and importance of a president. The gown to be selected, the invitations, the arrangements for the supper. . . . One looks forward to it at seventeen as one did once to Christmas Eve, with the difference that she is now herself to be the Santa Claus.

I made my debut at Sherry's. I was just seventeen and should have been eighteen, according to custom. But my friends were eighteen and were making their debuts. I was tall and wanted to take on all the activities they enjoyed. I seem always to have been doing things a year too soon.

I had had my two years undergraduate training at the Metropolitan Dances—my sub-deb training. Now I was graduated. I made my bow.

EVERYTHING about a girl's debut is planned to make her feel happy, proud, excited. Friends give dinner parties to include guests who are later attending the coming-out. Opera boxes are filled with people who will, after the curtain at the Metropolitan has hit the stage at the end of the performance, go to some ballroom to see Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So's daughter make her bow. Your friends are interested and if there be bored ones they recognize the debut as a custom which one goes through with every appearance of interest. As a matter of fact, one debut party is as similar to another as it can be. The debutante herself makes the only note of difference.

You stand in line with the guests coming in suitably late, and people pay you charming compliments and confide in you and perhaps even in others, that you are going to be a great success. You may wonder in the midst of your ready answering and smiling what being a success may exactly mean. It has to do with having other moments when you must seem as radiant and charming and desirable as you are made to feel you are at your debut. You may even have a curious sense of responsibility as to your future. . . . What if you might not be a success or what if, more painful, you might find you would like to be something other than a success?

MRS. LYDIG HOYT, the former Julia Robbins, widely heralded as the most beautiful as well as the most accomplished of New York's younger set, created a sensation this spring by appearing as leading woman for William Faversham in "The Squaw Man." She is the first real leader in America's "400" actually to adopt a stage career. Here is her own story, told for the first time, of how and why she left the drawing-room for the theater.



Mrs. Lydig Hoyt

You dance with dozens of different men. The buzzing of their talk is delightful, stimulating. You go down to supper and are too excited to eat. There is the orchestra, the waiters bearing platters with suave speed, the drinking of toasts, and more dancing. Finally you go home very late. You are now a person of privileges.

There are probably lots of people, and they don't have to be socialists necessarily, to whom the debut of a young girl in New York or in Main Street, seems an unhealthy and unnecessarily exotic hubbub.

But everyone has an instinct for sociability. Put Robinson Crusoe on his desert island and he is wretched and driven to making friends with his goat until Friday appears. Making a debut is a more elaborate and stilted manner of meeting up with Friday, Mrs. Friday and younger Fridays. There is glamor in the formality of society and social relations. It is the glamor of civilization.

I WAS less experienced when I made my debut than the younger girls seem to be who come out today. I had had my schooling at Miss Davidge's and Miss Chapin's. I had gone to Dodsworth's dancing school. Every other summer from the time that I was a little child, was spent abroad and the alternate summers at Southampton. I had been the youngest child to climb Mt. Vesuvius, at four, though I actually ascended it on the guide's back. He wanted me to be the youngest child to go down into the crater after we made the ascent but my family felt that I had had glory enough.

Before my debut I had been all over the western part of Europe, and the British Isles. I had gone to a few holiday parties after I was fifteen. But I was not the Scott Fitzgerald young person that so many girls seem to be today. I can't see what making their debut means to them. They have made them in cafés and dance-halls so often before.

I remember, the first winter I was out, having gone to a certain café with some older people to see Maurice dance. He was then a figure of interest. Within twenty-four hours, I was being informed that nice young girls did not go to cafés. I sometimes wonder if they go any place else today.

I think the girl of today is making an enormous mistake. She learns everything at once. She bolts down information about life in one gulp as a boa-constrictor eats his lunch. It is not wholesome and it cannot be charming. A girl may think that a man admires her sophistication because he laughs at it. He may laugh, not because he admires, but because he is amused.

Going out into society meant something to me because I had led a fairly restricted life before. One was pretty much of a chrysalis at sixteen a few years ago.

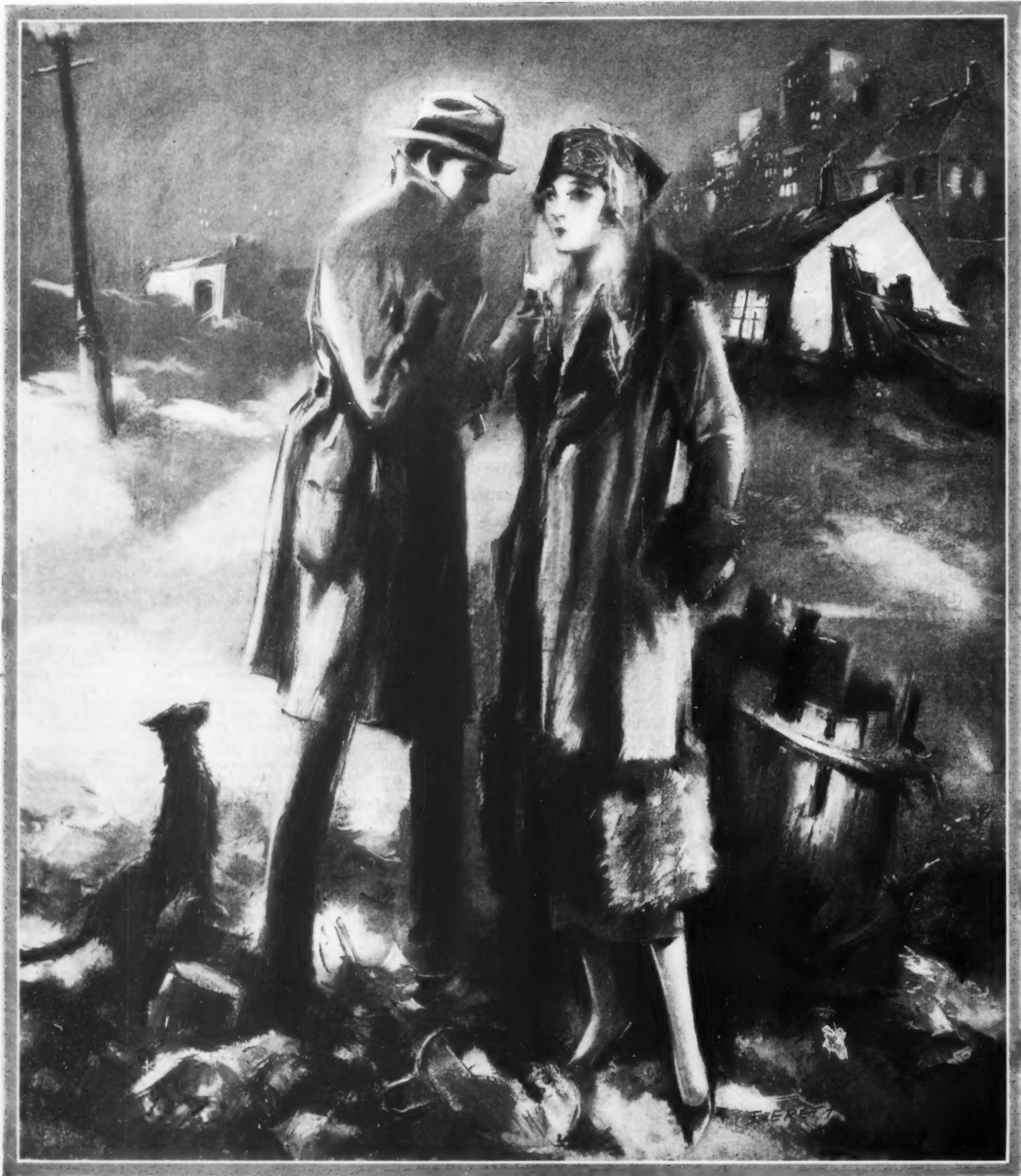
I CAME out in the middle of winter so my first season was spent in dancing and going to the opera, dancing and going to tea at the St. Regis, the Ritz, dancing—dancing. When I am out hunting, I am fairly convinced that hunting is the best physical sport I know. Certainly it is one of the most exciting. But when I am on a ball-room floor, I forget about horses and am entirely in favor of dancing on forever or until the orchestra goes home for breakfast.

I must have danced miles during my first season. I don't care, even today, whether my partner talks particularly well or remains absolutely silent. If he dances, he fulfills my expectations.

I got up late and rode in Central Park. I got up a little earlier and took my singing lessons. Though I have wasted as much time as anyone else, I have never arrived at the point where I wasn't taking lessons at something. I took lessons when I was little to learn to play tennis, then golf. I was taught to ride as soon as I could stick to a side-saddle, and I still rap on wood when I say I haven't yet fallen off. I took fencing lessons which particularly delighted me. Much later, because the game was a little less muscular and therefore perhaps more mature, I learned to play bridge. I studied Russian folk-dancing with Chalif, the tango with Maurice, singing and elocution, and now, of late, I have been studying with Madam Yvette Guilbert, the diseuse.

My singing lessons had lost some of their importance owing to my having had diphtheria which had so weakened my vocal chords that even I was convinced that I could never be a grand-opera star, which, I confess, was one of my several ambitions at fifteen. But I still kept up the lessons. I had started singing opera in my bedroom when I was fifteen. I was at that time thoroughly fascinated by the glamour of the opera. I had been given lessons because a teacher decided that since I would not stop singing, which

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"I'm not," Judy managed to say, "wholly out of my head. I'm merely keeping a promise I made myself last summer"

Moonlight and the Dump

By Royal Brown

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

EVER after Judy Pryce was to fear moonlight. All moonlight, but most of all the warm, sweet-scented, heady moonlight of a garden in June. It was moonlight such as this, and not the impetuous pleading of Hunter Hall, that so mesmerized Judy that, in a moment of white-magic madness, she let snap the bonds she had deliberately set upon herself.

This she realized—afterwards. Enchantment fell upon them even as they stepped forth into the encompassing brilliance that transfigured the terrace. In the music room they had quitted, a great pipe organ was suffering indignity; jazz was being committed upon it while Amy Rogers gave an imitation of somebody or other dancing.

Judy had suddenly felt distaste for the music room, with its many lights, its flushed faces and the too frequent flares of unrestrained laughter.

"It's hot here," she murmured, "I'm going outside." This to Hunter Hall. He was close to her, as usual. With the lack of reticence so characteristic of his kind these days he had told her, the first time he met her, that he was mad about her. Judy didn't believe it, but she was interested.

Judy Pryce had a cool serenity and a tongue that could be as chill as ice-water when she chose to make it so. She

and the other girls of her set are the products of an amazing generation. They discuss topics that their grandmothers thought it not nice even to think about, with a frankness that appalls their elders, and they have a profound disregard for the conventions.

In Judy her aunt had all confidence. And so: "What's he like?" was all she asked. Judy and her aunt lived together. There were other relatives, some rich and all socially powerful in Boston, to whom Judy might have gone when the need arose, at sixteen, for someone to take her. She herself had chosen her Aunt Edith Newton whom everybody, Judy included, called Bede. At eighteen Bede Newton had been impulsive and romantic. She was forty now and a widow, but she was still impulsive and still romantic. This she herself never suspected.

"Choose a husband the way I choose my hats," she counseled Judy. "Milliners always tell you that the brim

can be bent differently or something like that. But I prefer to shop around until I find exactly what I want."

"You can't," she declared positively, "change a husband after marriage."

They shared hats, frocks and five thousand a year between them. As to their income, five thousand a year may seem much to some people, to them it was an insufferable, implacable limitation placed upon every normal desire.

They had a general understanding that twenty thousand a year was an absolute minimum for marriage and that more was preferable.

And so when, her dark hair braided and her still slim and graceful self very lovely in her negligee, she asked Judy what Hunter Hall was like, Judy knew what she meant.

"Like all the rest of them," she replied, indifferently. "Rather attractive, though," she conceded. "But no money."

This she told him, too, with characteristic frankness, adding, gratuitously, that he simply must marry some girl with plenty. But that only spurred him on.

"We might manage," he told her, hopefully.

"I prefer not to," she retorted.

Now they paused, briefly, on that moonlit terrace. She had not asked him to accompany her, but she was not sorry

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Beginning a Dramatic Novel that Rivals "Main Street" in its Revelations of American Life



Jones experienced a thrill of interest. Here was a farmer's daughter—educated, strong, lovely, gullible. What a wife she would make!

Up and Coming

By Nalbro Bartley

Author of "A Woman's Woman", "The Gorgeous Girl", etc.

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

HIS name might have been Tom Tuesday or Francis Finis, had the circumstances of being sent to a London orphanage so fired the beadles' imagination. But their commonplace turn of mind together with the time of his arrival caused the mite to be registered as Jones Bynight. No one paid any attention to either name or owner until thirty years later. Jones Bynight had crossed the Atlantic and cast his lot with the new world, and now at thirty he became engaged to Sophie Heiser, hired girl at his boarding-house in Cornwall, a small American town.

Sophie regarded the name of Jones Bynight with the same awe that certain Americans in this year 1861 were regarding British titles. Who would not change from being Sophie Heiser, orphan drudge, to become Mrs. Jones Bynight, wife of a carpenter employed in building the great Dunlevy mansion?

"It'll be best for both, old girl," as Jones argued. "I needs a wife to 'elp me on, and you need someone to look after you. I can read and write if it don't go too deep. You can't. Your folks died in crossing to America. I never 'ad none. Nobody gives tuppence for us. You and me can start an American family. No telling where our kids will fetch up. In merry old England all I would 'ave would be the chance to slave for somebody else. What would you 'ave 'ere? Together, we sets up to 'ousekeep and our grand'uns may live in the Dunlevy mansion yet!"

Sophie, whose apple-cheeked beauty was somewhat marred by smallpox marks, blushing agreed. To her simple mind this wiry cockney was a super-person. Sophie's parents would have rejoiced at her good fortune. True, he was not of her people; but this was America. Was she worthy of him?

Fate, in the form of a traveling circus, hurried the affair. For the management generously offered to any couple willing to be married in the lion's cage, the parson's services and a

three-piece parlor suite. Upon hearing of the offer, Jones consulted with Sophie. Since they planned to be married, why not in the lion's cage? It required no more nerve to stand in a corner of the cage, the trainer covering the drugged animal with a gun than to have crossed the ocean under the conditions both had weathered. Having endured the orphanage and his apprenticeship to a carpenter, Jones regarded marriage in a lion's cage as a lark rather than a hardship. Every effort must be made to buy a house. His children must have an education.

With a dim yet worthy vision, a nobility of soul if not of caste, they accepted the circus manager's offer. Where-with the manager posted notices of the event, the bridal couple remaining oblivious of public ridicule.

THE evening before the wedding, Jones and Sophie inspected the three-room cottage Jones had rented for—it seemed a vast sum—eight dollars a month. Jones had borrowed from his foreman and together with Sophie's few dollars, they invaded a second-hand shop to secure enough for housekeeping. (The parlor suite was to be delivered the day after the wedding.) Already Jones assumed an air of ownership as he unlocked the door. It was his first experience in self-respect, becoming a householder as well as a husband. He planned to teach Sophie to read and write; he would even go with her to the Lutheran Church since she was strong in the faith, and he cherished none of his own.

Sophie felt equally important. In haste she had trimmed her mother's plush dress with beads—her bridal costume.

Her honey-colored hair would be braided fantastically, a white bow could serve as a veil. Jones would wear his checked suit and a new derby hat. They would have some tintypes made as soon as they were out of debt. For what more could one ask?

"A tidy spot," commented Jones; "let's look over the Dunlevy pile on the way back."

She nodded. To Sophie's mind the uncompleted mansion of these rich Americans was of small concern. Her cottage was to be preferred. She visualized it with its parlor suite of black walnut and garnet plush, braided rugs and geraniums at the windows. She saw the kitchen clean and homelike because of her willing fingers, a pot of simmering soup giving out wholesome odors. She pictured children playing in the yard, Jones coming in to say he was made head carpenter! In due time there would be a parlor organ, a row of books for the children to study, a gold watch for Jones, a silk dress for herself. Truly she must prove worthy of her blessings. Because Jones wished it, she walked aimlessly through the new mansion listening to the cost of mantelpieces, details as to the paneled rooms.

"The Dunlevy's are as rich as kings," Jones confided; "yet who can tell—our children may be their neighbors. At any rate, they'll not be wed at a circus, will they, old girl?"—kissing her to impress the fact that it mattered not a jot as far as he was concerned. "It's up and on in this land. What's good enough for a man's father ain't good enough for 'im. Not unless he chooses to 'ave it so. As we come up, down they goes," he said, indicating the Dunlevy house. "Every fellow out for 'imself and no one too sure of anything for long. Come along, Sophie, we've got our own 'earth—leave the poor Dunlevys their palace."

By dint of hard yet harmonious work and Sophie's unquestioned thrift, Jones bought the cottage after the birth of his second child. By this time the Dunlevys were living

in their mansion, entertaining lavishly, and Jones was a head carpenter engaged on municipal buildings.

They called their first child Jones junior, the second Sophie. Meantime the reconstruction period following the Civil War was at hand, and business was uncertain. Two children and a third soon to be born demanded all of Jones' wages.

Nor had Sophie learned to read. Their brief honeymoon had seen the beginning, with Jones the tender teacher, but Sophie soon wearied of the effort. She needed her strength for cooking and gardening, and soon there were small clothes to make and dream over. She saw no need for "book ways." So Jones read aloud to her.

Sophie was a satisfactory wife. He had no wish to spend his time or money elsewhere than at home. He was eager to have his son finish the grade school. Then he would have a diploma, could become a clerk and keep his hands clean at work. The plans for little Sophie and the baby, Hans, were short lived. Within a week both children died from a fever epidemic which ran its course through certain city sections.

Jones junior survived and became his parents' idol. He had his mother's constitution, his father's pleasant manner, but none of their virtues. To this they were blind. In

"Do they eat any better than that—tell me!" she would demand, heaping his plate with some indigestible delicacy.

Jones prevailed on Sophie, against everyone's advice, to sell the cottage and buy a small grocery business, forerunner of the delicatessen store. Her home-made bread and German cakes would attract business. Over the store were living-rooms into which they moved, and a garden patch lay behind.

"Buy it at the German woman's," became a neighborhood slogan; even the Dunleveys sent their coachman for some of Sophie's famous Saturday apple-cakes.

Grieving for her husband and puzzled by her son, Sophie



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You will starve honey," she insisted. "Mother will have to hem napkins and make salads until Judgment Day if you become an artist"

him they saw the child God spared them, every hope centered about his consequential little self. Nothing would be too great a sacrifice in order to give this son advantages.

No further tragedy came to them during Jones' childhood. They prospered modestly. When Jones was twelve, his father built an addition to the cottage, an extra room and a veranda. Sophie had two silk dresses and a locket and chain. She no longer scrubbed the paving stones before the cottage.

Jones senior boasted of a watch. He belonged to a lodge and had several men friends whose wives called on Sophie because "she was a good, hard-working German woman who couldn't help being ignorant." Sophie never realized their patronage. She shared her recipes, sent them freshly baked bread and helped them make lace or knit stockings. Hers was a childish pleasure in merely being alive. She worshipped her husband and son. They owned their home and had three hundred dollars in the bank. Only once had Jones been out of work. They must be doing rightly or God would not be so kind. Sophie did not realize that she had lost her fresh beauty, nor notice her son's impatience when she failed to comprehend what he said. Her husband talked with her son rather than with her and both ordered rather than consulted her. She was too happy in the security of their little home. Truly, America was the chosen land.

In the fall of 1876, Jones was killed while at work. A heavy timber fell across his chest. The company made a settlement of a thousand dollars and burial expenses, and impressed upon Sophie that she should be grateful that they had done as much.

Too heartbroken to comprehend anything save her husband's death, Sophie turned to her son for consolation. His sympathy took the form of selfish advice. He felt that his mother was useful only in a kitchen. Otherwise she disgraced him. She was illiterate, highly emotional and "pig-headed," as he graciously remarked. Years of hard work were developing a kind of hysteria, common to Sophie's kind. She was given to shrill scolding. Her brooding silences were followed by childish light-heartedness and foolish efforts to atone for her behavior.

II

YOUNG Jones progressed in school unevenly. To finish the grade school with as little effort as was possible was his intention. Bynight's death gave his son the upper hand. Why remain in this workingman's cottage? His schoolmates lived in far better neighborhoods. He was ashamed to have them at the house, and this angered his mother. She would persist in elaborate German cooking to make amends for her lack of culture.

turned to work with fanatical energy. She must save to secure her son's care-free future. Overhead expenses were small. Sophie did all her housework and baked at night. Jones went to parties.

He matured early, became a handsome, worthless lad with a carefully cultivated mustache. He boasted of his top-hat, his flourishing handwriting, his ability to sing popular songs and accompany himself on the guitar.

At eighteen, he was openly contemptuous to his mother. He considered himself a gentleman who must marry his equal; his children would be the "real thing." He saw nothing wrong in pilfering his mother's money or telling her to "hush." He waited on store part of the time, but the day was fast approaching when he would refuse to tie a white apron about his slender waist and ladle out prunes. Neighborhood girls were his constant patrons. Sophie regarded them as "lazy flirts looking down on a poor, hard-working woman." Miserliness began to dominate her nature.

JONES dressed in the latest style and his mother refused to buy new clothes. Why should she? She was a widow, her son never went out with her, nor could she leave her store. Inwardly, she regretted her lack of education, she wished that she had kept at the lessons her husband so romantically offered.

She had learned to sign her name and to count, and no one fooled her in business matters except her son who purposely misrepresented his accounts. To rent the smartest team in town and take girls driving while his mother toiled was what occupied Jones these days.

Shame entered into his thoughts, but never inspiration. His father was a cockney carpenter, his mother an ignorant working girl, and their marriage had taken place at a circus—all for a parson's fee and some furniture! Such a background should not be his son's—his son must marry a lady. But he never planned how this would come to pass. A weak character, the rebound from his parents' strength, he proved tyrannical in personal relationships and stupid in his dealings with the world.

By the time Jones was twenty, his mother lacked the vigor to shoulder the day's tasks. When winter set in, Sophie was wretched from rheumatism and scolding like a shrew, and Jones was obliged to bestir himself to make fires and carry on the business in some sort of fashion. He could no longer go forth to matinees or hang around pool-rooms. He must open the store and listen to his mother's complaints. A few weeks of this brought him to the decision that he would look for employment elsewhere.

After the holidays, Sophie staggered to her feet and again began running the business, heartbroken from her

son's neglect. She had withered, it seemed. In a wool dress, her feet in carpet slippers and her thin hair strained into a knob, she presented anything but a pleasing appearance, yet her baked goods were always in demand.

Jones announced his plans. "Since you are feeling barely tolerable," he said, "I'm going to Grimshaw & Grimshaw to see if they want a man for the road. If you had been a different sort, I'd have gone through the academy—here I am, over twenty, wasting my time behind a counter."

An abusive tirade answered him. Jones was an ingrate; he hated his mother—better she should know it, she who loved him so. Wait until he raised a son, and that son turned on him and reproached him for what he had *not* done. Had she not given him everything she could—was not his diploma from the grade school proof of an education? It was girls and pool-parlors that prevented his advancing. Did mothers in America raise children only to have the children ashamed of their mothers? He could get his white-fingered job—she would not interfere. Because he failed in his duty, she would not in hers. He was her darling son, her first-born—the tirade ended in sentimental hysteria.

Jones paid careless tribute to pave the way for a loan and then set about to find a situation. He was a tall, handsome youth, better dressed than most. Grimshaw & Grimshaw were favorably impressed and they wanted someone to cover the rural districts of that state. The salary was small but the occupation was pleasing. Jones signed a contract.

THE more he thought of it, after he had explained it in exaggerated terms to everyone, the better pleased he was. He was stepping up; in line to become a sales-manager. Gradually, Sophie reflected his pride. Her son was a traveling salesman, he had bought her a house-dress at wholesale. He insisted that she wear a cap when waiting on the store. Too long had he endured the comments about her hair-dressing. He bought himself a portmanteau. His mother gave him a set of brushes and, promising to write all the girls, Jones started on his new career.

Sophie soon found she must hire help. She was unable to read her son's letters, another drawback. After several attempts at giving girls what she considered was a good home, she hired a man and paid him an amount beyond her wildest calculations.

All this time Jones was sauntering throughout the countryside, drinking more than was wise but on the whole making good for his firm. Jones was amiable, he would wait around until the storekeepers were inclined to gossip—and buy. He liked being removed from the grocery store

atmosphere and his mother's scolding, and he greatly enjoyed having a girl in every town. His veneer of city polish helped to capture the belles with small effort. When he reported at headquarters in Cornwall, he was even polite to his mother. He knew that his place was with her, but he justified his absence by arguing that he was advancing in the world.

Jones had never been in love with anyone save himself. He was popular with too many girls to think of one seriously. A wife was a difficult proposition to his reckoning. His mother would not be easy to live with unless the girl were of her own caliber. Most certainly Jones would never marry that kind of girl. He had better remain single.

III

IN the second year of his drummership, Jones was taken ill at the hamlet of Naples. Severe weather coupled with indiscreet drinking brought on grippe. As he lay in a hideous room of the Hotel Crystal, dependent on indifferent attention and a country doctor, Jones had an infantile longing for his mother's nursing, for her love which knew no rebuff.

He was up against the "cold, cold world," as the popular song then in vogue described it, and the result was childish homesickness. He reminded himself that a man his age, almost twenty-three, ought to be married. Who would care for him if he should be seriously ill? As soon as he was out of this wretched room, he would find a suitable girl and make love to her!

She must be educated and capable, strong, yet good to look upon, someone with an even temper who would be kindly disposed to his mother. That she would adore him, he took for granted. What he might have to offer such a person was quite beside the question.

These altruistic qualifications attracted him to Martha Dunning, the Naples school teacher. Martha boarded at the hotel. She had often noticed Jones in the dining-room or seen him taking some of the girls to ride. But Martha was not flirtatious. Her father was a prosperous farmer "down-state," and her stepmother regarded Martha as a dreamer "slow as the mountains." Family tradition had it that Martha was so gullible when a child that she allowed a younger brother to cut a hole in an umbrella so as to look out and see when it stopped raining.

Martha lived as much as possible in her book-world of Pilgrim's Progress, the Bible and Sunday-school stories. Her stepmother declared that Martha was like her mother who had been, a "clinging vine sort." Martha received scant affection from her stepmother. Her half brothers and sister were given the preference and when she was finally appointed to teach the Naples school, her stepmother announced her satisfaction, and her father dully accepted his second wife's opinions as final.

With a high heart and emotional vision, Martha at seventeen came to Naples. She was good to look at, with her far-apart dark eyes suggesting the orient and her nut-brown hair braided about her well-shaped head. She had a strong, sure body, in striking contrast to her sensitive, even features. She made her own clothes—simple, colorful things well suited to her type, and she paid for her board and room by waiting on the hotel table.

After six years of this, Martha longed to be loved. She was an ambitious optimist with a courageousness of soul not apparent upon first acquaintance. An idealist, Martha forced herself to be blind to others' defects.

In brief, Martha knew what was right but she had no inkling of what was wrong. She had never been in a town with a population of more than five thousand. Naples was barely nine hundred. She had hopes of some day attending a city normal school and becoming an academy teacher, and being free to go to theaters. But should she marry, her children must go to college and become cultured men and women.

In all her life she had had but one suitor, an impossible countryman. Martha had been annoyed by his homage. Mr. and Mrs. Aziah Musty, proprietors of the hotel, joked about "Marthy's beau, Phineas Bates." "Marthy deserves a good man," Mrs. Musty declared, "but she's that easy she is likely to get a bad one. Anyhow, the school board knows it won't find a finer little schoolmarm in the township."

IT happened that Mr. Musty, who carried up Jones' meals, was not home the Sunday evening Jones was pitying himself and planning to marry. Unexpected guests came in for supper and in the general flurry, Mrs. Musty asked Martha to "run up with the drummer's supper."

Martha shouldered the tray. She considered Jones a dashing chap who would never glance at her twice. She was sorry he was ill and away from home. She rearranged the tray before she took it in.

Jones was sitting in a top-heavy rocker, unshaven and white-faced. The smoky lamp showed an untidy room.

"Dear me," began Martha gently, "you need housecleaning. Draw up to the table; I'll set the tray there. I'll

light a candle and take this lamp down and clean it. I'd better rake up the coals, too. A fire is such a cheery thing."

With scant ceremony he set to work at his supper. Martha returned with the cleaned lamp and more coal. He watched her coax the fire into a blaze, sweep the hearth, dust about a little. She drew the shades evenly and remade his bed. Everything she did was deft, and produced a miraculous change in the atmosphere. She hummed as she worked. When she came to take away his tray, he saw how lovely her brown hair was, how dark and wise her eyes. Her personality stimulated him. He liked the red wool dress with its pale blue neck-ribbon. Her feet were small and well formed. Here was a girl with brains and yet she could work, a pleasing combination.

"Don't go," he begged, "it's awfully dull. I'd like to talk."

"But I wait on table," she explained, smiling.

"You are Miss Dunning, the school teacher. You never let me have a second word with you, did you? I had to be sick and half frozen before you'd bother. That's a fine way to treat a chap." He felt very much better. He wished he had shaved and put on a collar and tie.

MARTHA blushed. There was something pleasant in this bantering. She was glad she had put on the blue ribbon.

"I must go," she said slowly, "Mrs. Musty has company."

"Please bring me more coffee," was his gallant order, "and if you have a spare moment, would you mend a fellow's glove? I'll buy you the finest blue ribbon you ever saw. Is it a bargain?"

"I'll gladly mend the glove, but you must not bother about a ribbon. I will either send or bring the coffee. You need kindling, too. It will be a cold night."

"Bring the coffee yourself," he urged, "I must talk to you."

So Martha brought the coffee and the kindling and by the time she mended the fire, Jones experienced a thrill of

perfumed hair oil. The neighborhood girls teased Sophie about Jones' being in love. Some fine day he would bring home his wife, wait and see.

Jones admitted nothing of his plans. He returned to Naples in the spring to find Martha even more lovely. She suggested spring herself in her eager gladness at seeing him. She believed him both handsome and wise. Martha had made herself a frock the color of daffodils to wear for his coming, and her broad hat was trimmed with violets.

For two weeks Jones paid dutiful and unflagging court. Each day he hired the fastest horse and the best buggy to drive over to Martha's school and bring her home. There was no mistaking his devotion.

"How's this for high?" he asked one day as he drew up beside the churchyard, a secluded spot to talk, particularly when conversation was of a most personal nature. "Well, sorry yet that you know me?"

Martha's smile reassured him. He kissed her. "I guess we understand each other without any more waiting," he said.

Driving by a little later, Aziah Musty was the first to be included in their confidence.

"She's promised to marry me this same June," Jones announced. "Tell the board to find another teacher."

"Sizzling buckwheats," was the flattering reply, "Marthy, have you thought it over careful like?"

Martha nodded, too happy and confused to speak.

"Wal," Mr. Musty concluded, "I'll git home to tell mother. She'll know best what to say to both of you."

Neither Mrs. Musty's protests nor the disapproval of Martha's family who suddenly became actively interested in her future, had any influence. On a late June day, Martha and Jones were married in the parlor of the Crystal Hotel.

Triumphant and swaggering, more nervous than usual, Jones signed the marriage register, kissed his bride and ordered their luggage taken to the station. His mother's absence was explained by ill health. He was to take Martha to her without delay.

"Like as not to do the housework," sniffed Mrs. Musty. "Funny she never wrote nor sent Marthy anything. Even Marthy's folks give her a hundred dollars. Sounds to me as if Marthy would have to buckle to. The Lord should have put it somewheres in the Bible that no girl ought to live with her husband's people; then maybe folks would have paid attention."

"Young Bynight got the better half of the bargain—that's all I've got to say!" was her husband's only comment.

IV

JONES began the gentle art of disillusionment as soon as they were on the train.

"Mother is an old German woman. You mustn't mind her ways—as good as gold at heart but her ideas aren't like ours. She never had a chance at school."

"School isn't everything," Martha corrected generously. She was looking at the wide gold ring on her wedding finger. Just then nothing mattered save that she was Jones' wife, going to live in the city.

"It matters a little,"—determined to satisfy his frail conscience and tell Martha as much as possible before she arrived home. "My father was an Englishman; he could read and write. Mother said he tried to teach her, but housework and babies interfered. So poor mother only knows how to sign her name, and here I am with a grade school diploma while you are a graduate of an academy. I wonder how you ever looked at me twice—and where our children will fetch up."

"College graduates!" was her quick answer, a puzzled look in her dark eyes. "I didn't know your mother was illiterate; you never said just that."

"But you're no snob," he reminded her tenderly, one hand stealing over to clasp hers.

"Of course not. Only I never thought of her just that way."

"She's as fine a mother as a man could have; only she gets on my nerves with her shabby dress and broken talk—peasant habits, I guess you would call it. Work, work, work, with a glass of beer and a sandwich at night while she gossips about the neighbors. But if anyone is in trouble, she is first to help."

"Will you stay on the road?" Martha asked.

"Not now, my dear." He smiled beguilingly. "I'm going to ask for a city salesman's job—think I'll get it, too. Remember, I'm not intending you to live over the store and work like mother. Just for a few months, until I get started in town. We'll move into a good neighborhood and that will be an end to the store-keeping."

Martha did not see through the ruse. She felt magnanimity toward this worn-out mother and a pride and trust in Jones. Nothing could dim her gladness.

They stayed a few days at a town near Cornwall where Jones conducted his business and showered attention on his bride. A silk dress, a plumed hat and boots with tassels were among his offerings. They occupied the best suite in the hotel and went carriage-riding and to the minstrels. Martha wrote everyone how happy she was, what a wonderful husband Jones proved to be. She invited them to Cornwall to witness her good fortune. She made Jones go to church. He did not object—this once. He was proud of Martha and somewhat worried over bringing her to his mother, who was unaware of her existence. Something in Martha's happy eyes made him reluctant to confess his deceit.

A few days later they went on to Cornwall. It was not until they were nearing the station that Jones told her.

"I could not write mother only to have strangers read and tattle the news," he said in self-defense. "When I was

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"If you touch that child," she said slowly, "I'll call for help. I'm boss here"

interest. Here was a farmer's daughter yet a school teacher, strong, lovely and gullible! What a wife she would make—why look further?

When Jones left Naples the last of the following week, the town knew he was "sparking the schoolmarm." Certainly he had bought her the handsomest ribbons he could find and box candy besides and taken her sleigh-riding. He wrote her every day in his flourishing, copper-plate hand and sent her a silver-backed comb and brush from Cornwall. His letters became longer and more sentimental. Her chery presence stayed in his memory no matter how many other girls he flirted with. There was a childish sense of security in the hope of marrying Martha.

HE mentioned nothing of this to his mother. But he cleared some of the "trash" from the house and set to work to refurbish; Sophie paid the bills. He had a "body Brussels" put down in the parlor, hung a yellow scrolled paper on the walls, bought some tufted chairs and a set of second-hand historical novels in a little case. He bought some unusually striking clothes and began using a

In the Swampy Forests of Drowned Valley, Eve Fails to Win the Flaming Jewel



She turned on him as still and dangerous as a young puma. "Tell Darragh he'd better keep clear of Clinch's," she said

The Twilight of Mike

The Tenth Episode of "The Flaming Jewel"

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by C.E. Chambers

WHEN Quintana turned like an enraged snake on Sard and drove him to his destruction, he would have killed and robbed the frightened diamond broker had he dared risk the shot. He had intended to do this sooner or later. But with the noise of the hunting dogs filling the forest, Quintana was afraid to fire. Yet, even then he followed Sard stealthily for a few minutes, afraid yet murderously desirous of the gems, confused by the tumult of the hounds, timid and ferocious at the same time, and loath to leave his fat, perspiring, and demoralized victim.

But the racket of the dogs proved too much for Quintana. He sheered away toward the south, leaving Sard floundering ahead, unconscious of the treachery that had followed furtively in his panic-stricken tracks.

About an hour later Quintana was seen, challenged, chased and shot at by State Trooper Lannis.

Quintana ran. And what with the dense growth of seedling beech and oak and the heavily falling birch and poplar leaves, Lannis first lost Quintana and then his trail.

The State Trooper had left his horse at the crossroads near the scene of Darragh's masked exploit, where he had stopped and robbed Sard—and now Lannis hastened back to find and mount his horse, and gallop in pursuit.

Through dim aisles of giant pine he spurred to a dead run on the chance of cutting Quintana from the eastward edge of the forest and forcing him back toward the north or west, where patrols were more than likely to hold him.

The State Trooper rode with all the reckless indifference and grace of the Western cavalryman, and he seemed to be part of the superb animal he rode—part of its bone and

muscle, its liteness, its supple power—part of its vertebrae and ribs and limbs, so perfect was their bodily coordination.

Rifle and eyes intently alert, the rider scarce noticed his rushing mount; and if he guided with wrist and knee it was instinctive and as though the horse were guiding them both.

AND now, far ahead through this primeval stand of pine, sunshine glimmered, warning of a clearing. And here Trooper Lannis pulled in his horse at the edge of what seemed to be a broad, flat meadow, vividly green.

But it was the intense, arsenical green of hair-fine grass that covers with its false velvet those quaking bogs where only a thin, crust-like skin of root-fiber and vegetation cover infinite depths of silt. The silt had no more substance than a drop of ink coloring the water in a tumbler.

Sitting his fast-breathing mount, Lannis searched this wide, flat expanse of brilliant green. Nothing moved on it save a great heron picking its deliberate way on stilt-like legs. It was well for Quintana that he had not attempted it.

Very cautiously Lannis walked his horse along the hard ground which edged this marsh on the west. Nowhere was there any sign that Quintana had come down to the edge among the shrubs and swale grasses.

Beyond the marsh another trooper patrolled; and when at length he and Lannis exchanged signals, the latter wheeled his horse and retraced his route at an easy canter, satisfied that Quintana had not yet broken cover.

Back through the first growth he cantered, his rifle ready, carefully scanning the more open woodlands, and so came again to the crossroads.

And here stood a State game inspector, with a report that some sort of beagle-pack was hunting in the forest to the northwest; and it was arranged that the Inspector should turn road-patrol and the Trooper become the rover.

There was no sound of dogs when Lannis rode in on the narrow spotted trail whence he had flushed Quintana into the dense growth of saplings that bordered it.

His horse made little noise on the moist layer of leaves and forest mold; he listened hard for the sound of hounds as he rode; heard nothing save the chirr of red squirrels, the shriek of a watching jay, or the startling noise of falling acorns rapping and knocking on great limbs in their descent to the forest floor.

Once, very, very far away westward in the direction of Star Pond he fancied he heard a faint vibration in the air that might have been hounds baying.

HE was right. And at that very moment Sard was dying, horribly, between two trapped otters as big and fierce as the dogs that had driven them into the drain.

But Lannis knew nothing of that as he moved on, mounted, along the spotted trail, now all a yellow glory of birch and poplar which made the woodland brilliant as though lighted by yellow lanterns.

Somewhere among the birches, between him and Star Pond, was Harrod Place. And the idea occurred to him that Quintana might have ventured to ask food and shelter there.

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"My dear, you are young—too young to be hampered by anything that is past"

Charles Rex

By Ethel M. Dell

Author of "The Top of the World," "The Lamp in the Desert," "The Way of an Eagle," etc.

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

IT was then that Maud spoke from her window in her quiet voice.

"Bunny, bring our visitor up to see me!"

Both Bunny and his companion started and looked up, and Maud saw the girl's face fully for the first time—nervous with haunting wide blue eyes made more intense by short, thick, black lashes, eyes that seemed to plead for kindness.

They entered the house by a French window, and Maud drew back into her room. What was there in that childish face that appealed so tremendously to her womanhood—wholly banishing her first involuntary sense of recoil?

Maud moved out into the passage, and Bunny stood to one side with a courteous gesture. "Mademoiselle Antoinette Larpent," he announced.

Maud held out her hands. "My dear child," she said, "I expected you long ago."

The hands she clasped were very small and cold. They did not cling to her as she had half expected. The blue eyes flashed a simple nervous glance and fell.

"I'm sorry I'm late, Madam," said the visitor in a low, punctilious voice.

Maud felt amused and chilled in the same moment. "Come and sit down!" she said. "We will have some tea upstairs. Bunny, go and order it, will you?"

"Come in here, dear! How long have you been here?"

He Was Her Hero—

her modern knight above reproach. Even Maud Bolton, whom he had loved for years, had her moments of distrust; even Larpent, captain of his yacht, had not learned the secrets that lurked behind his cynical face.

But Toby, the waif, masquerading as a boy in the livery of a hotel page, whom he had saved from a beating and taken aboard his yacht at an Italian sea-port, whose life he had saved at the risk of his own when a collision wrecked the "Night Moth," and put an end to her masquerade, saw in him a person to be loved and revered as the noblest of benefactors.

"Only five minutes," came the murmured answer.

"You must be tired," she said kindly. She was pleased to see that Charlie's protégé was garbed with extreme simplicity. Her fair hair, which had been closely shorn, was beginning to curl at the ends. She liked the delicately contrasting line of the black brows above the deep blue of the eyes.

"Sit down!" she said. "And now you must tell me what to call you. Your name is Antoinette, isn't it?"

"I'm generally called Toby," said the visitor in a very shy voice. "But you will call me—what you like."

Maud smiled. "We are not going to be strangers, you and I. I expect you know that Lord Saltash and I are great friends—though I have never met your father."

Toby's pale young face flushed suddenly. She was silent for a moment. Then: "Lord Saltash has been very good to me," she said in her shy voice. "He saved me from drowning. Wasn't it—wasn't it nice of him to—take the trouble?"

"Tell me about your father!" said Maud sympathetically. For the second time the blue eyes flashed towards her. "Oh, he is still ill in a nursing home and not allowed to see anyone." There was a hint of recklessness in her voice. "They say he'll get well again, but, I don't know. I don't like him much. He's so surly."

"My dear!" said Maud, momentarily disconcerted.

"Well, it's no good pretending I do when I don't, is it?" said Toby, and suddenly smiled at her with winning gracelessness. "It isn't my fault. We hardly know each other. I've never been on the *Night Moth* before."

"And you'll never go again," commented Bunny, entering at the moment. "Maud, do you know I took Miss Larpent to see the races instead of coming straight back—according to the boss's instructions."

"Oh! so that's where you've been!"

"Exactly so." Bunny pulled up a chair and disposed his long legs astride it. "We saw several events, and I made a bit. Then Forest Fire let us down badly and we lost the lot. After that, we went into the paddock to cool ourselves and met the boss, who at once, somewhat rudely, ordered us home. Ah! there are the children."

Bunny sprang to the window and sent forth a yell, "Sorry, Maud! I'm afraid I forgot your head. How is it?"

He did not wait for her reply, but leaned out again immediately to address the advancing children with noisy gaiety.

Toby turned sharply and pinched Bunny's elbow as he leaned from the window. He drew himself in and stared at her.

"You're making too much noise," she told him curtly. "You go and racket downstairs!"

Bunny's eyes widened for a second in indignant amazement, then abruptly he threw up his chin and laughed. Toby saw him to the door and returned calm and triumphant.

"Well done!" said Maud. "You know how to deal with spoilt children evidently."

"Do you mean men?" For an instant Toby's childish face wore a look of contempt. "Oh, anyone can manage men, given a fair chance. There's only one rule to follow with men, that is, if you want any peace at all. Make up your mind and stick to it! If they don't like it, let 'em go to—" She checked suddenly, and colored deeply under Maud's eyes.

"I see," said Maud gently.

Toby threw her a little smile, half-grateful and half-mischievous; and curiously in that moment a bond was formed between them which was destined to endure.

CHAPTER II

THE PROMISE

THERE was undoubtedly a frown on Jake's usually serene countenance when he walked up the great stable-yard a little later that evening, and came upon Bunny lounging in a doorway with his hands in his pockets.

"Look here, young feller, I want a word with you," he said, with his customary directness, and laid a somewhat peremptory hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"You know," Jake said, "I've never bullied you. But I'm on the war-path now. How much money did you drop at the races this afternoon?"

"What's that to you?" said Bunny.

Jake's face hardened a little. "Well, I expected that," he said. "Afraid to tell me, eh?"

"Not in the least afraid," said Bunny. "I dispute your right to know, that's all."

"I see. I'm to be kept in my place, is that it?"

"Rot!" said Bunny, though he colored more deeply than before. "You know there isn't another fellow anywhere that I respect as I respect you. But—dash it, Jake!—you must let me grow."

"I want you to," said Jake. "But grow straight!" He reached out and took Bunny by the shoulder. "I want you to chuck racing altogether, for a year. There!"

"Chuck racing!" Bunny sat up very straight. "Jake! Why on earth should I?"

There was an ominous gleam in his eyes. He looked as if he were on the verge of open rebellion, but with his last words Jake's steady arm suddenly went round his shoulders and gave him a hard, brotherly squeeze.

"Don't do it if you're going to hate me for it," he said.

"Jake!" Quick feeling sounded in Bunny's voice. He looked Jake full in the eyes and laughed. "Jake, I say, you know I'll do anything under the sun to please you."

"You'll do this?" said Jake.

"Tell me why first!" said Bunny.

"Because I want to know if you've got the grit for one thing. And for another, that girl who has just come here is a gambler to the backbone, and I won't have her encouraged."

"How on earth do you know that?" said Bunny. "Did Charlie tell you?"

"No." Jake's voice was grim. "You don't suppose I'd take his word for anything, do you? I saw it in her face this afternoon. I know that gambling fever, and she—well, I'm inclined to think she's had it in one form or another all her life."

"She's quite a nice kid," said Bunny condescendingly.

Jake smiled, but the firmness remained. "She's not your sort, Sir Bernard Brian," he remarked. "And I rather guess she could teach you more than you could teach her."

"What do you mean?" said Bunny.

JAKE turned aside to shut the window in preparation for departure. "Well, sonny," he said in a marked drawl, "I guess I mean just that. If you aren't sharp enough to draw your own conclusion, that's none of my business." He turned round and looked at Bunny with absolute directness. "And that other proposition of mine, did I understand you to fall in with it?"

"Chuck racing for a year, you mean?" Bunny got up.

"It's rather much, isn't it, Jake?"

Jake came to him, square and resolute. "I'll make it six months, Bunny," he said, "if you can tell me you didn't drop more than fifty pounds this afternoon."

Bunny turned crimson. "This afternoon was an exception," he said hastily.



"Welcome to my poor hovel," he said. "Madam, I kneel at your feet."

"I thought so," said Jake dryly.

And very suddenly, after his own headlong fashion, Bunny made unconditional surrender. "Oh, get out, you beastly groom!" he said, and wrung Jake's hand with all the force he could muster. "All right! It's done!"

CHAPTER III

THE ALLY

A SQUEAL of childish laughter echoed down the long passage that led from the nurseries followed by a shuffling sound along the floor.

"Hold tight!" cried a gay, boyish voice, "I'm going to gallop!"

There followed a tremendous scrambling along the corridor and shrieks of delight from three excited children. Jake who had just mounted the stairs, came upon the newly-arrived guest prone upon the floor with his three little girls scuffling in delighted agitation over her inert body.

He hesitated to interrupt the game, but in an instant Betty, the youngest, had spied him and uttered a shrill cry of welcome. The heap upon the floor swiftly resolved itself into four separate beings, and the new-comer sprang up with the litherness of a squirrel.

He held out his hand to her.

"Guess you thought me a rough sort of animal when we met in the paddock this afternoon," he said. "I'm sorry. It was Bunny I was up against—not you."

"Not me?" said Toby, her wide eyes lifted quite openly to his. "Sure?"

He pinched the slim young hand without ceremony. Somehow she took him by storm—this girl with the open brow and curiously pathetic face. "Well, not so much you," he said. "Bunny knows that gambling on a big scale is against the law for children of his age."

"Oh, I see," said Toby. She smiled and slipped her hand free. "Well, I'm years older than he is, so that doesn't apply to me. Bunny wasn't doing any gambling, either."

"I gathered that," said Jake.

She stooped and lifted Molly, the second child, partially veiling her own face with the little girl's soft curls. "Then you are up against me," she said.

"No, I'm not," Jake's voice held a queer, compassionate note. "We won't quarrel till we know each other better, anyway. I see you're pretty intimate with the youngsters already."

"Oh, that's easy, isn't it?" said Toby. "Babies always take you at your face value. They are never prejudiced beforehand. There's never any handicap of that sort with babies."

Betty was clamoring at her knees. She bent and lifted her also, bracing her slight form to a double burden of which Jake instantly relieved her, gathering both children into his own strong arms.

"You're not to do that ever again," he said, with the authority of the man accustomed to obedience. "Understand?"

"Why not?" said Toby.

HE turned to carry the two babies to the nursery. "Because I say it," he said briefly.

"Oh, but that's no reason," said Toby, with light assurance.

Eileen at her side looked up in shocked amazement. "Not if Daddy says so?" she questioned.

Toby stooped and swung her up to her shoulder. "You little featherweight! Daddy's only a man!" she said.

"Quite true," said Jake deliberately. "The sort of man who means what he says—always, and sees that he gets it."

"What a frightful undertaking!" laughed Toby. "Then if you told me to go to blazes you'd see that I went?"



A figure in white, girlish, fresh as the morning, sprang suddenly into view

Jake paused and looked at her. "Say! are you a boy or a girl?" he said.

She smiled. "Mostly boy, sir. That's what makes it so difficult."

He put his hand on her shoulder. "Look here! Call me Jake, see? Are you keen on horses?"

Toby's eyes shone. "Like mad," she said.

"I'll see you ride tomorrow," said Jake.

Toby whooped with delight. "But I'll have to borrow some breeches from someone. You don't want me to ride in a skirt do you?"

"Not specially," said Jake. "What do you generally ride in?"

"Tights," said Toby, and then suddenly clapped her hand to her mouth in dismay. "There! Now I've done it! You won't tell—you'll never tell, will you? Promise!"

"Sure!" said Jake. He was smiling a little, but there was compassion in his eyes.

And Toby's hand came out to him in sudden confidence. "I like you," she said. "You're a friend."

JAKE'S grasp was strong and kindly. "I guess I shan't let you down," he said.

Toby nodded. "You've been a cowboy, haven't you? I knew that directly I saw you."

"I've been a good many things," said Jake.

She nodded again. "And always the right sort. I wish—" She broke off abruptly. Her hand lay in his, and this time she left it there. Her blue eyes met his courageously. "That I'd met you before," she said.

"Before when?" said Jake. "Before you met Saltash?"

"Oh no!" Very swiftly, she answered him. "Oh no! Lord Saltash is among the kings. I'd have been dead by now but for him." Her eyes kindled as with a sudden glowing memory, she flushed like an eager child. "You know him?" she said. "Isn't he—fine?"

She spoke with reverence, even with a certain awe. The man's face changed a little, hardening almost imperceptibly.

"Guess he's no great hero of mine," he said. "But maybe he has his points."

"He has!" Toby assured him with fervor. "You don't know him as I do. He's a—his a masterpiece. No, that wasn't what I meant. I only wish I'd met you long ago—years and years ago—when you were a cowboy."

TOBY was silent for a moment or two, then suddenly smiled upon him—a sunny, inconsequent smile.

"I know now why Lord Saltash sent me here—just because you're big—and safe."

"Oh, quite safe," said Jake with his sudden smile.

It came to him, as it had come to Saltash, that there was something piteously like a small animal, storm-driven and seeking refuge, about her.

He patted her shoulder reassuringly as he let her go. "I'll look after you," he said, "if you play the game."

"What game?" said Toby unexpectedly.

He looked her squarely in the eyes. "The only game worth playing," he said. "The straight game."

"Oh, I see," said Toby with much meekness. "Not cheat, you mean? Lord Saltash doesn't allow cheating either."

"Good land!" said Jake. "Maybe I've something to learn yet," he said tolerantly. "But it's my impression that for sheer mischief and double-dealing he could knock spots off any other human being on this earth."

"Oh, if that's all you know about him," said Toby, "you've never even met him, never once."

"Have you?" questioned Jake abruptly.

She colored up to her soft fair hair and turned from him with an odd indrawn breath. "Yes!" she said. "Yes!" paused an instant as if about to say more; then again in a whisper, "Yes!" she said, and went lightly away as if the subject were to sacred for further discussion.

"Good land!" said Jake again, and departed to his own room in grim amazement. Saltash, the sinner, was well known to him and by no means uncongenial; but Saltash the saint, not only beloved, but revered and enshrined as such, was something beyond his comprehension! How had he managed to achieve his sainthood?

CHAPTER IV

THE IDOL

WELL?" said Saltash with quizzical interest. "How is she getting on?"

It was the Sunday afternoon of his promised visit, a day soft with spring showers and fleeting sunshine. Maud sat in a basket-chair on the veranda and regarded him with puzzled eyes.

"Charlie," she said, "where does she come from?"

He raised his shoulders expressively. "Where do all women come from—and why, *chère reine*? It would be such a peaceful planet without them."

He was in a baffling mood, and she abandoned her effort with a sigh.

"She is not a woman; she is a child, very charming but utterly irresponsible. She is in the training field just now with Jake and Bunny. She is a positive delight to Jake. She can do anything with the horses."

"But not such a delight to you?" suggested Saltash shrewdly.

Maud hesitated momentarily. "I love her, of course," she said then. "But—though I have tried to make her feel at ease—I think she is a little afraid of me."

Maud sighed again. "They are all great pals," she said irrelevantly. "She and Bunny are terribly reckless. I hope they won't break their necks before they have done."

"Or their hearts?" suggested Saltash, looking mischievous.

She smiled. "I don't think there is much danger of that, anyhow at present. She is a positive child, Charlie—as young as Eileen in many ways, or perhaps younger. Shall we walk down to the field and look at them?"

He was on his feet in an instant, and she realized that he had been chafing to go since the moment of his arrival.

"You take a great interest in her," she remarked.

He made his most appalling grimace. "I have never had an infant to look after before," he said. "Toby can ride?"

"Oh yes, like a cowboy. She can do the most extraordinary things exactly like a boy. I am always afraid of her coming to grief, but she never does."

"Funny little beggar!" said Saltash.

"I am quite sure of one thing," pursued Maud. "She never learnt these things at any school. She tells me she has been to a good many."

"I believe that's true," said Saltash. "I imagine she is fairly quick to pick up anything, but I haven't known her myself for long."

"She must have picked up a good deal on the *Night Moth*," observed Maud unexpectedly.

He glanced at her again. "Why do you say that? She was under my protection—and Larpen's—on the *Night Moth*."

"I know. She idolizes you," Maud smiled at him somewhat dubiously. "But she must have mixed fairly freely with the crew to have picked up the really amazing language she sometimes uses."

Saltash's brows worked whimsically. "Some of us have a gift that way," he remarked. "Your worthy Jake for instance—"

"Oh, Jake is a reformed character," she interrupted. "He hardly ever lets himself go nowadays. And he won't allow it from Bunny. But Toby never seems to know the good from the bad."

They rounded a curve and came upon the gate that led into the field. The galloping hoofs were close to them. As they

reached the corner two riders flashed past at full speed. One of them—Bunny—lay on his horse's neck, yelling wild encouragement to his mount. The other—a slight, childish figure—was kneeling on the saddle, perfectly poised and wholly unafraid. As the horse that carried her dropped to a canter on the hill, she got to her feet with absolute ease and stood, arms out and swaying to the animal's motion, till, as they rounded another curve, she dropped to the saddle again, and passed from sight.

Jake appeared at the moment, riding soberly, mounted on his favorite horse, The Hundredth Chance. He greeted Saltash with a smile and jumped to the ground to join them at the gate.

"They'll be round again directly. Just riding off their spirits," he explained in his easy drawl. "You motored over, my lord?"

Saltash nodded with a touch of impatience. He was watching with restless eyes for the reappearance of the girl on horseback. She had not seen him at the gate, yet somehow his arrogance rebelled at the fact that she had passed him by.

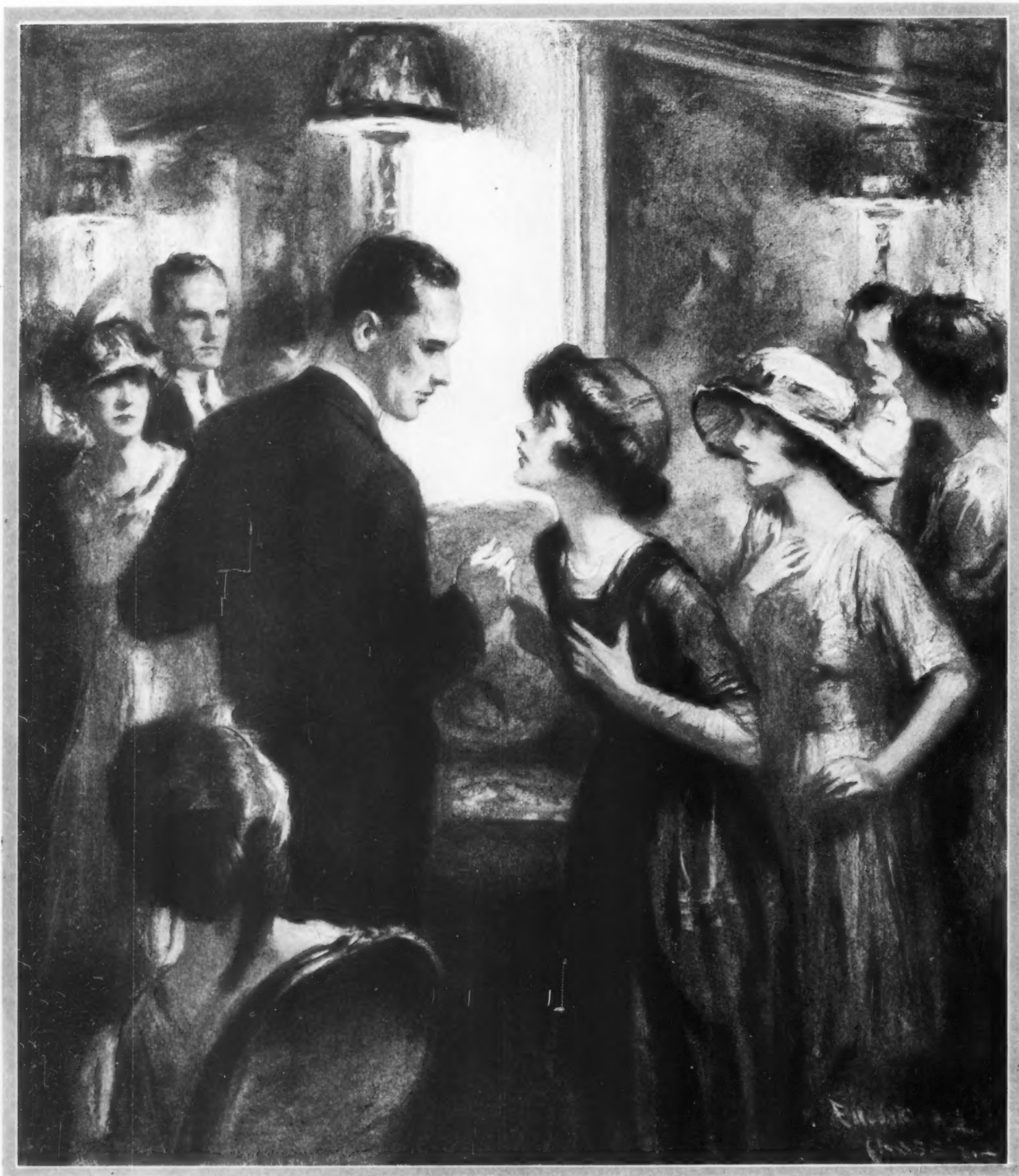
JAKE stood with The Hundredth Chance nuzzling against him. He did not trouble himself to make conversation; that was not his way. He also waited for the reappearance of the riders.

They came, riding side by side and jesting with careless camaraderie. Toby's face was delicately flushed. The fair head had no covering. She was dressed and looked exactly like a boy.

At sight of Saltash standing by the gate her whole attitude changed. She uttered a queer sound, half-whoop, half-sob, and flung herself out of the saddle. In a moment she had reached him, was hanging to his arm in mute greeting, everything else in the world forgotten.

[Turn to page 63]

Do You Know a Girl Who Has Never Had a Beau? Tell Her to Read This Story



"It's a surprise, Rae," Steve was jerking out, "I wanted to spring him on you. It's Tom—Tom Wyckoff"

THE fact is," Rae Stitche said to herself, and then dropped the sentence on the tiles along with her bathrobe, a plunge into cold water, however casually you take it, suspends the mental processes.

"The fact is," she began again when, dried and glowing, she bent to wash the tub for the next bather, "it's a pity for any girl to miss things just because—" Here a picture of the girl who was missing things flashed across her. She returned to her room and by her methods of completing her deft toilette aroused the envy of Tessie Torg, whose forty-five laborious minutes had achieved so inferior a result. She sighed that envy audibly.

"Hm?" queried Rae, hardly interrupting her serenade to the office-girl's day. Then, discarding melody, "Oh, that's so. I do look a little bit of all right." One of her beaux had been billeted in England in war-times and her English slang was the delight of this working-girls' hostelry where she had lately come to live. "And that reminds me, I ran on to that little frump—What's-her-name in the bathroom, she left as I went in, and say, she is in a small way, isn't she? Those duds of hers—not that she isn't clean, you know, and she left the tub clean, too, clean as I leave it myself, and if I say so, that's clean." Not without self-appreciation was the young lady's tone. She pinned her hat at a tilt she knew for subtle. "But those clothes—especially the summer ones, those five-years-back gingham and ratines—"

The One-Piece Pattern

By Bonnie Ginger

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

"Yes," said Tessie Torg, "you said it, there ain't a factory-girl, let alone a stenographer, between here and Brooklyn that'd be caught coming down a fire-escape at midnight from a tenement fire in the things Dora Weeks wears to Rigger and Hardbang's,—you know she works at Rigger and Hardbang's, don't you?"

"I didn't know it." Rae gathered her bag and gloves and surveyed herself fleetingly but thoroughly.

"Well, she does. How she keeps her job—I And I don't see why Mrs. Remmels lets her stay here—she's a disgrace to the house."

Rae, who had turned to go, said as if to herself, "I wasn't thinking of that so much—it's—" And without finishing she departed breakfastward. On the landing she gave her well-known greeting to the scrub-lady. In fact her whole descent, (two flights and basement) was a succession of salvos, all up to her regular mark, and ending in a general salutation

to the six or seven girls at her own table, which at her arrival took on an additional and gratifying animation.

A witness of this debonair entrance was Dora—or Dolly—Weeks. Dolly sat in the far corner. She always watched when Rae Stitche came in. Wonderingly, she now saw her gather up a pile of letters, some in big square envelopes such as men use, and tuck them into her bag as unconcernedly as if they were coupons. It made Dolly stare with an accentuation of her chronically startled expression. She nearly always had the look of having been prodded for the reply to an unheard question. But no one had addressed her, the three around her were talking of the fellows they'd been out with last night, one leaning right past her to deliver her sallies, and Dolly remained as it were an island of dumb bewilderment in a sea of alien romance.

A FEW minutes later the dowd of the place,—Dainty Dolly they called her,—was on her way to Rigger and Hardbang's, where she stenogged stodgily and reliably, with so little imagination that she never knew when time was up. She was like a dog set to dig a hole, she would paw away without asking if there were a rabbit of over-time pay inside or no.

She was not inherently unattractive. For instance, she had quite nice hair and very nice big near-blue eyes, and a

[Turn to page 32]

Patsy was a Skyrocket, Flashing Across the Grand Opera World One Glorious Night—and then—



While the pianist thrummed over the bars of the ballet, he put Patsy through the intricacies of the dance, studying her keenly the while

Skyrockets

By Katherine Rankin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

A TOPAZ pendant on a wrinkled gray throat, the lights of Riverview Park flash their gleams of youth and joy down the long, straight, night-dimmed streets of Chicago. Torches of carnival, they blazon the whirls and loops and fantastic dips, the joy-jiggers and the chutes of the Coney Island of the great West Side. Above the drab flatness of crowded tenements and boxlike little houses, they fling up their radiance to the too-distant stars of the city's summer. To cynic travelers they may be but paste jewels in a pinchbeck setting, flaring lures of an amusement-park, set, like Earl's Court, in the heart of a vast and throbbing town; but in a world of work they sparkle a promise of play, and out of the shadows come to them a throng of pleasure seekers, some in the calico of commonplace, others in the motley of costumes rented on the Roosevelt Road, but all masqueraders for the moment. Roystering and rollicking, a little mad in their rebound from the darkness out of which they have run, they play in the golden glare for their brief season of mirth, passing with the cicadas before the hoar-frost of time; but summer follows summer, while Katzenjammer Castles and Caves of the Winds go the way of forgotten things, and every year a new procession threads its way from Hamelin, giving no more heed to the piper's pay than Patsy Darrow did on the night when she slid out of a murky doorway in Gilpin Place to join the hurrying pilgrims.

A slim girl with a mouth of boyish courage and black eyes which could close or open the door to her spirit, she had crossed the sweltering city with the boldness of a buccaneer. She swung off the wrong side of a Western Avenue car like a ragamuffin, flinging a grimace to the protesting conductor. "You'll be killed doing that," he shouted at her. "Come to the funeral," she taunted him. "There'll be a band." Then she forgot him, and danger, and all else she could leave behind her as she stood before the ornate gateway to the noisy acres. No Balboa gazing seaward from a peak in Darien brought more exultation to his visioning than the girl bore to her first sight of the park. "It's the cake with the pink frosting," she told herself, and did not know she had spoken aloud until a man with white felt hat and blatant suspenders turned to her in the crowd. "I'll buy it for you," he grinned. "I own it myself," she retorted with an annoyed contempt in her tone which shut off his further banter.

With the bravado a child learns on the sidewalks of the Nineteenth Ward she ran down the walk, evading ticklers and horns and corn-crakes even as she reveled in their concatenated din. The lusty joy of a Valkyry-cry which she

had not yet heard sang in her blood as she thrust herself into the crowds. Not daubed canvas, but living realities, rose for her in the luring foregrounds of Venetian Canals and the Temple of Delhi. The deep baritones and nasal tenors of sideshow barkers rang out in sired strains.

In breathless excitement she listened to the chant, "The little village of Johnstown was sleeping. The midnight express had roared through, and again all was quiet. Suddenly the waters of the flood—" She leaped high as a hoarse voice at her ear mumbled: "Ain't you wise, kid? It's a movie, but I'll take you."

Hands at her hips, she turned to the young fellow who stood regarding her with loose-lipped smile. "You beat it," she said. "Better guys than you get put out of this park every night." She wrinkled her nose at his desistance.

AN eddy of the human current carried her in front of an almost deserted merry-go-round. The starter, a wearily worried man, looked at her hopefully as she gazed on the prancing menagerie of the treadmill. "This your first visit, sister?" he asked, the lack of business awakening his showman's superstition of changing luck with a neophyte.

"I'll tell the world it won't be my last," she said.

"Take a ride on the elephant," he suggested.

"I just got carfare home."

"I'll make you a present of it. Your eyes and ankles ought to draw a crowd."

Naive as a child, she mounted the wooden behemoth. "Want a peanut, Babe Ruth?" she yelled at it as the blaring trill of the calliope shrieked above the farther clamor of the park. Daring as a herald's challenge, strident as an auctioneer, it clashed in brassy trumpeting upon the hot and heavy air, but it was neither its rattle nor the whirling, riderless horses and camels, lions and zebras which caught the attention of a young man who seemed almost vividly out of place in the carnival crowd. It was Patsy Darrow, riding atop the papier-mâché elephant, shouting:

"Rings on my fingers, bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon, my little Irish Rose,"

and swinging legs and arms with the abandon of the urchin she was, that transfixed his roving glance. Some quality of

artistry in her riotous grace brought him to the railing. "Where did you get her?" he asked the starter.

"Dunno," said the weary vendor of unbought rides.

The girl slid from her perch as the music stopped. There was no one watching but the young man. "The crowd didn't come, did it?" she asked

the starter. "Am I as bad as all that?"

"Oh, you got the pep, kid," he told her, "but merry-go-rounds ain't marked so high any more."

"If you want the crowd," the other man said, and Patsy noticed for the first time that he was young and indefinitely different from other men she had met, "start the music, and let her sing out here."

"Are you his boss?" she asked, paying Ted Gates her first tribute.

"No," he laughed. "He's one of mine. I'm just the park press-agent."

"Press-agent?" she puzzled. "What's that?"

"Oh, I try to make some bored editors of newspapers yearn to know more about Bosco's past, and Madame Emma's future, and Letty Lind's present. I write whole novels about all the shows on the lot here, and two lines of each get in print. I spend my days slaving to get into print photographs of unlovely ladies, and I spend my evenings listening to their abuse because the newspapers won't use better paper to show off better their pictured charms." He saw that his cynical explanation of his job was going over the girl's head, and he dove down to simpler statement. "And in the long hours when I've nothing else to do, I sketch the merry company which advertises Riverview on the posters."

"Do you make the pictures?" she questioned in quick remembrance of those gay posters which placarded the billboards of the Nineteenth Ward. "Do you draw Johnnie Flivver, and Minnie Flitter, and—"

"Guilty!" She saw a sudden boyishness in him which comraded her own childish capacity for enjoyment.

"I know them," she told him, and twisted herself into a swift burlesque of one of his cartoons.

"If I had the money," the merry-go-round man said, "I'd hire you to sing here now."

"Oh, I'll sing anyhow," she laughed, her pulses leaping to the joy of the moment. He started the wild strains of the calliope on its one tune of Mumbo-Jumbo. The press-agent moved back with the narrowed eyes of the critic, but something stronger than mere artistic approbation glowed in his gaze as the girl flung him her trustful smile and began to sing.

"I've heard better voices," the starter said.

"Keep still," Gates ordered. "Can't you see the crowd coming?"

From the brighter highway beyond, drawn by the bizarre quality of this performance of an unclothed girl hardly out of her childhood, they came to watch and remained to cheer the lithe, elfin blossom of the night who danced and sang as other druids of her race had danced and sung under Irish skies when the world was young. To most of them she was a bold child of the town, seeking a passing thrill; but to Ted Gates she brought recollection of the fairy rings of Connaught, and his artist's soul sprang out from the casing of his immediate job to give Patsy homage. "You've got it," he told her with thrilled joy.

"Got what?"

He laughed at her literalness. "Got a job." He evaded his own emotions. "Want it?"

"You bet."

"If I only had the money, I'd—" the merry-go-round man began.

"This isn't with you. Come along."

"Where?" She looked at the starter.

"Oh, he's all right," the starter told her. "If he says he's got a job for you, he'll get it if he has to close the park."

THEY laughed and went out into the wider ways.

From the corners of her black eyes she studied him, noting his camaraderie with ballyhoos and ticket-takers but seeing none the less how this surface aspect made shield and sword for him against any real association with the life of the place. Not yet appreciating this for the artist quality in him, she mistook it for a manner of authority and wondered how he had achieved it, so young did he seem beneath the glare of the lights. She had a momentary qualm, not of fear but of speculation, as he hurried her along the confetti-covered causeways. "Where do you think you're taking me?" she asked him.

"To Parnassus," he laughed.

"What kind of a job is this?"

"It's a dancing job," he said, "that'll pay you about thirty dollars a week, clear. It'll give you a chance to study, and work, and climb the ladder. Don't you want to do that?"

"You bet I do," she said tensely, remembrance of the dark doors of her home neighborhood screwing up her courage.

"What'll your folks say?"

"My father and mother are dead. I live with my aunt, and she has eight children. I guess she won't miss me too much. And I can take care of myself anywhere."

"I believe you," he said, and she heard, with a little wonder, the relief which undertoned his admiration. "Well, you'll be all right on this lot. When I'm not around, Madame Emma will look after you."

"Who's she?"

"I'll show you."

Expertly he snaked a way for them through the surge of the crowd and came before a group of tents palisaded within a fence which proclaimed to Riverview the presence of the one, only and original Garden of Allah. On a platform at its gate a tall, sombre Arab held the head of a resistant camel, while close to him, back of a little cage of yellow birds, a fat woman beamed on the watchers. "There's Emma," Ted Gates told Patsy. "She's a Syrian, and tells fortunes with the birds. He's Ibrahim of the Camels."

He left the girl staring at them while he held speech with the sharp-faced manager of the concession. The thought of her luck was rising like a fire within her, but stranger still rose the ambition which had been awaiting its torch. "I'll show them," she promised herself and the unheeding world. "I'll dance like a house afire."

She caught Madame Emma's smile, made friendly by the sight of her with Gates, and returned it with gaminish gusto. The Syrian beckoned to her to come, and she ran up the stairs and past the camel. She had a swift feeling of belonging to the atmosphere which expanded as Gates joined her.

"You're to come back at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon," he said.

Madame Emma patted her hand, and Ibrahim of the Camels smiled as she left them.

IN a golden gaze of glamor she went with the press-agent through the thinning crowds to the gateway. Some of the lights were already gone out as she looked back over the park, but the radiance of all of them shone in Ted Gates's eyes as he said good-by to her.

The thrill of her adventuring was still wrapped about her as she went through Vernon Square and past the Greek church toward the darkness of Gilpin Place. She danced along the sidewalk with the triumphant joy of a manad, chanting to herself, "I'm going to get away!" The moon, rising over the bell-tower of the Little Sisters of the Poor,

silvered the walls of the Jewish settlement to the southward. Over on Macalister Place a few lights still glowed in houses which had withstood the onslaughts of time and poverty and alien races, but her own street was dark in the midnight. She hesitated at the entrance, scanning its dulled outlines of poverty. "I hate it," she said with sudden passion. "I hate it, and I'm going to get out of it. I'm going to

"Enjoy it while you can," Madame Emma beamed. "The day comes to all when money cannot buy what we wish."

"It'll never come to me," Patsy insisted.

"But what would you buy?"

"Lovely clothes, a lovely house." The quest for beauty shone in her eyes. "Oh, I want it all so much!" The thought of the gloom in Gilpin Place misted her eagerness.

"A house!" Madame Emma's fingers snapped in derision. "A bungalow, I suppose! A tent is better. Clothes? All you need is enough to dance in."

"But I want—"

"Want? Forget what you want. Dance, dance, and leave the rest to God."

If she did not leave the rest to God, Patsy Darrow kept on dancing. The first rapture of her adventure died, but there grew in its stead a sturdier plant. For glamour she substituted ambition. Ted Gates, seeing that the desire for expression and the determination to achieve it had taken root in the girl, watered it by careful direction. He gave her applause, but not too lavishly. "Save your money," he warned her after her first orgy of spending. "You'll need it for lessons. I know a woman who can do wonders with you, if we can get her to take you. She's made a dozen reputations for dancers, and she's never had anyone with your gift." He brought her magazines with stories of successful artists and books with color plates of great dancers.

He told her sometimes when she dined with him on the veranda of the park restaurant of his own ambitions. He wanted to get out of black and white and into colors, to roam around the world, painting beauty as he found it. He was trying to make enough money to outfit his expedition of one to lands afar. "I want to do a church I saw in Brittany," he said, "and a doorway in Andalusia."

"It must be lovely to see the world," she sighed.

"It depends on how you squint at it," he told her. "I knew a girl who spent a year in Italy, and all she tells of it was how tired she grew of lamb and chicken."

DAY by day, whether they talked in the shaded café, or in front of a hot-dog stand, or in Emma's tent, Gates led her out from the boundaries of her own life. June went into July, and August set its harvest moon, which looked for all the world like a painted circle in the backdrop, over Riverview, and Patsy Darrow grew out of the wide-eyed child who had ridden the merry-go-round into a wise-eyed virgin, kept apart from the pinchbeck of her surroundings by Ted's

watchfulness, Emma's kindness, and her own straight-flamed intentions. Night after night she went back through Vernon Square with her ambition intensified. On the verge of sleep she would build her air castles, filling them with things rather than with people, but always giving Ted Gates the pass-key. "I'll never forget what he's doing for me," seemed her sufficient reason for making him the only guest of her dream house.

Not until the last night of the season did she even try to tell him all her reasons for gratitude. She said good-by sadly to Ibrahim of the camels, and to Emma of the love birds, and sought to bid farewell to Gates. The tears came to her eyes, and she turned away swiftly. "I'm going to take you home," he said, lifting her straw suitcase and leading her toward a taxicab stand. "Then we'll go on the car," she protested, feeling that in the crowd she would regain her lost composure.

The crowd had gone, however, before they could get away, and they sat in the street car, waiting for its start, while they saw the lights of the park go out, one by one. A sob tore through Patsy's slight body, and Ted took her hand, comfortingly, as if she were a child. Even when they transferred, he did not let go of her, and she smiled at him in appreciation of his understanding reassurance. They walked past the great hulk of the Church of Notre Dame and a white-pillared mansion an alderman held for his own on the outskirts of the square, and sat down on a long bench in the deserted park. That strange quiet which falls in midnight hours over the tiny playgrounds of great cities encircled them. Beyond their charmed circle of silence the never-ending throb of Chicago beat like surf on the shore. Between them and the low-pulsing city the walls of churches and hospitals, convents and tenements rose like barricades. The night, deepened by their own rising emotions, seemed palpitant with the myriad lives which slept on the outskirts of this peaceful plaza. "It's beautiful, isn't it?" Ted's voice shook under the force of the poignancy of the hour.

"This?" Patsy's voice shook out a fierce wonder. "You don't mean that you think this is lovely?"

"As lovely as anything I ever saw," he said. "Don't you see it? See the shadows over there under the wall, and the one yellow light up there like a beacon, and those dark,

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At first the lights, the upturned faces of the watching crowds, the cheers and cries thrilled her to a glory which she sought to express in new steps and glides

dance, and dance, and dance, and I'm going to live in the lights!"

She flung out her arms in the abandon of her youth, and the moonlight sketched her into a long, fantastic shadow as she flitted down the narrow sidewalk.

GATES was waiting for her the next afternoon at the park gate. In the garish light of day the place had lost the glamour of the night, but the knowledge of the chance waiting for her buoyed Patsy through the change of aspect.

"Anyhow," she told him gaily, "there's gingerbread for me under the tinsel." He laughed at her shrewdness.

She danced in the costume which Emma had provided, to the satisfaction of the sharp-faced manager. "Where did you learn?" the Syrian woman asked her.

"On the sidewalks," she told the truth, "when the wops came around with the grind-organs."

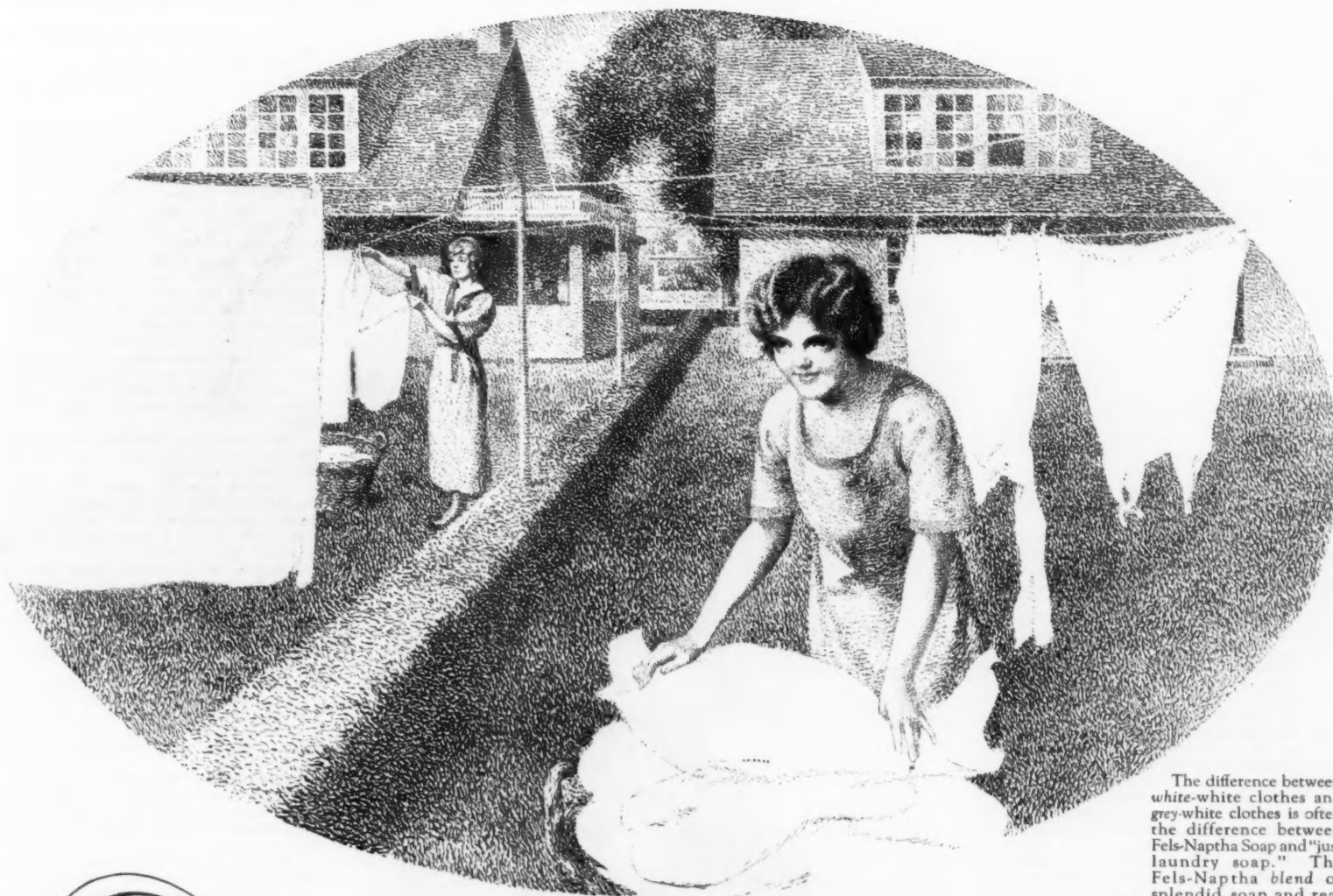
"It is like London," the fortune-teller said, and crooned over her love-birds. "Sometimes I grow lonesome for the London. It is the city of all of us. English? No! It is the town for the world. Some day you go to London. The birds say so! You go up, and up, and up. Remember I tell you so."

Her insistent earnestness awed the girl a little, and she told Gates the Syrian's prophecy. He laughed over Patsy's belief in it, but he sobered before her own faith in her destiny. "Well, there's no reason why you shouldn't go up," he said. "Given what you have, the whole trick is work. If you're willing to give up everything else in the world to do it, you'll be a great artist some day."

"I'm willing," she told him with an earnestness he was to remember in later days.

As if it had been the rock on which she would build her house, Patsy Darrow started her dancing on the platform of the Garden of Allah. At first the gleam of the lights, the upturned faces of the watching crowds, the cheers and the cries thrilled her to a glory which she sought to express in steps and glides and postures. "I'm walking on the top of the world," she told Gates.

She kissed and cried over the first pay-envelope. "It's more money than I ever saw together before," she said to the fortune-teller.



The difference between white-white clothes and grey-white clothes is often the difference between Fels-Naptha Soap and "just laundry soap." The Fels-Naptha blend of splendid soap and real naptha cleans clothes cleaner—that's the story.

The story the clothes-line tells

Two women. Two washes. Two soaps. Two results! The woman at your left tried to get her clothes clean. She did the best she could with the soap she had. But the clothes-line is impartial. It must tell the truth. And the truth is—grey-white clothes for this woman's labors!

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Yet, that was not likely because Trooper Stormont had called him that morning on the telephone from the Hatchery Lodge.

No; the only logical retreat for Quintana was northward to the mountains, where patrols were plenty and fire-wardens on duty in every watch-tower. Or, the fugitive could make for Drowned Valley by a blind trail which, Stormont informed him, existed but which Lannis never had heard of.

However, to reassure himself, Lannis rode as far as Harrod Place, and found game wardens on duty along the line.

Then he turned west and trotted his mount down to the hatchery, where he saw Ralph Wier, the superintendent, standing outside the lodge talking to his assistant, George Fry.

When Lannis rode up on the opposite side of the brook, he called across to Wier:

"You haven't seen anything of any crooked outfit around here, have you, Ralph? I'm looking for that kind."

"See here," said the superintendent, "I don't know, but George Fry may have seen one of your guys. Come over and he'll tell you what happened an hour ago."

Fry's boyish face seemed agitated; he looked up at the State Trooper with the flush of tears in his gaze.

"About an hour and a half ago, I was eating lunch by the fish-stairs when something made me turn my head. . . . You know how it is in the woods. . . . I kinda felt somebody near. And by cracky!—there stood a man with a big, black automatic pistol, and he had a bead on my belly."

"Well," said I, "what's troubling you and your gun, my friend?"—I was that astonished.

"He was a slim-built, powerful guy with a foreign face. He wanted to know if he had the honor—as he put it—to introduce himself to a detective or game constable, or a friend of Mike Clinch."

"I told him I wasn't any of these, and that I worked in a private hatchery; and he called me a liar and backed me into the shanty and I had to sit down with both hands up. Then he filled my pack-basket with grub, and took my axe, and strapped my kit onto his back."

"He told me his name was Quintana, and that he was going to do a quick job that the police were too cowardly to do;—that he was a-going to find Mike Clinch down to Drowned Valley and kill him; and if he could catch Mike's daughter, too, he'd spoil her face for life—"

The boy was breathing so hard and his rage made him so incoherent that Lannis took him by the shoulder and shook him:

"What next?" demanded the Trooper impatiently. "Tell your story!"

"He told me to stay in the shanty for an hour or he'd do for me good," cried Fry. . . . "Once I got up and went to the door; and there he stood by the brook, wolfing my lunch with both hands. I tell you he cursed and drove me, like a dog, inside with his big pistol. . . ."

Wier said to Fry: "Go up to Harrod Place and tell Jansen your story and bring back two 45-70's. And quit sniveling. You may get a shot at him yet."

Lannis had already ridden down to the brook. Now he jumped his horse across, pulled up, called back to Wier:

"I think our man is making for Drowned Valley, all right. My mate, Stormont, telephoned me that some of his gang are there, and that Mike Clinch and his gang have them stopped on the other side. Keep your eye on Harrod Place!"

And away he cantered into the north.

BEHIND the curtains of her open window Eve Strayer, lying on her bed, had heard every word.

Wrapped in Darragh's big blanket robe she got off of the bed and opened her chamber door as Wier was passing through the living-room.

"Please—I'd like to speak to you a moment," she called.

Wier turned instantly and came to the partly open door.

"I want to know," she said, "where I am."

"Ma'am?"

"What is this place?"

"It's a hatchery—"

"Whose lodge is this? Does it belong to Harrod Place?"

"We're h-hootch runners, Miss—" stammered Wier, mindful of instructions, but making a poor business of deception;

"—I and Hal Smith, we run a 'Easy One,' and we strip trout for a blind and sell to Harrod Place—Hal and I—"

"Who is Hal Smith?" she asked.

"Ma'am?"

The girl's flower-blue eyes turned icy: "Who is the man who calls himself Hal Smith?" she repeated.

Wier looked at her, red and dumb.

"Is he a Trooper in plain clothes?" she demanded in a bitter voice. "Is he one of the Commissioner's spies? Are you one, too?"

Wier, gazed miserably at her, unable to formulate a convincing lie.

She flushed swiftly as a terrible suspicion seized her:

The Twilight of Mike

(Continued from page 10)



"All I want God should do," he repeated, "is just let Quintana come my way"

"Is this Harrod property? Is Hal Smith old Harrod's heir? Is he?"

She flung open the door and came out into the living-room.

"Hal Smith is that nephew of old Harrod," she said calmly. "His name is Darragh. And you are one of his wardens. . . . And I can't stay here. Do you understand?"

Wier said: "All I know, Miss, is that I was to look after you and get you whatever you want—"

"I want my clothes!"

"Ma'am?"

"My clothes!" she repeated impatiently. "I've got to have them!"

"Where are they, ma'am?" asked the bewildered man.

At the same moment the girl's eyes fell on a pile of men's clothing—sports garments sent down from Harrod Place to the Lodge—lying on a leather lounge near a gun-rack.

Without a glance at Wier, Eve went to the heap of clothing, tossed it about, selected cords, two pairs of woolen socks, gray shirt, puttees, shoes, flung the garments through the door into her own room, followed them, and locked herself in.

WHEN she was dressed—the two heavy pairs of socks helping to fit her feet to the shoes—she emptied her handful of diamonds, sapphires and emeralds, including the Flaming Jewel, into the pockets of her breeches.

Now she was ready. She unlocked her door and went out, scarcely limping at all now.

Wier gazed at her helplessly as she coolly chose a rifle and cartridge-belt at the gun-rack.

Then she turned on him as still and dangerous as a young puma:

"Tell young Darragh he'd better keep clear of Clinch's," she said. "Tell him I always thought he was a rat. Now I know he's one."

II

QUINTANA, on a fox-trot along the trail into Drowned Valley, now thoroughly understood that it was the only sanctuary left him for the moment. Egress to the southward was closed; to the eastward, also; and he was

too wary to venture westward toward Ghost Lake.

He meant to settle matters with Mike Clinch. He was not afraid of Clinch; not really afraid of anybody. It had been the dogs that demoralized Quintana. He'd had no experience with hunting hounds—did not know what to expect—how to maneuver. If only he could have seen these beasts that filled the forest with their hobgoblin outcries—if he could have had a good look at the creatures who gave forth that weird, crazed, melancholy volume of sound!—

"Bon!" he said coolly to himself. "It was a crisis of nerves which I experience. Yes. I should have shot him, that fat Sard. Yes. Only those damn dogs—And now he shall die an' rot—that fat Sard—all by himse'f, parbleu!—like one big dead thing all alone in the wood. Diamonds! Ah!—mon dieu!—a million francs in gems that shine like festering stars in this damn wood till the world end. Ah, bah—nom de dieu de—"

"Halté là!" came a sharp voice from the cedar fringe in front. A pause, then recognition; and Henri Picquet walked out on the hard ridge beyond and stood leaning on his rifle and looking sullenly at his leader.

Quintana came forward, carelessly, a disagreeable expression in his eyes and on his narrow lips, and continued on past Picquet.

The latter slouched after his leader, who had walked over to the lean-to, before which a pile of charred logs lay in cold ashes.

As Picquet came up, Quintana turned on him, with a gesture toward the extinguished fire: "It is cold like hell," he said. "Why do you not have some fire?"

"Not for me, non," growled Picquet, and jerked a dirty thumb in the direction of the lean-to.

And there Quintana saw a pair of muddy boots protruding from a blanket.

"It is Harry Beck, yes?" he inquired. Then something about the boots and the blanket silenced him. He kept his eyes on them for a full minute, then walked into the lean-to. The blanket also covered Harry Beck's features and there was a stain on it where it outlined the prostrate man's features, making a ridge over the bony nose.

After a moment Quintana looked around at Picquet:

"So. He is dead. Yes?"

Picquet shrugged: "Since noon, *mon capitaine*."

"Comment?"

"How shall I know? It was the fire, perhaps—green wood or wet—it is no matter now. . . . I arise to search for wood more dry, when, crack!—they begin to shoot out there—" He waved a dirty hand toward the forest.

"Bon," said I, "Clinch, he have seen your damn smoke!"

"Then Henri Beck he laugh and say, 'Hop it, frog!' And that is all he has find time to say, when crack! spat! *Bien droit* he has it—*tenez, mon capitaine*—here, over the left eye! Like a beef surprise' he go over, crash! thump!"

Quintana divested himself of the basket-pack which he had stolen from the Fry boy.

"Alors," he said calmly, "it has been Mike Clinch who shoot my frien' Beck. *Bien*."

He threw a cartridge into the breech of his rifle, adjusted his ammunition belt *en bandoulière*, carelessly.

Then, in a quiet voice: "My frien' Picquet, the time has now arrive when it become ver' necessary that we go from here away. *Donc*—I shall now go kill me my frien' Mike Clinch."

Picquet, unastonished, gave him a heavy, bovine look of inquiry.

Quintana said softly: "Me, I have enough already of this damn woods. Why shall we starve here when there lies our path?" He pointed north; his arm remained outstretched for a while.

"Clinch, he is there," growled Picquet.

"Also our path, *fami Henri*. And, behind us, they hunt us now with dogs."

Picquet bared his big white teeth in fierce surprise. "Dogs?" he repeated with a sort of snarl.

They walked leisurely forward with rifles shouldered, following the hard ridge to the north out across a vast and flooded land where the bark of trees glimmered with wet mosses.

After a quarter of a mile the ridge broadened and split into two, one hog-back branching northeast! They, however, continued north.

About twenty minutes later Picquet, creeping along on Quintana's left, and some sixty yards distant, discovered something moving in the woods beyond, and fired at it. Instantly two unseen rifles spoke from the woods ahead. Picquet was jerked clear around, lost his balance and nearly fell. Blood was spurting from his right arm, between elbow and shoulder.

He tried to lift and level his rifle; his arm collapsed and dangled broken and powerless; his rifle clattered to the ground.

For a moment he stood there in plain view, dumb, deathly white; then he began screaming with fury while the big, soft-nosed bullets came streaming in all around him. His broken arm was hit again. His screaming ceased; he dragged out his big clasp-knife with his left hand and started running toward the shooting.

As he ran, his mangled arm flopping like a broken wing, Byron Hastings stepped out from behind a tree and coolly shot him down at close quarters.

THEN Quintana's rifle exploded twice very quickly, and the Hastings boy stumbled sidewise and fell sprawling. He managed to rise to his knees again; Quintana, taking his time, deliberately began to empty his magazine into the boy, riddling him limb and body and head.

Down once more, he still moved his arms. Sid Hone reached out from behind a fallen log to grasp the dying lad's ankle and draw him into shelter, but Quintana reloaded swiftly and smashed Hone's left hand with the first shot.

Then Jim Hastings, kneeling behind a bunch of juniper, fired a high-velocity bullet into the tree behind which Quintana stood; but before he could fire again Quintana's shot in reply came ripping through the juniper and tore a ghastly hole in the calf of his left leg, striking a blow that knocked young Hastings flat and paralyzed, as a dead flounder.

A mile to the north, blocking the other exit from Drowned Valley, Mike Clinch, Harvey Chase, Cornelius Blommers, and Dick Berry stood listening to the shooting.

"B'gosh," blurted out Chase, "it sounds like they was goin' through, Mike. B'gosh, it does!"

Clinch's little pale eyes blazed, but he said in his soft, agreeable voice:

"Stay right here, boys. Like as not some of 'em will come this way."

The shooting below ceased. Clinch's nostrils expanded and flattened with every breath, as he stood glaring into the woods.

"Harve," he said presently, "you an' Corny go down there an' kinda look around. And you signal if I'm wanted. G'wan, both of you. Git!"

They started, running heavily, but their feet made little noise on the moss.

Berry came over and stood near Clinch. For ten minutes neither man moved. Clinch stared at the woods in front of him. The

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The Twilight of Mike

[Continued from page 18]

younger man's nervous glance flickered like a snake's tongue in every direction, and he kept moistening his lips with his tongue.

Presently two shots came from the south. A pause; a rattle of shots from hastily emptied magazines.

"G'wan down there, Dick!" said Clinch.

"You'll be alone, Mike—"

"Au' right. You do like I say; git along quick!"

Berry walked southward a little way. He had turned very white under his tan.

"Gol ding ye!" shouted Clinch, "take it on a lope or I'll kick the pants off'n ye!"

Berry began to run, carrying his rifle at a trail.

For half an hour there was not a sound in the forests of Drowned Valley except in the dead timber where unseen woodpeckers hammered fitfully at the ghosts of ancient trees.

Always Clinch's little pale eyes searched the forest twilight in front of him; not a falling leaf escaped him; not a chipmunk.

And all the while Clinch talked to himself; his lips moved a little now and then, but uttered no sound:

"All I want God should do," he repeated again and again, "is to just let Quintana come my way. Tain't for because he robbed my girlie. Tain't for the stuff he carries onto him. . . . No, God, tain't them things. But it's what that there skunk done to my Evie. . . . O God, be you listenin'? God, if you had seen my girlie's little bleeding feet!—That's the reason. . . . Nobody in my Dump wanted I should sell 'em more'n a bottle o' beer before this here prohybishum set us all crazy. Tain't right. . . . O God, don't hold a little hootch agin me when all I want of you is to let Quintana—"

The slightest noise behind him. He waited, turned slowly. Eve stood there. Hell died in his pale eyes as she came to him, rested silently in his gentle embrace, returned his kiss, laid her flushed, sweet cheek against his unshaven face.

"Dad, darling?"

"Yes, my baby—"

"You're watching to kill Quintana. But there's no use watching any longer."

"Have the boys below got him?" he demanded.

"They got one of his gang. Byron Hastings is dead. Jim is badly hurt; Sid Hone, too—not so badly—"

"Where's Quintana?"

"Dad, he's gone. . . . But it don't matter. See here!" She dug her slender hand into her breeches pocket and pulled out a little fistful of gems.

Clinch, his powerful arm closing her shoulders, looked dully at the jewels.

"You see, dad, there's no use killing Quintana. These are the things he robbed you of."

"Tain't them that matter. . . . I'm glad you got 'em. I allus wanted you should be a great lady, girlie. Them's the tickets of admission. You put 'em in your pants. I gotta stay here a spell—"

"Dad! Take them!"

He took them, smiled, shoved them into his pocket.

"What is it, girlie?" he asked absently, his pale eyes searching the woods ahead.

"Dad, Quintana says he means to kill you! What is the use of hurting him? You have what he took—"

"I gotta have more'n he took. But even that ain't enough. He couldn't pay for all he ever done to me, girlie. . . . I'm aimin' to draw on him on sight—"

Clinch's set visage relaxed into an alarming smile which flickered, faded, died in the wintry ferocity of his eyes.

"Dad—"

"G'wan home!" he interrupted harshly.

"You want that Hastings boy to bleed to death?"

She came up to him, not uttering a word, yet asking him with all the tenderness and eloquence of her eyes to leave this blood-trail where it lay and hunt no more.

He kissed her mouth, infinitely tender, smiled; then, again grim and scowling:

"G'wan home, you little scut, an' do what I told ye, or, by God, I'll cut a switch that'll learn ye good! Never a word, now! On yer way! G'wan!"

She turned with a heavy heart to the home trail; but her mind was passionately with Clinch in the spectral forests of Drowned Valley.

III

AND Clinch's mind was on her. All else—his watchfulness, his stealthy advance—all the alertness of eye and ear, all the subtlety, the cunning, the infinite caution—were purely instinctive mechanics.

Somewhere in this flooded twilight of gigantic trees was José Quintana. Knowing that, he dismissed that fact from his mind and turned his thoughts to Eve.

He sighed unconsciously; halted.

"Well, Lord," he concluded, in his wordless way, "my girlie has gotta have a chance

if I gotta go to hell for it. That's sure as shootin' . . . Amen."

At that instant he saw Quintana.

Recognition was instant and mutual. Neither man stirred. Quintana was standing beside a giant hemlock. His pack lay at his feet.

Clinch had halted—always the mechanics!—close to a great ironwood tree.

Probably both men knew that they could cover themselves before the other moved a muscle. Clinch's small, light eyes were blazing; Quintana's black eyes had become two slits.

"Ah-h," said Quintana, "thees has happen ver' nice like I expect. . . . Always I say mysef, yet a little patience, José, an' one day you shall meet thees fellow Clinch, who has rob you. . . . I am ver' thankful to the good God—"

He had made the slightest of movements: instantly both men were behind their trees. Clinch, in the ferocious pride of woodcraft, laughed exultingly—filled the dim and spectral forest with his roar of laughter.

"Quintana," he called out, "you're a-going to cash in. Savvy? You're a-going to hop off. An' first you gotta hear why. Tain't for the stuff. Naw! I hooked it off'n you; you hooked it off'n me; now I got it again. That's all square. . . . No, tain't that grudge. . . . No! It's becuz you laid the heft o' your dirty little finger onto my girlie. N'now you gotta hop!"

Quintana's sinister laughter was his retort. Then: "You dam-fool Clinch," he said, "I got in my pocket what you rob of me. Now I kill you, and then I feel ver' well. I go home, live like some kings; yes. But you," he sneered, "you shall not go home never no more. No. You shall remain in thees damn wood like ver' dead old rat that is all wormy. . . . Hé! I got a million dollare—five million franc in my pocket. You shall learn what it cost to rob José Quintana! Unnerstan?"

"You liar," said Clinch contemptuously.

"I got them jools in my pants pocket—"

Quintana's derisive laugh cut him short: "I give you thees Flaming Jewel if you show me you got my gems in you pants pocket!"

"I'll show you. Lay down your rifle so's I see the stock."

"First you, my frien' Mike," said Quintana cautiously.

Clinch took his rifle by the muzzle and shoved the stock into view so that Quintana could see it without moving.

To his surprise, Quintana did the same, then coolly stepped a pace outside the shelter of his hemlock stump.

"You show me now!" he called across the swamp.

Clinch stepped into view, dug into his pocket, and, cupping both hands, displayed a glittering heap of gems.

Quintana's eyes had become slits again. Neither man stirred. Then:

"So you are buzzard, eh, Clinch? You feed on dead man's pockets, eh? You find Sard somewhere an' you feed." He held up the morocco case emblazoned with the arms of the Grand Duchess of Esthonia, and shook it at Clinch.

"In there is my share. . . . Not all. Ver' quick, now, I take yours, too—"

Clinch vanished and so did his rifle; and Quintana's first bullet struck the moss where the stock had rested.

TWILIGHT lay over the phantom wood, touching with pallid tints the flooded forest.

So far only that one shot had been fired. Both men were still maneuvering, always creeping in circles and always lining some great tree for shelter.

Now, the gathering dusk was making them bolder and swifter; and twice, already, Clinch caught the shadow of a fading edge of something that vanished against the shadows too swiftly for a shot.

Now Quintana, keeping a tree in line, brushed with his lithe back a leafless moose-bush that stood swaying as he avoided it.

Instantly a stealthy hope seized him: he slipped out of his coat, spread it on the bush, set the naked branches swaying, and darted to his tree.

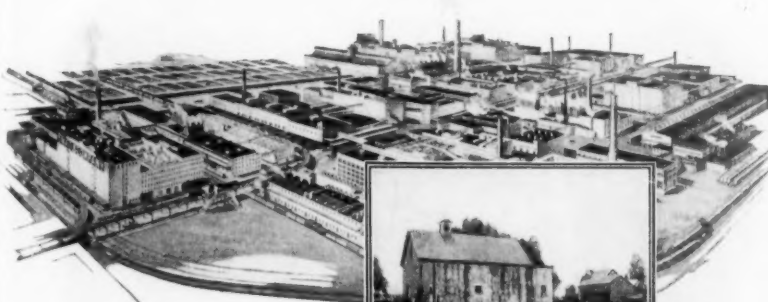
Waiting, he saw that the gray blot his coat made in the dusk was still moving a little—just vibrating a little bit in the twilight. He touched the bush with his rifle barrel, then crouched almost flat.

Suddenly the red crash of a rifle lit up Clinch's visage for a fraction of a second. And Quintana's bullet smashed Clinch between the eyes.

After a long while Quintana ventured to rise and creep forward.

So twilight died in the stillness of Drowned Valley and the pall of night lay over all things—living and dead alike.

[*"The Place of Pines," Episode 11 of "The Flaming Jewel" series, will appear in June McCall's*]



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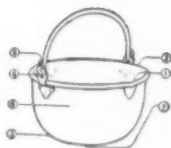
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Up and Coming

[Continued from page 9]

home, she was too ailing to talk to seriously. So I concluded to marry and bring you back to her. When she sees what a sweet girl you are, she'll love you and forgive me. You forgive me, don't you, sweetheart?"

"You haven't even told her?" Martha said slowly. "Why you—you fibbed then about her messages, the lace she wanted to give me—the love she sent. Jones, I don't like beginning this way."

He pulled his hat over his eyes, tugging sulkily at his brush of a mustache. "Not my fault," he complained; "I've tried to be fair. You will soon adjust yourself to mother's ways. We won't be living over the store long—and mother will be a lot of help to you in the cottage."

Martha stared out of the window. The smoky, dirty station confused her. "I suppose you were not to blame; but I wish she knew. Don't let's live over that store for long—I'd never want any company there."

"You bet we won't," Jones was relieved at her quick forgiveness. "And don't let mother bother you. Remember, she can't help being different."

But neither Martha nor her mother-in-law was yet capable of impersonal viewpoints. Both were desperately personal. She resented her son's deceit and, true to form, blamed his wife for it. She had put him up to it. Because he had married a school mistress with a silk dress and plumed hat, she would not wait on her. She felt a renewed interest in the store, an unworthy delight in watching Martha mourn stoically over uncongenial surroundings. Inwardly, Sophie pitied her daughter-in-law, recognizing her as being of finer clay than Jones. But she would never admit it. Instead, she scolded and sulked until Martha began to live within a life of her own—a thought-world peopled with her children and their glorious, untrammelled futures.

She did not share her vision with Jones. Indeed, after a few weeks, Jones became as indifferent to Martha's wishes as to his mother's. He loved her in a shallow, tyrannical fashion; but he wanted to be going about as he wished, seeing the latest shows, playing cards in the back rooms of saloons, gossiping with men of his own kind.

A readjustment of affairs happened after several months of this sort of existence. Sophie fractured her ankle. She was helpless and in pain, to say nothing of being under abnormal expense. Now came Martha's opportunity.

By this time she had relinquished any hope of knowing people or enjoying social life. But she comforted herself with the thought that her children would prove a sufficient source of contact. She no longer curled her hair nor wore silk dresses. Her books were unpacked but not arranged, her trinkets huddled together in her bedroom. She lacked ambition to bring about any improvements which would necessitate arguments with Sophie. She told herself she must wait until she should be in her own home.

Now that her mother-in-law was helpless, Jones' lack of sympathy spurred Martha to action. She nursed her tenderly, doing the housework as well, flying down at each tinkle of the store bell. She could not, however, manage the baking. So customers went away empty-handed as regard "those good German things."

"I wish I could bake them," Martha said. "I'm afraid they will start going somewhere else."

Sophie's face brightened. This commercial interest won her heart.

"Ja," she agreed, "so it is!" Then she proposed that Martha push her in a chair to the kitchen table and let her try to mix the dough while Martha took the steps.

It was a hard morning—that initial baking—Sophie's voice scolding shrilly, endless trips to the store, getting dinner for Jones and seeing that the baked goods were finished to Sophie's satisfaction.

V

THAT night after the shop was closed and Martha, aching of bone and weary of heart, had seen that Sophie was comfortable, she went into her room preparatory to a long, helpful cry. But the jingle of Sophie's bell called her back to duty.

Biting her lips to gain self-control, Martha answered. The old woman wanted her to sit beside her; she resented Jones' conduct to his young wife. Sophie realized the hard future which lay before Martha. She, Sophie, had married a man who worked for her and loved her. But this girl, Martha, who proved worthy of the hardest task and who was gentle of heart as well, had married a man who would always neglect her. She wanted to tell her daughter-in-law something of this, that she was proud of her and grateful for all her labor; but she did not know how. She

dimly comprehended that Martha felt removed from Sophie's world, that her one hope was in thought of the child which was to come to her, a hope that alone removed her from utter despair.

So the conversation was of monosyllable variety. Sophie could not bring herself to abuse her son, and her praise of Martha was merely praise for baking the bread stuffs an even brown—not praise for her valiant spirit. Martha regarded her as a cross old woman who hampered progress. She said good-night as soon as it was possible.

Martha sat with her tired head resting on one fine strong arm and felt a fragrant nearness to something all powerful, inspiring. She was seeing her son as a man of high ideals, achievement. In him was her reward for drudgery, disillusionment. And she was glad. The reward would be sufficient.

This third Jones Bynight—for she must have a son—would climb high. Just then Jones came in to find her. She did not notice his intoxication; she was not inclined to find fault or complain of neglect.

JONES was excessively good-natured, relieved not to be greeted with nagging. "You are a fine girl," he began, kissing her noisily. "I bet you're tired out. But you've shown mother you can go her one better. I hope she appreciates it. To tell the truth, since I've watched how you take hold of things, I'm going to give up my job and add on to the store, work back into it myself. That would give you time for the house—and a little baking. We could build up a big business, Cornwall's growing. What do you say?"

"I'd rather have you with Grimshaw," Martha protested. "I'd always be in the store more or less, no matter what you promised."

"I don't see why. Grimshaw won't advance me much more. I want to be my own boss. This is a fine little business, only it needs up-to-date methods. We would have a fine store—you and me, Martha." He put his arm around her.

"I won't have time from now on," she reminded him. "Don't you realize I'll be busy with our child?" Her face was very lovely as she looked up at him.

Jones shrugged his shoulders. "He'll be a lot of bother," he objected; "gad, I hate to hear a baby holler."

"But they're so wonderful,"—she was tearful—"why talk of being a bother? Do you begrudge me to the child, is that it? Can't you ever think of anyone but yourself and your interests?"

"I thought of you enough to marry you," was his retort. "I'm glad for the child, only I want business on a settled basis. You women are all the same, cry-babies and complainers. Ready to snap a fellow up on the least pretext." He threw off his coat and sat down heavily. "You look like the devil in that dress with your hair uncombed," he commented. "I wonder why women, as soon as they are married, grow careless in appearance. Men never do."

"Men don't stay home and work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, taking care of someone else and a business, too. You wouldn't do for your own mother what I do—and little thanks for it do I get. You aren't fair to either of us. You didn't tell me the truth about your mother and you didn't tell your mother about me. I can see there's little ahead for me. But I'll see that there's a lot ahead for my children!" Martha wondered at her own spirit.

Jones soon resigned from the dry goods concern and enlarged the grocery store. He forced his mother to advance the money for improvements. Martha was unable to be downstairs and care for his mother, too, so Jones ran the business and ran it badly.

In the spring, just before Martha's son came, Sophie died. She seemed some wretched child as she lay in her coffin.

Her death was a relief to Martha but a joy to Jones. He could spend his mother's thrifty savings as he wished. Martha felt a spiritual lightening. She would rely on the child's birth to make Jones realize the man's part he must play. They would leave the grocery-store environment. She began to hope anew. Yet she missed Sophie, for an unspoken camaraderie had developed between these two; they both loved the same worthless man!

VI

IN June, 1885, the third Jones Bynight wailed into the world, to his mother's delight and his father's annoyance.

For a period of fifteen days, Martha "played lady," as Jones kept reminding her. That is, she had the indifferent services of a midwife until she struggled to her feet and went to work.

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Up and Coming

[Continued from page 20]

Jones said she pampered the baby. If he wanted to cry, let him—it developed his lungs.

Even the glistening sign of "Jones Bynight, Green Grocer" gave Jones no sense of ownership in the store. Too often he left the place in the thieving hands of a clerk and went to play cards or swap tales with barroom cronies. It was a relief to be away from the atmosphere of baby clothes and Martha's white face. He was unconsciously jealous of her devotion to the boy.

When Jones junior was six weeks old, Martha returned to waiting on the store. She must be man of the family yet do a woman's work. She stopped idealizing Jones, ceased hoping he would become other than a critical idler who must be wheedled or fairly driven into working.

Jones junior thrived, a lusty, spirited chap who adored his mother and scowled at his father, seemingly as content when placed behind the pickle keg while customers shuffled in and out as if he had been in the white nursery his mother dreamed of. When he had finished his "eternal crawling" and was standing on tottering, stout legs, having learned that his father's temper was short and his mother nothing less than a kindly saint, the second child, Marian, was born.

There was no chance for them to leave the grocery store. In fact, it narrowed to their sole means of support since Jones settled down to be supported. He owned the store, but his wife must run it.

He was used to "kids around" when the third child arrived in 1888. He even took an interest in her, naming her Patricia because her mother had asked to have her named Sophie. She was his favorite, gay and volatile with a Dresden doll beauty, a contrast to Marian who was a sober, delicate-looking little person, distinctly a thinker. Young Jones remained his mother's idol, little tolerated by his father but nevertheless preserving his sense of happiness and a rugged constitution.

IN this confining situation Martha toiled, "troubled with many things." Shut away from the world she craved, her children became her religion. No task was too great if it tended toward their emancipation. Her daily prayer was but three sentences. "Lord, keep me well. Let us get into our own home. Let my children go to college."

There was too much deception in the Bynight household to make for wholesomeness. The children deceived their father to escape punishment. They deceived their mother to avoid her crying over what she called "misconduct." She took a violent pride in having them "different from other young ones in the block." They were bathed twice a week instead of holding by the Saturday night standard. They said their prayers while she listened, no matter how tired she might be. They kissed each other good-night. They learned poems and Bible verses. They knew that keeping a grocery in a poor part of town and having a mother whose hair was untidy was merely the introduction to better things. They were to become rich, famous, gracious of manner. Their father was a stumbling block, merely to be endured.

In time Martha turned to her son for companionship. She told him her hopes and fears, and he listened with a gravity worthy of twice his years. Martha did not realize that this prevented normal development, that Jones should have been playing with children instead of being huddled on a kitchen chair while she worked, telling him of what the future must hold for the family.

Their comradeship irritated his father, and he took every possible occasion to punish the boy because he knew it pained his mother. He was foolishly indulgent with the girls, particularly Pat.

Peasant habits acquired from Sophie and her present environment were creeping into Martha's personality. She was ignorant of her sometimes untidy way of eating, her uncouth speech when excited. Just as Sophie had been ground down into a physical wreck by dint of never-ending work, so Martha was being ground down—only Martha had a vision.

Her attitude toward her husband changed. She was no longer submissive. Since she took charge of both business and family, she took upon herself the proper authority.

When Jones was nine a significant event proved Martha's leadership. Having saved his paper-route money, Jones bought a postage-stamp album, a cheap affair, but to his mind a treasure worthy of Midas. Coming upon him unexpectedly, his father demanded the source of the book.

"Bought it with my own money," Jones confessed, cringing.

"One dollar," his father read the price mark. "So, that's what you do with your money, you selfish young cub—with your mother and me working to feed you! I've

a good notion to tan you until you can't stand. Get up here—give the stamps to me, d'ye hear! If there's going to be any collectors in this family it will be me. There!"—crumpling the stamps into a little ball.

"Oh, pa, I saved the money," he protested, "Mother said I could."

"You're not dealing with your mother," Jones snarled, his eyes red with anger. "It's your father, and if my word doesn't count, my horsewhip will!"

Marian and Pat, playing fearby, crept up to him.

"Mother did say he could," Marian began. "Really truly, pa."

"Get out of the way, little busybodies," was the answer, "or you'll find what isn't good for you. Come here, boy, take that stamp album and put it on my dresser and stay upstairs until I come. You'll not want to come down for a time, I'm thinking."

Tear-blurred, flaming with hatred, Jones obeyed.

Marian darted off unseen. Her mother was waiting on a customer. But she knew when she might interrupt. The customer was left waiting while Martha ran up the stairs, colliding with her husband at the landing. He held the whip behind his back but she pointed at it.

"Drop that, you coward."

Jones swore unpleasantly.

Martha opened the door leading to the store; the customer was a willing audience.

"If you touch that child," she said slowly, "for no reason but cussed ugliness, I'll call for help. I'm boss here. I let him buy that album. I took fifty cents to get extra stamps, too. If you think you can bulldoze me, you're wrong. I've lived with you too many years not to know you for a coward. And you can't beat your children like dogs because you've nothing better to do."

He was silent.

"I know they can hear in the store—I want they should," Martha added, "—nothing to be proud of, either. But we had to have a reckoning, and it may as well be now. I can get out of here, support my children, if you want to turn us out. I'm not afraid. A man who would horsewhip a nine-year-old boy! God pity such as you."

Jones muttered something about impudence and devilishness, but Martha stood guard at the landing. The store bell kept tinkling; more customers were listening. Swearing, Bynight turned and went into the barn.

"I'd rather have stood for it," Jones protested, "than to have had those words—they sounded so, Mother—and you're all warm and crying. I hate him, hate him!" He put his head on her shoulder.

"Never mind, dearie, Mother's not going to have things go any worse than she can help," Martha was breathing heavily; she had won a great victory.

Bynight never mentioned the incident. He even avoided his son, speaking to him as little as possible. But six months later the album, now bursting with treasures, was missing, and a Swedish boy living two blocks away and whose father had "barrels of money" told Jones that his father had purchased the album from Mr. Bynight.

"My father pay three dollar for it," boasted the Swedish boy, "your father bane say you too young to appreciate."

Jones never told his mother. It would reopen a wound. She had enough to bear with; Pat was impudent and Marian would not wipe the dishes. His father took money from the cash drawer. Moreover, the real pleasure of the album had been dissipated that first day. Jones, too, lived in a visionary future when there would be no father, and his mother would receive her just reward.

VII

IN 1898 Martha had a chance to sell the store and put the money into a double house in a modest neighborhood. Her husband was quite willing; the store was a burden, and he was now fired with the idea of inventions, cheap patents which should fool the public and make his fortune.

Martha's move afforded great satisfaction. She felt their hardest days were ended. The double house gave a modest income. Martha planned to do sewing, go out to serve dinners and care for small children.

Her husband admired Martha's endeavors in his cheap way. He paid her tribute when he was good-natured or wanted a loan. "How do you do it all, Mother? Sew and cook and order a pack of kids and a worthless husband about—hey? As good-looking as the day we met, if you'd dress up. Give us a kiss. Oh, have you three dollars that ain't working? This is for something that will benefit all of us—yes, it is—a sure-fire thing. Thanks." Saying which, he would disappear.

[Turn to page 30]



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Moonlight and the Dump

[Continued from page 6]

he had. The night had an exquisite urge, a poignant ache to it that needed sharing. That should have warned her. But she was, after all, only twenty. And twenty, even if sophisticated.

"Let's go down to the swimming pool," he suggested, impulsively.

The evening dew was heavy on the grass, the slippers she wore were devised to adorn rather than protect. But she gave that never a thought. They went across the terrace to a formal path that twisted through clipped hedges to what he had called the swimming pool.

Here they paused. The pavilion had no canopy; it was open to the sky—and the moon. The water of the pool shimmered as if molten silver had been poured into it. Judy gazed down at it . . . he gazed down at her.

"I never saw you so beautiful before!" he burst out.

THE organ was stilled. The house, gleaming white, almost monumental in the moonlight, seemed an infinite distance away; as impersonal as a painted backdrop. A spell of silver silence was cast over them.

Abruptly he broke it. "Judy!" he exclaimed and all the ache and the urge of the night seemed caught in the intensity of his young voice.

It, too, coursed to the quick of her, but briefly she struggled for sanity.

She felt a surging restlessness which would have welcomed a reckless plunge that would have ruined her unpaid-for gown. But the words died on her lips as she looked up at him. That which shone in his eyes touched not her heart, but her youth, the really lovely stir that is one of twenty's most priceless possessions. He caught her to him and kissed her, wildly and impulsively.

THE organ was going again, full blast with many stops pulled out, when they returned to the music room. Jazz in all its power rolled forth. Everybody was dancing, oblivious apparently to anything but the agonized organ's blattancies.

"Look who's here!" exclaimed Amy Rogers. "Their eyes shine with moonmist!"

This was mere badinage, but in Judy's expression Amy glimpsed that which made her stop, abruptly.

"You've taken the plunge!" she cried. "Is it to be announced now?"

The house party turned to a furor of boisterous congratulations, flavored with what passed as humor.

Of its own momentum the engagement might have run no further. But Judy's friends served Hunter well, they made Judy stubborn. When she returned to Boston in early July she still wore the inevitable solitaire, set in platinum, that Hunter had placed on her finger. Boston was hot, the apartment seemed stifling, and she said so, attributing the restlessness that afflicted her to that.

BEDE managed to sub-let the apartment; they were to surrender it at once. Judy was in the midst of packing when four rings on the front doorbell announced Hunter's arrival. For some unknown reason she came to a decision in the few seconds that passed before she admitted him. Acting upon this she promptly returned his ring and asked him to send her her letters and a picture of herself she had given him.

Bede said she was glad it was over with, and here spoke the cold-blooded and calculating. But immediately the incurable romanticist surged in her.

"Was he—very much cut up?"

"Rather," admitted Judy, sobered by transient regret. "But he'll get over it. Of course he swears he won't, but I bet him that bracelet at Bigelow Kennard's that I want so, against my picture—he's determined to hang onto that, worse luck—that he will."

In the sanctuary of her own room, as she pulled out bureau drawers she came upon her diary, fitted with an ineffectual lock and an infinitesimal key which an optimist might have believed insured privacy. It was unlocked at the moment and in her hands it fell open. From the exposed page this leapt up to meet her eyes:

"And so I'm engaged. I don't know just how it happened—"

The strewn disorder of her room slipped from her consciousness as her memory went back to that night of white magic. Warm as it was she shivered a little. And then, impulsively, she sat down at her desk and wrote in her diary that which now seemed to her the crux of her all but fatal lapse from sanity.

"Moonlight," she wrote, "is the deuce! I'll never take a chance on it again. Unless the next man who proposes to me has twenty thousand a year I'll—"

There she paused and considered, the end of her pen-holder between her teeth. And then, with a swift smile, she let her pen finish the sentence. This accomplished, she tossed the diary into an open drawer of her wardrobe trunk and rose.

The next day she and Bede went their separate ways; Bede to visit friends at Nantucket, Judy to a houseparty at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Somewhat later, worn out with social gaiety, she went to a little inn in Vermont. This had a mountain of its own in its back yard, called Brownbread Mountain because of its contour. Bede had discovered it and they went there at odd seasons for rest and relaxation from the social whirl and for the good health of their checking account. Board and room could be had there at twenty dollars a week, even in these days.

The Inn housed such people as one might expect; a geologist for whom the mountain provided absorbing interest; a young couple who were obviously bridegroom and bride of the class that can spend no more than a few dollars on a honeymoon; an elderly bank clerk and his wife, enjoying an inexpensive vacation.

They all bored Judy equally.

One night, returning at dusk from a fifteen-mile ride, she passed through the office of the Inn, to which oil lamps and the flare of blazing logs in an open fireplace lent a cheerful warmth and glow. There was a new man there. . . . After dinner the proprietor, whose jovial boast it was that his guests were "always one big family" introduced the newcomer to her. His name was Inverie and through her casual glance she discovered him to be lean and lithe and as tanned as she was herself. His eyes, gray blue, were whimsical, yet penetrating, and had a curious cool directness about them. For the rest he had sunburnt hair, close cropped, and was not the least bit handsome.

From the first she sensed, subtly but surely, his interest in her. She, perversely, decided that she didn't like him. There was something about him that vaguely irritated her, a certain cool self-possession that matched her own.

NOW perhaps it was with an idea that she might contrive to shock one man out of his conceit that she condescended to pause in the office the next night. She came in cool, serene and detached, took a fresh package of cigarettes from the cigar case and then, on an impulse she did not bother to analyze—and perhaps could not have—crossed to the fireplace to get a light.

Inverie stood beside the fireplace, but he made no effort to assist her when, as if quite oblivious of his presence, she took the fire tongs and nipping a live coal, placed it to the end of her cigarette.

"Do you smoke those things because you like them?" he demanded, as if this were the most casual of questions. "Or because you want to feel—and seem—devilish?"

Her eyes met his. The honors of that encounter were even. She blew out a little puff of smoke.

"Why should I care to appear devilish?" "Some girls do," he answered. And then, without the quiver of an eyelash he added, "How old are you anyway?"

Judy merely flicked the ashes defiantly from the end of her cigarette.

"Twenty," she replied composedly. "How old did you think?"

"Sixteen. Possibly seventeen—"

In spite of herself he had captured her interest. But she had no intention of letting the man see that.

"Any more questions?" she asked.

Her tone was light, yet there was a challenge—and subtle warning in it.

Inverie merely smiled. "How long are you here for?"

"Until I go back to Boston."

"And then?" he persisted, unabashed.

This she might have squelched him for. Instead she looked up at him with mocking eyes.

"I'm going to get a husband or begin a career of some sort—which ever proves easier."

This he seemed to consider. "I should think you might be successful at either," he commented, finally, as if this were the most impersonal of analyses.

"Thanks awfully," she replied. "But my requirements either way are not—ordinary."

Then she did go upstairs.

HELL probably ended up by boring me stiff," she assured her mirror that night as she prepared for bed. "But he's a new specimen and I can't resist the temptation to take him apart and see what makes him go."

Rather to her surprise he made no effort to help her toward that end. The next morning he and the geologist disappeared after breakfast, and it was not until after

[Turn to page 24]

It's EASY to Get Thin *to music!*

To show you how easy it is, I'll reduce you five pounds FREE. I will do it in five days' time; in your home—and with your own phonograph.



MY reducing records make any figure normal, in surprisingly short space of time. In five thousand cases, I have not had one, single failure.

This method works hand in hand with Nature. That's why it brings such instant results and such a joyous state of health. No drastic denial of nourishment. No punishment of any kind.

The first day will bring results you can feel. The first week will tell on the scales. Before your second lesson, improvements your friends can see. All this I will prove—before you pay a penny. But first, read how I do it.

Food Does Not Cause Fat

—or we would not see so many stout persons who eat less than a child of ten. What I give you to do causes what you do eat to make only blood, bone and sinew. *Nothing is left from which Nature can make fat.* Now you have the whole secret.

And realize this: reducing the Wallace way is play. It's downright fun getting thin to music! I tell you just what

to do each day—on phonograph records clear as a bell. Easy to understand, easier to do.

My Method Lets You Eat

I employ nothing so crude as starvation; my way of reducing is natural. And when Nature makes you thin, neither face nor figure suffers. Remaining flesh is firm and smooth, the skin clears wonderfully; eyes are bright; hair takes on lustre. As you reduce by my method, watch the mirror as well as the scales!



Both Are Mrs. Horchler

The difference these photographs plainly show was wrought by Wallace reduction records. See her letter below.

4625 INDIANA AVENUE
CHICAGO

August 14, 1921

Wallace, Chicago:
Dear Sir:—

Having reduced by your wonderful music method in just four months' time, it is but fair to tell you what you have done for me.

I reduced sixty pounds. My friends pass me on the street without recognizing who it is. I feel better. I appear at least ten years younger.

Gratefully,
Grace Horchler

Mrs. Horchler's reduction was accomplished solely through my records, sent by mail. Her pictures above show what was accomplished—in a little less than four months. Since this letter was written, she has removed about ten pounds more, making her weight what it should be for her height.

Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is *nothing*—one lesson can do that. If you are fifty, sixty, seventy-five pounds too heavy—I require more time. But the results will be just the same, just as sure. Mrs. Esta Arbaugh of Mandamin, Iowa, reports that I reduced her 15 pounds in just two lessons.

I have hundreds of such letters.

Mrs. Mildred M. Sykes, 300 North Florida Ave., Atlantic City, N. J., took off 12 pounds with the first lesson, and says she 'eats anything she likes.'

Mrs. M. E. Wiersum, 721 Hogan S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich., has written me and said she would not take one hundred dollars for her Wallace records.

A lady whose husband is a doctor has stated in a letter that he regards my course not alone a successful weight reducer, but a splendid health builder.

Any names I have published appear by special permission.

FREE Proof

Accept my five-day offer of proof; you can soon start your actual reduction. I will send you at once my first lesson free, prepaid and plainly wrapped. Try this full-sized, double-faced record five days. That's all I ask.

I wish no payment now, no promise to pay anything later. Just an out-and-out free test, as the coupon states. Why not fill it in now, and mail it today? The coupon is below.

Wallace



WALLACE 630 S. Wabash Avenue **Chicago**

Please send record for first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ [1921]

St. & No. _____

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BEWARE OF IMITATORS

Wallace is the originator of the music-method of reducing. The success of his course is the result of more than eighteen years' study and experience. It is easier to imitate his records than to duplicate his results. Wallace reducing records reduce.



In her face—the charm
he seeks to find

Nothing quite effaces that disappointment

INSTINCTIVELY—perhaps without even stating it to himself—a man expects to find daintiness, charm, refinement in the women he knows.

And when some unpleasant little detail mars this conception of what a woman should be—nothing quite effaces his involuntary disappointment.

Don't let a neglected condition of your skin give an impression of untidiness in your toilet. Any girl *can* have a smooth, clear skin, free from little defects and blemishes. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new takes its place. By giving this *new skin* the right care, you can keep it flawlessly smooth and clear.

If you have the type of skin that is continually breaking out with ugly little blemishes, use the following simple treatment:

Just before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared. Then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

This treatment and other special treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the new Woodbury's Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1505 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E.C. 4.



Moonlight and the Dump

[Continued from page 22]

dinner that Judy had a chance at him. And she had to make that herself.

"Mr. Allyn," he observed, referring to the geologist, "and I are going to climb the mountain this afternoon. If you'd care to come—"

No man she had ever known would have put it that way. Which is why, perhaps, that she went.

They started off, to where the sugar maples along the lower reaches of the mountain were turning to pillars of flame, at a pace tuned down to the geologist's capacity. Even so the latter was tired before they were halfway up the mountain.

"I'll stop here," he said. "There's rather an interesting rock formation I want to examine. If you two want to go up—"

Inverie glanced at Judy. She nodded. The haze that the season cast over everything, in spite of the brilliant sunshine, spoilt the view from the top but they did not notice that.

"I think we made fast time," she commented.

They had; she seemed to have the speed and strength of a polo pony. But fast as they had moved their acquaintance had moved faster still.

"Any more questions?" she demanded.

"You spoke of your requirements in the way of a husband. What are they?"

To this his voice gave a casual impersonality that her own matched.

"Twenty thousand a year—more, I hope."

"And what," he demanded, coolly, "are you going to give in return?"

This had never occurred to her. But she met it squarely.

"Me," she retorted. "A gold brick of course, but the poor man won't know it until I've got him safely landed."

This he let pass without comment. He had, as she was to learn, a way of leaving the obvious unsaid. She glanced up at him and thought, irrelevantly, that some girl, some day, would find him attractive.

"What," she asked, as a sequel to that, "are *your* requirements for a *wife*?"

His eyes, which had wandered off, came back to her. "An Indian squaw. I'm here, there and everywhere, you see. Can you imagine my having the nerve to ask any woman to share such an existence—on five thousand a year?"

In his voice, usually light and whimsical, there was a definite finality. He now certainly looked as if he meant it.

"You'll feel the effect of this wind if we don't start back," he said.

They found Mr. Allyn quite unaware of the passing of time.

"Oh, hello," he said, abstractedly, "Could you see much for the top today?"

They looked at each other and then laughed, to his surprise.

"Not much," said Inverie.

JUDY had no idea of making Inverie fall in love with her. Or at least, only a transient one.

"I wonder," she mused, as she changed for supper, "if I couldn't make him change his mind about marrying."

This suggested certain pleasurable feminine devices, but she promptly put them from mind.

"Don't be a little cat, Judy!" she counselled herself.

This she held to, and for once virtue was its own reward. At least so she told herself. It was a relief to be able to play around with a man, as she did with him. There was no question of love between them. He was a five thousand dollar a year civil engineer: she was a deliberate little head-hunter, with a price of twenty thousand a year on the head she sought.

They accepted each other on that basis and made the most of the interlude. Allyn departed, and so did the bride and groom. Inverie stayed on, as September gave way to October, awaiting a summons back to Boston that might come any time.

"The firm has made bids on a job up near the Canadian border," he explained. "It's a big thing—moving a young mountain to make a dam eighteen hundred feet long and a hundred feet high. If they get it I'm to handle it. It will mean a long step ahead for me—"

"I hope you get it!" she said, quickly.

"For which I'll pay by being buried for the next two years," he finished.

No man she had ever met had lived so broadly, yet no man had ever talked less about himself.

"How old are you anyway?" she demanded one day.

"Thirty-three," he replied.

"I didn't think you were that old," she confessed, inept for once.

"If that means that I wear my years lightly and gracefully, I thank you."

They were riding horseback, through an old wood road.

"Look at that poplar!" she exclaimed.

The poplar stood like a solitary sentinel,

a giant fumarole of yellow flame spurting toward the burnished sky. He looked, however, not at the poplar, but at her.

"You aren't looking at all!" she accused.

"You're thinking something—"

Seconds passed before he answered.

"You won't like it, Judy," he said,

"but—I'm sorry for you somehow."

This widened her eyes. "Sorry for me?" she echoed.

"Because I think that if you weren't somebody socially, with just enough money to get by, you might do something, be really somebody, get somewhere. But you're caught—"

"And so I'll never amount to anything, be anybody or get anywhere," she finished.

"And so you're sorry."

"I am! Of course I have no right to say it—"

This was true. But she let it pass. She mocked him with a swift smile and then touched her horse's flank with her

The Inn, alight, glowed against the purpling dusk as they dismounted. As they entered the office the proprietor appeared with a telegram for Inverie. Inverie opened this, with a murmured apology, and she saw his face change to that look of utter absorption so new to her, but typical of a man of affairs. She looked at him, with quickened interest.

"Can I make the six-nine?" he asked the proprietor, looking up.

"You're going?" Judy broke in, incredulously. "Tonight?"

"I've got to go back to Boston," he explained. "Something—"

"You haven't any time to waste," suggested the proprietor.

"I can pack in five minutes," Inverie assured him.

They—the man who wouldn't marry and the girl who must have twenty thousand a year—had a moment alone before he left. She waited in the office for him to return. He dropped his bag and held out his hand.

"Good-by, Judy," said he, "And—thank you! A lot!"

This was the note on which the interlude was to end. They had been traveling, deliberately, a road that each realized led to nowhere. He was to bury himself in his woods, she was to return to Boston to the life she knew best. Once they had happened to speak of letters and they had agreed, in an impersonal way, that correspondence was an awful bore, an artificial stimulant to an acquaintance doomed to perish by slow attrition anyway.

"Aren't—aren't you going to call on me in Boston?" asked Judy.

This was the last thing she had considered saying, yet she waited, almost breathlessly, on his answer. He shook his head, smilingly, yet his words came nearer to sentiment than anything he had ever said to her before.

"It's been too perfect this way. If I called I might break in on that twenty-thousand-a-year man. Horrible thought!"

"Even if I find him as quickly as you seem to think, I'll still have a few moments to spare for you—"

"I won't trade the memory of many pleasant hours for such an anti-climax as that," said he.

The proprietor intervened. "If you're going to make that train—"

The last sere weeks of October had stripped the fields and trees when Judy left the almost deserted Inn. She was glad to get back to Boston.

"I don't think the Inn did you any good," commented Bede. "You look thin—"

"I got an overdose of it. It sort of got on my nerves toward the end—"

"And you're restless—"

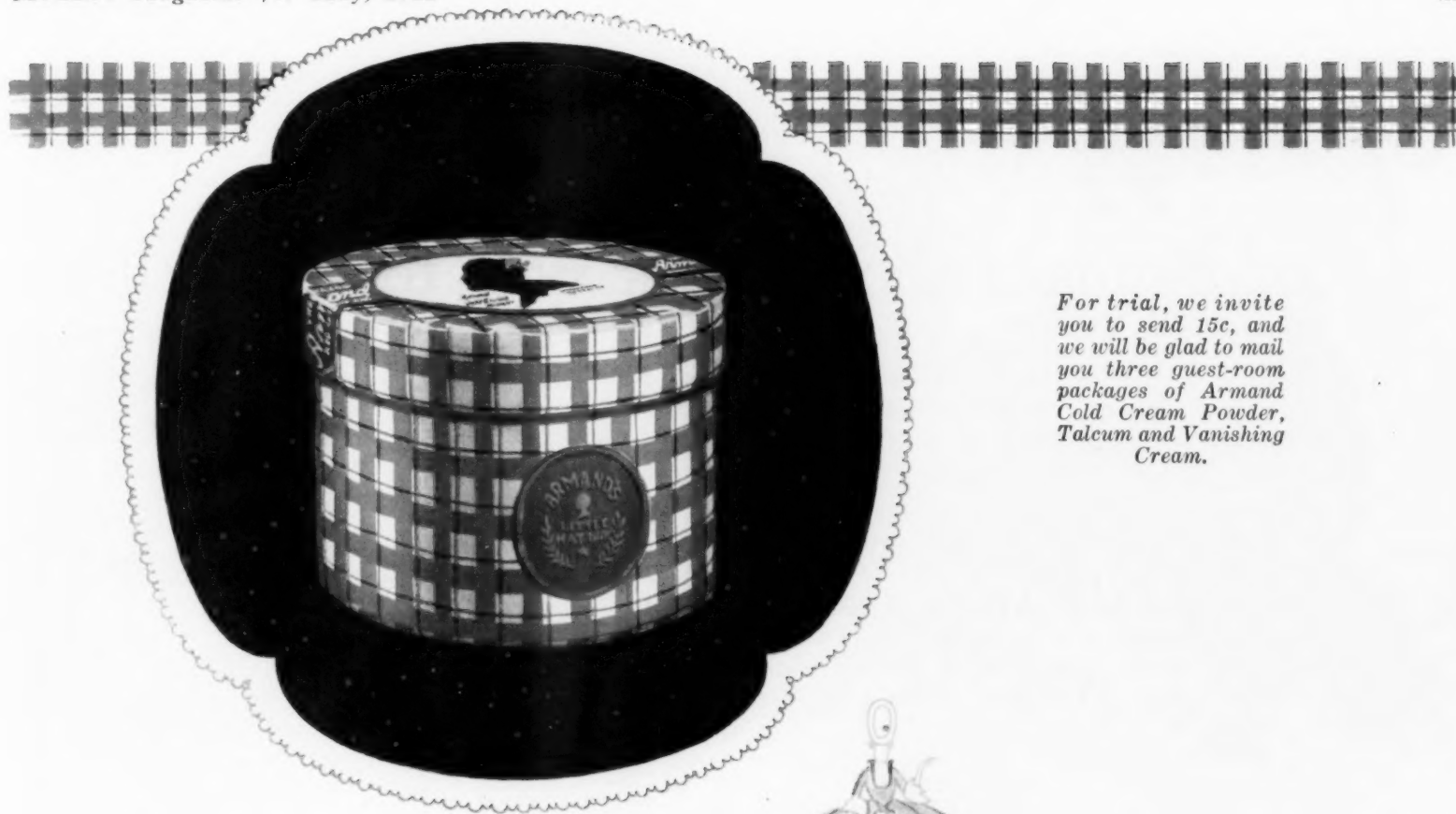
"You're looking well enough for both of us," retorted Judy. "And all I need is a bit of excitement to tone me up."

This was ready and at hand. She plunged back into the familiar schedule with all the dash of her débutante days. There were dinners and dances, teas and telephone calls, football games and plans for the Vincent Club show. Judy had scarce a moment to herself, never a moment to think of—anybody!

As for Inverie he had not written even a line, nor did he call. Judy never mentioned his name to Bede—Bede who was very much interested in a new man who had appeared on Judy's horizon.

THIS was Bobby Hutton. He was a junior at Harvard, one of the Gold Coast crowd there, with a huge chrome yellow roadster which epitomized price and power and which was frequently parked outside these days. He had tried to rush Judy, and, coolly repulsed, had promptly proved his descent from Adam by falling head over heels in love with her. He had money of his own and would have a great deal more some day. And he was, as Bede announced, attractive.

[Turn to page 27]



For trial, we invite you to send 15c, and we will be glad to mail you three guest-room packages of Armand Cold Cream Powder, Talcum and Vanishing Cream.



ARMAND

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In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

ARMAND Cold Cream Powder is the first and *only* dry face powder which contains cold cream. And Armand is a powder—as soft and smooth as any you have ever used! Because of its base of delicate cold cream, Armand stays on till you wash it off. It protects the skin from dust and dirt. It spreads easily and perfectly, blending *naturally* into the skin.

The little pink-and-white hat-box, sold everywhere at \$1, holds almost twice as much value in Armand Cold Cream Powder as it could any other powder. For Armand is very dense. Buy one box—and try it for yourself! If, for any reason, you are not perfectly satisfied with it, you can return it and get your money.



Armand Bouquet, a less dense powder, in the square box, is 50c everywhere.

ARMAND—Des Moines

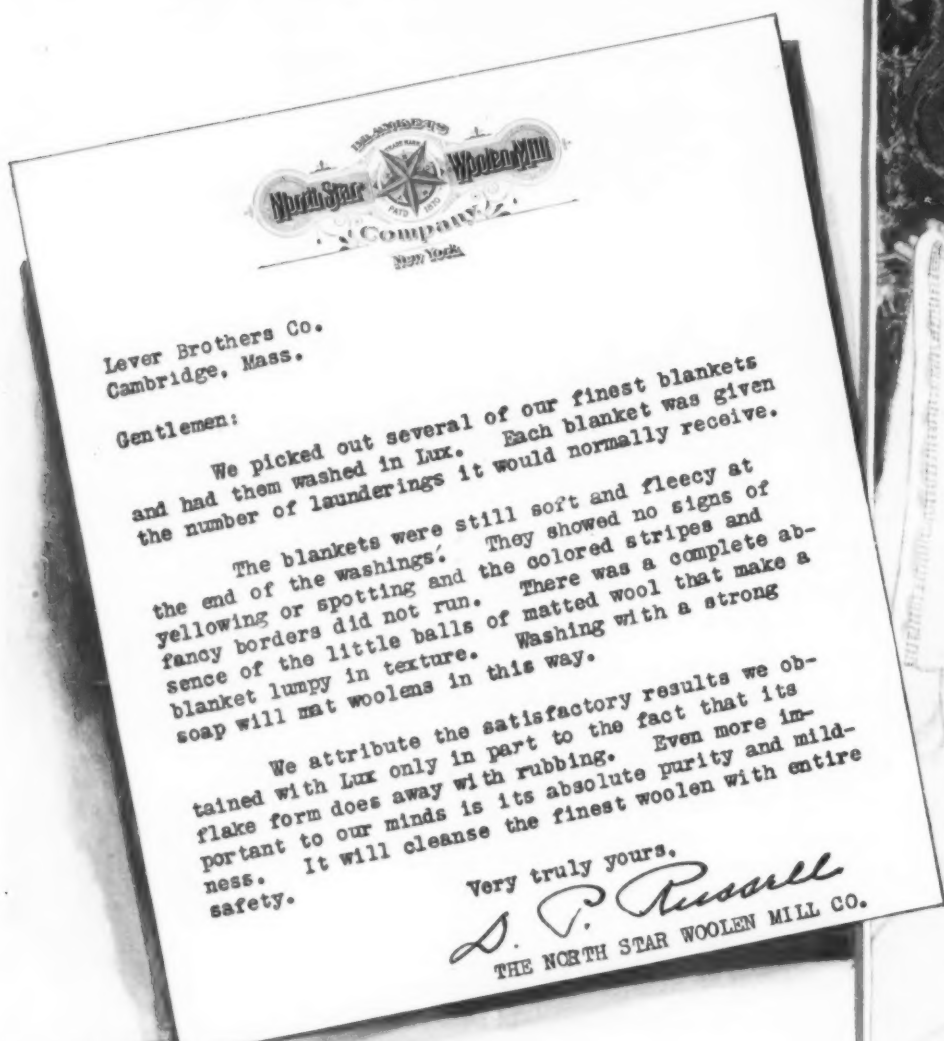
Canadian customers should address
Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ont.

Tests made by great manufacturer of blankets show safest way to wash them

FINE woolen blankets will last a lifetime if properly cared for, but a single careless laundering can ruin them—felt them and make them harsh.

The manufacturer is as much interested as the owner in finding the safest way to wash fine blankets. For this reason, the makers of North Star blankets had extensive washing tests made.

The letter from the North Star Woolen Mill Co. tells many interesting things these tests showed them about washing blankets and why, as a result, they enthusiastically recommend Lux. Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. B-5, Cambridge, Mass.



LUX

How to wash your blankets

A rich, live suds throughout the washing process is essential. Use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water used in washing.

Dissolve Lux thoroughly in very hot water, whisking it to a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Put blankets into suds, souse up and down and squeeze suds through entire blanket, paying special attention

to very soiled spots. If suds die down, add more Lux.

Be sure never to rub blankets. Rinse in three, or more if necessary, lukewarm waters of same temperature as suds.

Fold evenly and run through loose wringer or fold and hang dripping. Stretch and pull blanket into shape at intervals during the drying process.

Moonlight and the Dump

[Continued from page 24]

"Very!" acquiesced Judy, indifferently. "You don't mean—" began Bede quickly, "that you—"

"Oh I'll probably take him after I've made him jump through the hoops for a while for the good of his soul," Judy reassured her.

"Something," mused Bede, shrewdly, "has happened—"

And so matters stood when, one day in mid-November, Bobby called up and asked if he might drop in. Judy, perversely, denied him permission, but he promptly appeared anyway.

"Judy!" he began impulsively, "I couldn't help it. I—"

The front doorbell interrupted him and Judy departed to answer it. Bobby muttered something masculine and then did that which a gentleman and a Harvard man should not have descended to. But Bobby was also a lover, and so he eaves-dropped shamelessly.

"Oh!" came Judy's voice, almost breathlessly. "It's—you!"

The voice that answered her was light and whimsical. In it there was no hint of the devils that had fought it out among themselves in him—devils of doubt, self-distrust, and a consuming desire to see her, just once more—before Inverie surrendered.

"I dropped in on an impulse that I'll probably regret—" he explained.

The moment he saw Bobby he did regret it. Judy introduced them, and, as they all settled down in the living-room two things became apparent to her. One was that Bobby was determined to outstay Inverie, the other was that Inverie would escape as soon as possible.

"I'm starting for New Hampshire tomorrow," Inverie explained.

"You've got it, what you wanted?"

He acknowledged this was so, but he did not look as if it were.

"I just dropped in for a moment—"

He rose, and so did Judy.

"Wait a minute," she said, "and I'll take a walk with you."

Inverie had not suggested this, but she didn't care. And she didn't care, either, what Bobby Hutton thought.

"I'm afraid," observed Inverie, when they had reached the street, "that I did break in on the twenty-thousand-a-year man—"

"You did! And I think he was just about to propose, too!"

"I'm sorry—"

"Don't be," she retorted. "He'll keep!"

THE early November dusk had fallen. The street lights flashed out, sleek motors purred by, their searchlights gleaming. The wind was from the north and chill, but she felt warm, gloriously so. The color flushed her cheeks, her eyes became brilliant.

"Where are we going?" he asked. "Anywhere—I don't care. I love this time of night."

They passed through Exeter Street, and after a turn came to the Fens, where poplars soared like stately silhouettes against the sombre sky and the street lamps mirrored themselves in placid water. They paused on a little stone bridge, to look down at the reflection.

Presently against his will, his eyes met hers. There was not a word spoken, but for a moment.

Then, "It's cold here," he said. "I'm afraid—"

Even had he spoken what had flamed in his eyes she would have refused him. She was sure of that. But to refuse a man is one thing, to have him deliberately refrain from proposing is—something else again. She said good-by to him at the entrance to the apartment block in which she lived. As she offered her gloved hand the light of a street lamp revealed her up-turned face. He had a moment of weakness then, deplorable, but human and understandable.

"I'm not going until nine o'clock tomorrow night," he ventured. "I'll be busy tomorrow morning but perhaps—tomorrow afternoon—"

"Sorry," she said, "but I've got an engagement."

This was in its way almost as definite as a refusal of an offer of marriage and so it should have appeased her. But it was fortunate for Bobby Hutton that, after sulking about the apartment, he had decided not to wait for Judy to return. The apartment was dark. Judy switched on one light after another and then, abruptly turning her back on all the resulting brilliance, she stared unseeing down into the street below. At last she turned.

"Egypt's Queen!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "One would think I was in love with the man."

Of course she wasn't! But—the human mind is a queer paradox—the belief that Inverie would telephone her in the morning filled her mind. She had known other men, and in his eyes as he turned away—

The mail brought a package. In it was her picture and the bracelet Hunter Hall had bet her. He was forsworn; he was engaged to—of all the people in the world! —Amy Rogers.

"Well," thought Judy, "she won't be the first girl in the world to marry a man she's always made fun of."

Surely she should have been gratified to have her prophecy fulfilled, but instead she felt oddly aggrieved and a little deserted. The truth, cynical though it sounds, is that it is never pleasing to any woman to hear of the engagement of even the most firmly rejected suitor. She feels, heaven only knows why, as if she had lost something that belonged to her.

The telephone intervened. "No," said Judy, "I can't. Not this afternoon, Bobby."

To Bobby she said nothing about an unbreakable engagement. She simply hung up on him and returned to the living-room. There she picked up the bracelet and pensively slipped it on.

"He'll get over it, too," she thought. She was not thinking of Bobby. And somehow, the thought failed to raise her spirits. She turned to the mirror and studied herself.

"I'm not even pretty," she assured herself, frankly. "I don't see why any man should break his heart over me anyway."

Nor was this particularly comforting, not nearly so much so indeed as the memory of some men who almost had. But then she thought of Hunter again. How much had he really cared? She remembered her diary and taking it from her bureau drawer ran through the pages that covered the period of her engagement. He certainly seemed to have cared terribly.

Still turning the pages, she came to that on which she had written:

"Moonlight is the deuce. I'll never take a chance on it again. Unless the next man who proposes to me has twenty thousand a year I'll make him take me to a dump before he . . ."

Memory filled in the rest of that promise before her eyes finished. And at the picture that sprang into her mind her eyes widened and her lips parted.

The telephone rang again. She let the diary slip to the floor.

"Hello!" she said, breathlessly. And then her voice changed perceptibly. "No, it's Judy. Bede is down town."

Very slowly she returned to her own room. She stood, for an appreciable length of time, in the geometrical centre of one of the rugs, her brows drawn. Finally she looked at her watch.

"Ten minutes past eleven," she mused. "He'll leave the office at twelve. Then I'll have some peace of mind. It's just the thought that he may call at any moment that's got me going. I—"

At five minutes before twelve the operator of a private switchboard in a Boylston Street office building inserted a plug under a red light.

A buzzing in the ears followed by: "Oh Mr. Inverie, telephone call for you." And "It's—it's me," said Judy.

Evidently this identified her, for: "Judy! You!"

In his voice was that which made her catch her breath.

"I—I broke the engagement for this afternoon," she rushed on, "and I'm wondering if you could come at—at three, with a car. A flivver, I mean—"

"I can do much better than that."

"No. I'd—I'd rather have a flivver. One that you'll drive yourself—"

"I'll be there," he assured her, and his voice now was almost a paean.

This was passing strange, inasmuch as in what writers of other years referred to as the silent watches of the night he had told himself, repeatedly that he was glad, glad! that she had stood between him and his moment of weakness; that to see her again would be merely that much more torture.

Yet to that promise of torture he now submitted without a murmur. At three Judy, who was watching and all ready, saw a small car draw up at the curb. As she started out of the apartment she all but ran into Bobby's arms.

"I came," he announced, unnecessarily. "I couldn't help it, Judy. I'll—will you marry me, Judy? This afternoon? We'll wire my folks afterward. They won't mind. And if they do, I've twenty-five thousand a year of my own—"

"Keep it," she advised.

"Where are you going?" he demanded—an anti-climax this, rather.

"Crazy, I guess," Judy flung over her shoulder.

To the same question, put by Inverie, she gave a more explicit answer—but he too looked bewildered.

"South Boston?" he echoed, incredulously.

[Turn to page 62]



Those 16 Foods In each dish of oats

The oat supplies 16 needed elements. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food.

As a vim-food it has age-old fame.

As a body-builder it holds premier place.

As a nutrient, every pound of oats will yield 1810 calories of food.

It supplies the vitamins.

It is rich in mineral salts, including

Potassium	Calcium	Phosphorus	Iron
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That is why the oat dish holds unique place in the diet. It helps to guard one against the lack of any needed element.

And that is why the oat dish should be made inviting. Make it so rich, so flavory, so delicious that children will eat an abundance.

Quaker Oats does that for millions the world over.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from queen grains only

The flavor that won
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Made from just the finest grains, the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The oat lovers of 50 nations send to us for Quaker because of that super flavor.



Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

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Truly, it was, and is, the best soap for her. No baby soap and no beauty soap is better for the skin and complexion. It cleans, and soothes, and purifies.

But the idea that Fairy Soap was made simply for the little rich girl was a mistake. It is just as ideal for men, women and boys as well as for particular cleaning tasks in the kitchen, the pantry, and the laundry.

The mechanic, home from a day's work which has left his skin in a soiled and pore-clogged condition, can find no clean-up agent half so good.

No other white floating soap more completely combines purity and efficiency for every particular use in the entire household.

This knowledge is becoming general—so general that Fairy Soap is rapidly replacing less effective and less pure soaps in every neighborhood in America.

When you think of washing anything, think of Fairy!

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

PURE FLOATING WHITE



The White
Spirit of Purity
lives in
FAIRY SOAP



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Fifth Avenue to the Footlights

[Continued from page 3]

was bad for so young a voice, lessons might not be much more injurious.

Shortly after I made my debut we went abroad. I had again my complete satisfaction in seeing Paris and living within her. I belong to the group of Americans who would not be content just to die and go to Paris forever. I want to go there now, often.

In Rome I was presented that summer to the Queen Dowager Elizabeth, mother of the king of Italy. It was a charming experience. She looked and acted both queen and mother—regal in appearance, dignified, mature, gentle, intelligent. She conversed with my mother and me in impeccable English, naturally, and asked me questions about the young American girl.

Later in the summer, I was presented at Buckingham Palace to the King and Queen of England. My train had to be so many feet long—I later wore it on my wedding dress—I had to have three white feathers bobbing over my head. Sometime in the afternoon, I appeared in evening dress at the palace with the other women to be presented. We waited solemnly, recalling our instructions about advancing so many steps, how deep to curtsy, how to back out at a graceful angle. . . . We were allowed to back out sideways. The older generation used to have to back out directly which must have been trying with the train. I confess the performance bored me, though I appreciated the honor. I dare say it bored the king and queen too, and they have to sit through it often. The formality and lack of spontaneity made it a less thrilling experience than I had expected.

I first went to Newport to attend a famous costume ball. It was a most wonderful party. A huge tent had been built on the grounds and in it the pageant was presented. It was a pageant of the world's dances, as I recall. Anyhow, everyone was international in dress. It was a brilliant success. After supper and more dancing, I recall returning home by motor at daylight, still in my Russian rigging, and meeting people on their bicycles, starting down to the beach for their morning swim. I felt as I felt a few years later when I motored through the streets of New York with "movie-make-up" on, on my way with the rest of Miss Norma Talmadge's cast to a location up on the Hudson.

PERHAPS the criticism any one would bring against society as a whole, is that one is always doing something. When the National Tennis used to be held at Newport, I was always down at the club by ten to watch the playing. It was great tennis. The rest of the time, swimming, sailing, riding, golfing. . . .

It was either this game or that, in doors or out, according to season. One's occupations seem so largely of the arms and legs. There is perhaps very little "bright and general conversation," as the phrase goes. At any rate, less than there is in society abroad. People abroad talk better.

MANY people had said to me for the last few years, with casual interest, that I ought to go into the cinema—if I had a chance. And when, a year ago, I had an opportunity to take a part with Miss Norma Talmadge in her photo-play "The Wonderful Thing," I was interested and eager. I had the rôle of Lady Truesdale, an English snob, in the play.

It seems to me, from my brief though interesting experience with photoplay-making and studios, that people underrate the difficulties of making good pictures. The star may be highly talented but if her director is not imaginative, the version given of her acting is dull and stupid. The director and star may both be excellent and if the camera-man is without genius for lights and compositions, the play is no good. There are many cooks around a cinema studio and each one can spoil the broth.

I had trouble with my make-up in my experience with cinemas. And a bad make-up can be fatal because, after all, one's appearance is literally one's sole means of expression on the screen. I should have put grease paint above my eyes and on the upper part of the eye which I didn't do because I, in my ignorance, thought that an unpainted eye would give greater expression. Too dark a shading around the eyes does detract from expression but too little is equally fatal. I understand that many "movie" stars have, during their screen experiences, tried out several types of make-up before they have found the one that affords their features the greatest pliability and expression.

I am told that some stars also use a yellow grease paint. I used a flesh grease

[Turn to page 29]

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Fifth Avenue to the Footlights

[Continued from page 28]

paint, no carmine on the cheeks and little on the lips, of course, as red photographs black.

My first day on the "set" in the Talmadge studio found me doing nothing but sitting about watching. Though I was supposed to go out, Mr. Herbert Brennon, the director, noted my nervousness and unfamiliarity with everything and kindly postponed my working until the next day.

I sat and stared. The complex mechanics of a cinema studio are astonishing to the amateur. The powerful lights alone seem monstrous in their hugeness. At one side of the studio, carpenters and designers are at work building tomorrow's sets, and assembling rooms and palace doorways to be used day after tomorrow. Furniture needed for various fittings is being hauled in and out in dark corners; whole houses and floors are being constructed like magic. And in the set that is being used there is the camera-man, crouching behind his machine, grinding, grinding, while the director strolls about, calling his directions, ordering retakes, making sure that details are perfect, that no anachronism occurs. I noted that we had English telephones and telephonebooks, English papers, lying about in the interests of complete accuracy—in case, by chance, the title-page of the paper a character was reading might show in the picture.

I was given a plotting of the character I was to enact—Lady Truesdale was a very unpleasant person—and given certain lines which I was to say at certain moments. The work unquestionably requires a vivid concentration from the actor. And excellent eyes. It seems to me that the eyes and their charm and power are the greatest asset a cinema player has.

It seems to me that probably one thing the matter with the "movies" is that the producer thinks the public wants exclusively, and perhaps a large portion of the public does want, plays with a happy ending. The Pollyanna school is too well-established on the screen.

Abroad the French and Scandinavian films, particularly, depict stories that end with great lack of joy, sometimes. But the spectators do not object if the dramatic material of the play provides for that unhappy ending logically. Zola's "La Terre," for instance, has been excellently done for the screen in Paris and has been popular. But it is quite likely Mr. Fairbanks' "Three Musketeers" will be still more popular!

I WAS amused, after "The Wonderful Thing" had had its Manhattan showing, to see that certain critics inquired rather caustically whether or not society women do not know how to smile. I did not smile during my rôle. I wanted to tell the critics that an English snob on the cinema does not smile unless the scenario calls for a smile.

Another criticism I received from some people before being screened dealt with my eyebrows, which are heavy. They thought I should have them shaped, as the custom among some women now is. Nothing could persuade me to. Change your eyebrows and you change the expression of your whole face.

I had always wanted to go on the stage. It had always been presented to me as impossible. The year that I came out I had had an offer but I was unable to accept, of course. I had no authority, no resources, none of the determination needed to make such a venture, and all the opposition possible.

Shortly after I finished my work with Miss Talmadge, Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld made an offer to me to go in musical comedy which I did not accept, much as I would enjoy working with him, because I wanted to go into straight speaking work if ever I went on the stage at all.

Then in the fall, after I returned from abroad, Mr. William Brady made me an offer. The time was certainly coming when I felt myself becoming more and more capable of making the necessary decisions that would govern my future. He offered me a part in "Marie Antoinette," a play starring his wife, Miss Grace George. I was given six hours to decline or accept. . . . One cannot move mountains in six hours or change one's life completely, since it means the changing of other people's opinions. Within two weeks, I had two other offers made me which were not acceptable either unfortunately. One was for farce and I wanted not to play farce.

Then Mr. William Faversham telephoned me at my house in the country and asked me if I would like to play the part of Diana in his revival of Mr. Edwin Royale's "The Squaw Man." I said that I would, indeed, provided that I was allowed a trial at the part which thoroughly convinced Mr. Faversham of my serious-

ness and ability to be entrusted with the rôle.

I remember that M. Jules Leitner, lead at the Comedie Francaise to Cecile Sorel, had told me, when I was studying with him once in Paris, that an actor must never forget his duty to listen to what is being said to him by the other actors addressing him on the stage. Know your lines. Deliver them. But don't fail to listen carefully, and act as though you were listening, to what is replied to you, even though you know what words to expect as perfectly as though they were your own lines. You must have your natural reaction to the words being said to you, which can only come through always listening and concentrating intently.

My first afternoon—the play opened at a matinee—I acted like an automaton. I was so terrified that, as I said, I am sure that if I had not been long and carefully taught by a singing teacher how to breathe, I would probably have stopped speaking entirely when I got before the footlights. I wondered if the audience, at whom I did not dare look, could see the shaking of my knees. I went through lines and gestures. I have never suffered more greatly in my life.

The evening performance went more easily. Gradually, I found I was gaining courage to look at the audience. I could even recognize a few friends.

Being an actress, even for a few weeks, taught me many things about being a member of the audience. I can be a better audience now than I have ever been before. I have registered a vow never to cough in the theatre in the future. I swear never to devote myself to long conversations with my partner at the play; for no matter how silently the conversants think they talk, they seem to be shouting in the ears of the irritated actor who hears them perfectly fifty feet away and more.

ON days when I have two performances, I have my dinner sent to my dressing-room and between five and eight, I dine and read and consider.

The attitude of the professional and the amateur player certainly differs. Naturally, what they get out of playing differs, too. I can recall the many Junior League performances I was in in New York, before professional acting seemed possible to me. The rehearsals that preceded them were usually bedlam. Half of the people came three quarters of an hour late because they had been having lunch with someone and they had to leave a half an hour early or they would be late to tea. Heaven only knows how the patient coaches ever pulled those performances through as they did. Everyone was always glad when rehearsals were over. With my weakness for the stage, I was always highly disappointed.

Since playing on Broadway is naturally a job to everyone in the cast, there is no coming late from teas and going early to dinner. Everyone works. I work. It is a great satisfaction because I am ambitious, I am seriously ambitious, and besides I am, as anyone would be, grateful to Mr. Faversham for giving me a chance at exactly what I wanted to do.

I had always heard that theatrical people were jealous.

They are not, according to my experience. They have been more than kind to me. They have been instructive, helpful. On my opening performance I again made an error in make-up. Between the matinee and the evening performance, Miss Salina Royale, daughter of the author of "The Squaw Man," came to my dressing-room with a suggestion.

Only character-players as a rule used grease-foundation make-up, she told me. I had used one, in my ignorance. She advised me to use dry foundation—cold-cream, which I wipe off with Japanese paper, lip-salve which I use on my cheeks, and powder. Then purple around my eyes. The grease paint gives the face rather a masklike expression.

Kindness and helpfulness are certainly appreciated by a beginner at a job which represents what she has been longing to do all her life. Take a job yourself and have everyone in the office or shop or studio as kind to you as possible and feel the warmth coming into your heart.

I am feminist enough to believe that women should have jobs if they want them and are capable of performing them, providing that their jobs of being wives and mothers do not exact all of their time.

I believe that every woman, rich or poor, has the right to an occupation outside her home and children as long as she does not neglect her duties toward them. These should come first. In my opinion a definite interest and occupation is essential to the happiness of every woman.



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Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

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Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

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A striking hair dress, becoming to almost every type. This charming style and several others are described and illustrated in our beautiful little booklet, "Guide To Hair Dressing At Home," sent postpaid on receipt of 6c.

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BEAUTIFUL hair can be made still more beautiful, and neglected hair can attain a new fullness and charm through the simple use of West Softex Shampoo, West Electric Curlers and West Hair Nets.

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All Shades—Cap or Fringe Shape
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Up and Coming

[Continued from page 21]

Martha found plenty of persons who wanted her services; she made excellent friends as well, people who realized all this woman was undertaking. The Bynight children were liked. They were unspoiled, eager for knowledge and affectionate. It was a shame about their father, everyone said. Still, the children would profit by his example. That was the way it usually went. They hoped they would repay their mother for all she had done. Everyone was certain Jones would—he was devoted now. He had a morning and evening paper-route and swept walks and tended furnaces in winter. Sometimes he helped the lamp lighter, getting up by five to do so. He did well in school, his mother coaching him; he was skipping grades so as to reach high school as soon as possible. Marian needed no coaching; she was a born bluestocking, whereas Pat idled over lessons and cast her blue eyes on all the pretties in sight.

Martha was keenly disturbed when Jones planned to be an artist.

"You will starve, honey," she insisted. "Mother will have to hem napkins and make salads until Judgment Day, if you go trying that."

"But I'm to be a great artist," he insisted.

"If a white soul counts, you ought to be great," Martha praised; "and if brains count, Marian will run for the Senate. If it is just beauty, Pat will be Queen of the May. I guess I know my own children as well as anybody!"

She took great delight in their report cards. Every so often she called on the teachers to tell them she had confidence in their methods. She was glad the children proved satisfactory. If they did not, let her know.

Unconscious of the teacher's pity, Martha would trudge home, clad in her outlandish clothes. Patricia objected to these visits.

"You talk so loud, and your nose is red," she said.

Jones gave his sister a cutting glance. "If she talks loud, anyone that listens will be the wiser for it," he insisted.

Marian said nothing. Martha flushed. "It is better for a little girl to have her mother talk to the teacher than to be in an orphan asylum." Yet she was ashamed. The child's criticism annoyed her.

When Jones invited his teacher, Miss Markham, to eat supper—a thrilling event—he experienced his first confusion at his mother's gaucheries.

"Oh, that's nice, child," she said. "I'll cook a bang-up meal. I want to have everything apple-pie. I'll wash my good napkins out tonight—"

"I'll do the rest," Jones offered. "Can we have ice-cream, too?"

"Yes sir, you can run down for it while I change plates. Let's have a chicken fricassee. I guess she never ate one the way I can fix it."

"I wish father wasn't going to be here," added Jones.

"He'll spruce up and be polite—always is when there's company. He likes a good supper, too. Don't worry—he'll be a credit. I'll begin to talk him into it, and maybe I'll train Pat to wait table."

"What dress will you wear?"

"My brown silk—out of style but splendid material. Nobody knows what I look like, flying around the kitchen most of the time."

"I wish you'd fix your hair pompadour," Jones began, but he did not finish. Something told him it was too much to ask.

Miss Markham enjoyed the supper and was amused by the family. It proved one of those deadly domestic affairs where the children betray all the household economies. She thought Mr. Bynight quite handsome, his wife an excellent cook, but dowdy, and the children were dears.

Jones went for the ice-cream as planned and claimed the largest portion "because I chased it," and after supper Martha did the dishes in order to let the children profit by Miss Markham's talk on her trip to Europe.

"Jones will tell me about it afterwards," she apologized. "There's a few things I must see to. Before I forget, could you use a bunch of lovely celery? A huckster went through here today and three bunches fell off his cart. I called but he never heard me, so it isn't stealing to keep 'em. They would have frozen in the street. Won't you take one along?"

Jones was embarrassed. To interrupt a talk on Europe by the gift of strayed celery! He was glad when Miss Markham graciously declined, and the door closed on his mother and the table of dirty dishes.

After the teacher left, Bynight mimicked her, although he had been a model of flattering politeness in her presence. Jones resented this. He did not understand it was not malicious fun but his father's disguised envy of the woman's breeding.

[Turn to page 62]



The Dance of the Perfumes

IN Shiraz, City of Roses and Nightingales—at Dilkhusa, Garden of Heart's Delight, where lavish tints and vivid scents disport upon the pensive air—in that ancient flower-broidered land of the Lion and the Sun has Vantine culled anew for Win-Sum Flowers.

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Beauty Wins Love

Make Yourself Lovely for the Man of Your Choice

By Elsie Waterbury Morris

I HONESTLY believe that if every woman made an earnest effort to make herself as lovely as possible for the man of her choice there would be much less unhappiness in the world.

Take, for instance, the young girl who would like to be pretty so that "the nicest man in the world" will find her attractive. There is, for her, a right kind and a wrong kind of prettiness. There are the flashy good looks that depend on conspicuous make-up, and there is real beauty that brings out a girl's loveliest self.

The first kind coarsens a girl and attracts to her the wrong kind of men, while the real beauty not only attracts fine men, but may prove a splendid influence for them.

Consider, too, the wife who, after several years of marriage, grows careless of her appearance—not because she cares less about her husband, but because she "hasn't the time," or perhaps because she thinks, "It doesn't matter to George how I look any more."

As a matter of fact, I cannot believe marriage changes a woman so completely that she really is willing to be transformed from a well-groomed girl into a dowdy woman. And fewer and fewer women are submitting to such a transformation.

THE right kind of wife is an inspiration to any man, and no matter how wide-awake and capable a woman is, she is not the right kind of wife unless the outside of her reflects her fine, clean mind.

The pride a husband feels in a well-groomed wife is likely to make him want to be his best self, too. And when we have a husband and wife each trying to be his or her best self, there are going to be just about one-tenth the opportunities for friction that there might be otherwise.

Good skin, clear eyes, carefully dressed hair and well-kept hands have everything to do with good looks, and their possession is within the reach of every woman who will give a little time to the care of herself.

For the first of these requisites, a lovely skin, don't cover up a poor complexion with paint and powder. Instead of trying to hide defects, get rid of them and bring out your natural beauty.

The next essential of a lovely skin is cleanliness—exquisite, scientific cleanliness, which is possible for everyone. The other steps toward beauty I shall not describe here, as each case is so individual that it is practically impossible to give detailed directions suitable for everyone.

I SHALL discuss with you, now, a difficulty so common that I believe more women have consulted me about it than any other one thing. I speak of sagging muscles—those unwelcome indications of age which bring with them a downward droop of the mouth and a flabby chin.

To correct sagging muscles do not massage your face as that stretches the skin. Neither must you pat it hard for that breaks down the tissues. Try to think of your face as being made of clay which may be carefully molded into its normal contour—not roughly.

Any good text-book on physiology which you studied in school, will show you just where the important muscles are located. If you will study this chart carefully, you will be able to mold your muscles intelligently. Always mold upward so as to counteract any tendency to sagging. Use a firm but gentle pressure of the fingers.

Before molding, cleanse the face with a cleansing cream. Wipe this off with a soft cloth or a fine silk-tissue. Then the face is ready for molding with a tissue-building cream. Such a cream should be made of the finest oils so that it may be readily absorbed by the skin.

After five or ten minutes of molding, depending on how readily the skin takes up the cream, apply an astringent with absorbent cotton which has been wet in cold water. This too should be molded in, still following the line of the muscles.

After five minutes open the pad of cotton which is still wet with the astringent and place it over the flabby parts of the face. Tie it on quite firmly. Leave this for fifteen minutes.

And if you have no text-book giving the chart to which I have referred, send to me for one which I have had prepared especially for such use.

Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, who conducts the smartest "beauty shop" in New York, has written a special leaflet telling of the care of skin, hands, hair and figure. Price, 10 cents. Write for this leaflet to Mrs. Morris, Care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



Two New Polishes just perfected— Entirely new formulas—a quicker, higher brilliance—that lasts

"We have made good polishes before, as have other manufacturers, but in these two new polishes we have introduced entirely new improvements that place them far ahead of anything of their kind."

Northam Warren
ORIGINATOR OF CUTEX



The Liquid Polish

Uniformly smooth, dries instantly. Leaves a brilliant luster that will last a week or more.



The new Powder Polish

A dazzling jewel-like luster that resists frequent washings. Will not roughen cuticle or make nails brittle.

NOW, at last, two new nail polishes that you will hail instantly as something distinctly beyond any you have ever used. They are in the two most popular forms of the moment—Powder Polish and Liquid Polish.

The **Powder Polish** is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine—a dazzling, jewel-like luster that is more brilliant and lasts better than any you have ever had before! It resists frequent washing—in fact, soap and water only improve it. The texture of the powder itself is exceptionally smooth. And it has a "body" and firmness that prevent it from scattering wastefully. On account of the vogue for pink finger tips, we have given it a somewhat stronger tint than our former polishes and finally, we have added to it a delicate elusive fragrance.

In the new **Liquid Polish** we have at last one that is entirely free from the objections to former liquid polishes. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness, it dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster. It requires no buffing, and will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. When it begins to grow dull, you do not have to use a separate preparation to remove it. You simply put on a fresh coat of the polish and wipe it off quickly before it dries. The Liquid Polish is the best possible protection to the nails. Used as a finishing touch, it will make a manicure last three times as long.

The new **Cutex Five-Minute Set** for \$1.00 contains full-sized packages of these two new polishes, with a full-sized bottle of the Cuticle Remover and orange stick and package of emery boards—just what you need for the quickest manicure. Cutex sets come also at 60c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each article separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Send 5c today for samples
of these two new polishes

Mail this coupon with 5 cents today

FILL OUT THIS COUPON and mail it to us with five cents in coin or postage, and we will send you samples of both. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York. Or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 1005, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Northam Warren,
Dept. 1005, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

\$1000.00 in prizes



"What is She Saying?"

She is buying underwear. Perhaps she is buying it for herself—perhaps for her husband or children. She is saying something to the clerk and pointing to Sealpax Athletic Underwear! What is she saying? There is no set answer to guess. Your idea of what this woman is saying may be the prize-winner.

Imagine yourself in her place. Study the facts about Sealpax given below. What would you say? Send your answer in not more than twenty words to the Contest Dept., Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md. Competent neutral judges will award the prizes. The contest closes July 29th and the winners will be announced in the Saturday Evening Post, October 28th, 1922. Think about it—and win a prize!

What is she saying

Best answer \$500.

Second Prize . . . \$200.
Third Prize . . . \$100.
Fourth Prize . . . \$50.
Next Best five (each) . \$15.
Next Best five (each) . \$10.
Next Best five (each) . \$5.
Next fifty (each)—one suit of Sealpax.

(In the event that there are duplicate prize-winning answers, duplicate prizes will be awarded.)

"Lady Sealpax"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PERHAPS the woman in the contest-picture is asking for Lady Sealpax! Have you heard about this new underwear joy for women? It is a marvelous underwear—embodies all the coolness and comfort of athletic underwear for men, and yet has all the daintiness of a feminine garment.



"Just As Comfortable As Brother's"

Thousands of women have tried Lady Sealpax—have found that the form-fitting athletic fashion, the wide full-cut legs, and the elastic webbed back, lend to the body a cool comfort that is a revelation in underwear for women! Lady Sealpax comes to you in an individual sealed envelope—a guarantee that it is as fresh and clean and crisp as on the day it was made and laundered.

Sealpax for Men

Lady Sealpax is just one member of a famous underwear family. Sealpax for Men has long been famous as a better athletic underwear sold in a cleaner way—in the sanitary Sealpax envelope. For the men of your family no other underwear is quite as made, quite as free-and-easy as Sealpax.

Sealpax for Children

For children, "Little Brother and Little Sister Sealpax" brings "Dad's comfort to Dad's Kids!" The patented double seat, elastic waistband, taped buttons and other reinforcement features make it as wear-resisting as it is cool and comfortable.

For all the family—Sealpax Athletic Underwear! Sold everywhere.

Try Sealpax! And remember to try for a prize in the Sealpax Prize Contest. Send in your answer today to

Contest Department
THE SEALPAX COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MD.

Men's Sealpax (Union Suit)

\$1.25

Children's Sealpax

\$1.00

The One-Piece Pattern

[Continued from page 14]

tall, slender figure whose skinniness might have passed for slimness had she had her sex's cunning. But she was sallow, and of course did her hair exactly wrong, and she hunched, and she had a purely psychic intuition of the wrong colors to choose, as taupe and olive and tan . . .

There were a few old-maidish girls at the Club who either didn't want, or hadn't the knack for, men friends, but Dolly was the only one under twenty who had never had the sort of telephone call that brings answer, "Yes, I'd like to, fine," or that mysterious and alluring "Quit her kiddin'!"

Rae Stichter worked south of City Hall Park. She was assistant secretary to Charles Gargreve, Gargreve and Dreyfus—called by her, on her second day there, Gangrene and Typhus, a paraphrase that had never failed to get a laugh. But none of Rae's jokes failed of laughs—she was too good a picker.

On this particular day, and a very fine one when noon came, she was heading up Nassau Street to a lunchroom. Masculine eyes endorsed her in as much of a glance as downtown lunching males can spare for feminine attractions. And suddenly one pair of these eyes added recognition to approbation, and next moment her firm hand was in the clasp of Steve McCall's.

"Why, Steve, I haven't seen you since waists fastened behind! How handsome you look, and what're you doing down here?"

"Come to lunch with me, Rae." And, she assenting, he turned her square about to retrace her previous steps.

"Where are you taking me, Steve?"—as they turned into the Equitable arcade. "Not the Savarin?"

"Sure, I'm makin' money."

"Ah. Tell me about it," and when they were seated she listened to his account of how he had thriven in the plumbers' supplies line. It was a detailed history, and she let it run on into desert. Then she deftly switched him, so that he thought it was himself who introduced the subject of the brunette girl who had jilted him at Christmas. The passage of months had softened the hurt, and by now Steve enjoyed calling himself a fool.

"She was a crowder. She kept me dead-broke and then I caught her carrying on a side-line with an auto-truck salesman, and we had a talk and—well, I came down off the dope-self."

"Well, Steve, I had a hunch she was a joy-hound. But you don't look any the worse for it, so what's the difference?"

"None a-tall, Rae. And anyhow, enough about me. Tell me about you. Got a good job?"

"Of course. And saving money. Living in a w. g. club-house in Chelsea. Else how could I look swanky like this, answer me that?"

"I never saw you when you didn't look swell, but this is a Vandergilt-DePuystersant get-up, isn't it?" And he surveyed her afresh. She tried to hide her satisfaction when he said, "Well, it's a gift, isn't it?" She smiled, and seven men in the near landscape would have liked to intercept that smile, as she knew perfectly.

"Sure it's a gift," she said banteringly. Then, more earnestly, "Steve, see here, I've been thinking. What you need is—a new girl."

"How'd you guess?" And he leaned toward her. She poked at him with her beautiful forefinger.

"Don't. Don't rouse false hopes in me. You know all I'm waiting for is the chance to catch some man. . . . Well, yes, seriously, Steve, you want some nice, quiet girl, the sort that would set a wedding-date and start laying by towels and percolators instead of boudoir caps and lingerie. . . . I'm going to find you a girl like that."

"What? I—but still—hub? Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea. I half-way do want to settle down, and if it can't be you—"

"I'm not quiet, Steve." All at once her eyes leaped, and the demi-tasse paused untasted at her lips.

"You've thought of someone, is that it?"

"N-n. . . . Yes. . . . I don't know—"

"Who is she?"

"Hold on a minute." She stared full at him, seeing not him, but a slender figure in a faded bath-robe, with pretty hair and wide, near-blue eyes. "Steve, see here, suppose I introduce you to a girl I know—over at the Club—" Steve was about to whistle, but her eyes snapped him up. "I live there, don't I?"

"Yes. But don't you try working off some little wall-flower on me—"

"Now, Steve, you've had some experience with the ramblor-rose variety. Besides, there's such a thing as a modest violet."

"Yes, but I never tried one," he said dubiously.

[Turn to page 34]

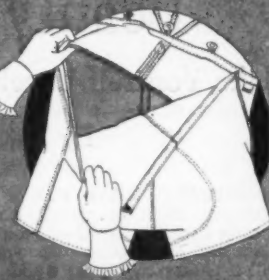


"E-Z" Nainsook Waist Union Suit

With double reinforced seat and diagonal supporting straps. With full bloom elastic knee. Bloomers in white, pink and blue.



The child's clothing is securely held in place by these diagonal garment-supporting straps.



The specially designed drop seat is reinforced with blue binding, thus combining strength with ease and handiness.



Cleanliness is vital in underthings. Every "E-Z" Waist Union Suit is sealed in a Sanitary Dustproof Gladstone Envelope, thus arriving without soil or taint from a spotless factory to the child's clean body.

THIS LABEL SAFEGUARDS YOU AGAINST IMITATIONS OF "E-Z"

THE E-Z WAIST UNION SUIT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Sold at good stores

The E-Z Waist Company
61 Worth Street, New York
For Twenty-five Years Makers of Children's "E-Z" Waist Union Suits, "E-Z" Waists and "Sleep E-Z" Sleeping Garments For Winter and Summer Wear



Baby Will Grow and Thrive

When Feedings are Regular and Mother Stays Well

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

THE milk does not appear in the breasts for two or three days after the birth of the baby. During this time an ounce or two of weak milk-sugar solution (two teaspoonfuls to a pint of water) may be given from a bottle at three-hour intervals. If the child does not receive fluids while waiting for the milk he will make a considerable loss in weight, more than the usual six or eight ounces which is to be expected. Some infants because of the lack of fluids at this time develop a high fever which subsides when milk or water is given.

It is best to place the infant at the breast for a few minutes before giving the bottle. By this means the nipples are accustomed to their new function. The secretion of the milk is stimulated and the baby learns how to nurse, something that every baby does not know.

With the arrival of milk in the breast, regular nursing is commenced. Personally I favor the three-hour interval in most cases; if the baby is large, weighing more than eight pounds and there is a good flow of milk, the nursings may be given at four-hour intervals.

If the child is to nurse at the three-hour interval the hours should be arranged as follows: 6 a. m., 9 a. m., 12 m., 3 p. m., 6 p. m., 10 p. m. and 2 a. m. The 2 a. m. feeding should be discontinued at the end of the second or third month. In fact I usually advise against nursing at this hour if the child is strong and is a good feeder.

If four hours is to be the interval the nursing periods should be at 6 a. m., 10 a. m., 2 p. m., 6 p. m., 10 p. m. and 2 a. m. For these babies also the 2 a. m. feeding should be omitted at the second or third month. An undisturbed rest from 10 p. m. to 6 a. m. is a great factor of benefit to the mother's future nursing possibilities. After the fourth month the vast majority of breast-fed babies do best on the four-hour interval.

THE nursing should carry on every day at the same time for the reason that not only is the quantity, but also the quality, of the milk maintained better. As soon as it is shown, by a gain of four to six ounces a week, that the baby is making satisfactory progress, I advise one bottle feeding daily. I try not to make this later than the fourth week.

When the child is accustomed to the bottle, he is more or less independent of the mother. If the mother is taken suddenly ill or is called from home, the baby's feeding is provided for. Another advantage is that it provides the mother with needed freedom. She is enabled to take in activi-

ties and changes which her health, mental and physical, requires. I advise theaters, musical entertainments and social gatherings for nursing mothers.

The bottle-feeding should be prescribed by the attending physician.

As to the mother's daily activities and habits the following may be laid down as nursing axioms:

1. A diet similar to that to which the mother was accustomed in health.
2. There should be one bowel evacuation daily.
3. When possible three to four hours should be spent daily in the open air in exercise or work which does not fatigue.
4. A nursing mother should never become very tired.
5. At least eight hours in the twenty-four should be given to sleep.
6. There should be absolute regularity in nursing.
7. There should be no worry and no excitement. (Other members of the family can help here.)
8. The mother should be temperate in all things.

I TELL my nursing mothers to eat those foods to which they were accustomed before the advent of pregnancy and the child. There is entirely too much general misinformation on this subject. Almost daily I am consulted by mothers in whom the breast feeding is unsatisfactory or rapidly failing, and it is not unusual to find that they have been ridiculously restricted.

Limiting the food intake or even variety of food intake in robust young mothers is the very best means of curtailing the milk production. That such and such an article of diet should be forbidden on general principles is unwarranted from every standpoint. Any good food that she can digest without inconvenience is a safe food as far as the nursing is concerned.

If a mother is fond of milk it may be given freely. If it disagrees, produces constipation, a coated tongue, foul breath, it is to be avoided. Some who cannot take milk without unpleasant effects can take it without inconvenience when it is skimmed.

Tea and coffee may be taken in moderation—which means a cup of tea and a cup of coffee daily. Meat, eggs, fish, poultry, green vegetables, stewed fruits, raw fruits and simple puddings constitute a basis for selection. It is best to have three meals daily with perhaps milk, malted milk or cocoa in the mid-afternoon. There should

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Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

I'd Like to Nail This Sign in Every Nursery

Mothers—please be regular. Baby's tiny anatomy should keep time like a watch. If it is fed at any convenient hour, bathed when you feel like it and allowed to sleep or wake at irregular intervals, you are bound to have a badly disorganized little anatomy to care for.

A baby is so logical. When everything is *right*—food, sleep, skin—baby is no more trouble than a kitten. But upset the schedule and everything is all wrong.

Take such an ordinary thing as talcum. You know that Mennen Borated is right, just as your Mother and Grandmother knew it was right. But suppose you experiment with a very cheap talcum or one without a properly balanced formula, or with one too strongly scented, or one which doesn't adhere. Baby's petal skin will show the difference very quickly.

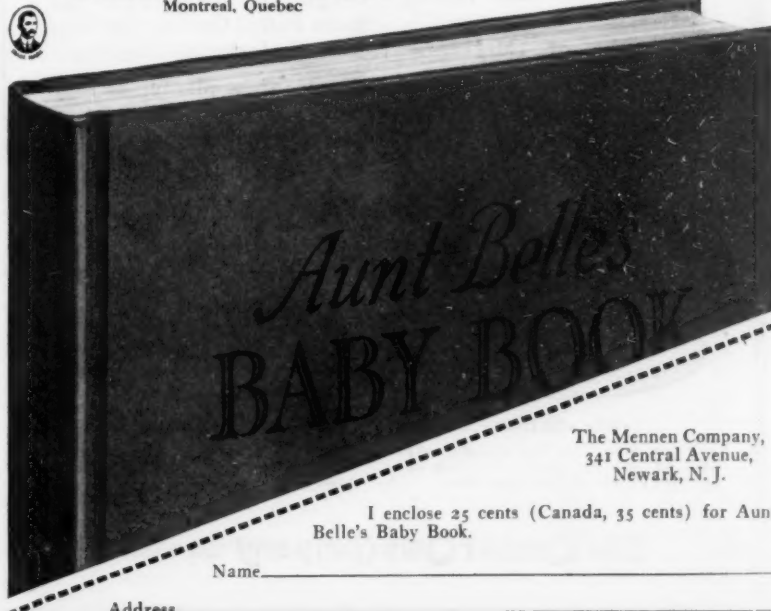
While we are on this matter of skin, I want to tell you all over again about wonderful Kora-Konia. I'm sorry for any baby whose mother doesn't know about Kora-Konia. It's the most amazing remedy I have ever employed in my years of baby raising. Almost unbelievable are the results I have observed in cases of prickly heat, teething rashes, or inflammation caused by damp diapers.

Kora-Konia is not just another talcum. It isn't talcum at all, but possesses remarkable protective and curative virtues. It lays on raw inflamed flesh a velvety film of healing powder which clings for hours, protecting while it soothes and heals. Please try it. And do send your 25 cents at once for my Baby Book (35 cents in Canada). I know you will like it and get a lot of help from it.

Lovingly,
BELLE.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

THE MENNEN COMPANY, LIMITED
Montreal, Quebec



The Mennen Company,
341 Central Avenue,
Newark, N. J.

I enclose 25 cents (Canada, 35 cents) for Aunt Belle's Baby Book.

Name _____

Address _____

REGULARITY
RULES HERE



Have you written for
Aunt Belle's

BABY BOOK?

It's the most helpful, scientific, comforting little book that ever guided a young mother through the wonderful trials of her first baby.

Thousands and thousands of babies are stronger and happier and will be more useful in the world, more successful, just because of Aunt Belle's practical day by day advice. Aunt Belle's only ambition is to be the world's greatest mother. She wants millions of babies.

That is why this invaluable book, beautifully printed, bound in stiff board covers, is sold for only 25 cents, 35 cents in Canada.

Send the coupon for your copy.



Puffed Rice in cream

Puffed Wheat in milk

Food Dainties

That come from guns

Puffed Grains are shot from guns. By that heroic method we create these fascinating tidbits.

The process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, formerly of Columbia University. The object is to steam-explode all food cells and fit them to digest.

Millions of explosions

The whole grains, sealed in guns, are rolled for an hour in fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

When the guns are shot the steam explodes. Over 125 million explosions are caused in every kernel—one for each food cell. In this way every element in the whole grain is fitted for nutrition.



Try melted butter

Add before the cream and sugar, or use alone. Also crisp and lightly butter for hungry children after school. It makes a food confection.

noon and night. Mothers serve them in many inviting ways.

As a result, children eat whole grains in plenty, as they should. And every grain of Puffed Wheat supplies them 16 needed elements, so prepared that every atom feeds.

Puffed to bubbles

The grains are puffed to airy bubbles, 8 times normal size. They are made as flimsy as snowflakes. And the fearful heat gives a nut-like taste.

You have never known a cereal food anywhere near so delightful. Children revel in these Puffed Grains, morning,

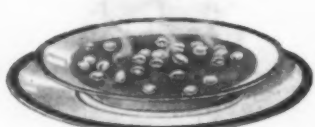
Puffed Rice



Mix with fruit

These flimsy, nut-like globules add a most delicious blend. Also use as nut-like garnish on ice cream, etc.

Puffed Wheat



Use in soups

These thin, toasted bubble wafers are ideal for soups. And they are ever ready.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

The One-Piece Pattern

(Continued from page 32)

"Don't frown. This is only a try-out. And you know I wouldn't try to shove over onto you any old shop-worn goods. Maybe this is something that's just not been taken down out of the box yet."

"All right, all right, date me up with Little Modesty. Shall I send her violets?"

"Take her and me to a show."

"Dinner first," he stipulated. "Tomorrow night."

"Sorry, but I'm going week-ending."

"Then it couldn't be for a whole week. I'm booked for Baltimore—unless you call it Monday night? And you'd have to meet me uptown, I'm pretty busy—"

They made it Monday night, the Astor lobby.

NOW Dolly," and Rae fixed her with a firm eye, "just give this note to Madame Toole and she'll do everything right, and fairly cheap."

At first she had thought of lending Dolly something of hers, but it was better for the girl to wake up and own some decent clothes. And Madame Toole would know just how to act on the hints in that note.

"So long till Monday p. m.," were her last words next morning as she departed with her suitcase. "Don't spare expense. I know the whole game, I know clothes count. Get white shoes and white silk stockings—silk, remember—and let Toole choose your hat."

Dolly also worked downtown, near enough to Nassau to call there at lunch and buy shoes and stockings, and—by stretching her pay-envelope and disobeying orders, to bargain for a white lace hat.

Then, going to the Club to leave these treasures before starting uptown, she found a letter. She was scared the moment she saw it was from her sister Fidelia, upstate.

"... and Doll it ain't only the mortgage its Swinnett he wants his money by the first or he says he'll sue us and pore Pa I declare he don't know wick way to turn O Doll its a shame. to ask you you been saving up so long what little you got but Ma would turn in her grave why she couldnt li in her coffin if she knue Swinnett was going to sue us for it. I am sorrest for pore Pa but you know the cherrys went back on us dam Undertakers there I said it I know its wicked but I dont care Swinnett is rich too O well whats the use. If you can see your way to send the money send it the minit you get this Pore Pa but he is all we got now hastily Sis"

Well, Dolly was constructed in such wise that she posted the check an hour later. That withdrawal terminated her connection with the Mutual Exchange Bank.

That afternoon she climbed three flights on Greenwich Avenue and interviewed her Aunt Emma Weeks.

"Well, child, it's too bad. I guess I know what undertakers is." Aunt Em wiped away a tear and registered memories of her recent bereavement. This very month Elsie (deceased) was to have married Henry Finkelmutter, hence indeed the length of purple-plum-colored crêpe de Chine she now at Dolly's request brought from the oak bureau.

"Course I was keeping it for half-mourning, but someways I'd always picture it as the dress I was to have wore at the wedding." A tear overflowed and narrowly missed the crêpe de Chine. "I dunno but you might just as well have it, Doll. I'll sell it to you for twenty-five a yard less'n I paid for it then, and of course that means less'n half-price the way silk is now—good silk."

"Thanks, dear Aunt Em. I'll have to pay you in installments."

"Oh, that's all right." And then, on an impulse, "and say, I'll give you the trimmings. I don't want 'em now, and they go with the goods so nice."

Returning home, Dolly went to Kate Vesty's room and borrowed her one-piece pattern, the one by which four girls had already made dresses "classy and easy to fit," as Kate told her through the activities of primping for Coney Island.

That was the blessing of it, so many of them were off for the rest of the day, or the whole week-end. Her own room-mate was gone to Cos Cob. And on the rug Dolly spread the goods and over it the tissue-paper, and with directions in one hand and the scissors in the other prepared to pin, cut, baste and sew her way into the heart of the Unknown Male.

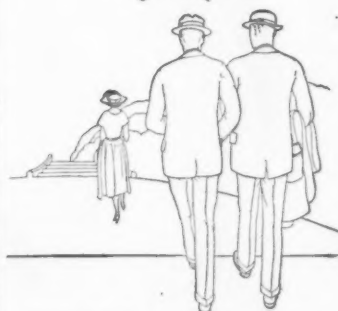
That night, and all day Sunday she worked. No one saw the creation, the one girl glimpsed its color, another reported black lace-ords on the hall-floor outside, a third caught the gleam of gold braid.

When she got into bed, after washing

[Turn to page 37]

DO MEN OBSERVE WOMEN'S STOCKINGS?

By Natalie Norris



EVER SINCE the apple eating episode in the Garden of Eden, dressmakers have been busily designing gowns calculated to find favor in the masculine eye. The male may deny his responsibility, but he is to blame nevertheless. If it were not for his consuming interest in women's clothes we should all adopt the Mother Hubbard, for comfort's sake, and let it go at that.

Do men really notice women's hosiery? Do they! They simply can't help themselves now that skirts are high and stockings rolled.

Fashion, you know, has revised her ideas on the subject of women's stockings. She has come to the conclusion, now that legs are out in the open, one can do very well without seams.

Most men will tell you that seams look uncomfortable and that they usually run crooked.

No matter how careful one may be in her dressing she can never be certain her stocking seam is straight. The wind will whip the skirt and the skirt will pull the seam awry in spite of all we may do to avoid this calamity. And to my way of thinking, a crooked seam is almost as bad as a run.

There was a time, of course, when a seam was necessary to make stockings fit better. But that is no longer true.

Burson Hose are fashioned to fit properly on the loom. They conform perfectly to the graceful lines of the leg and they are ever so much more comfortable to wear than the other kind because they have no seams to annoy the feet.

And, just between you and me, I have found I can wear a half size smaller shoe comfortably when I wear Burson stockings. Men may smile, but we all know how important that is.

If you have never worn Burson stockings please do buy a pair on my recommendation.

SILK • MERCERIZED • COTTON • LISLE
SPORTS SILKS AND HEATHERS

BURSON
Fashioned Hose

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY, ROCKFORD, ILL.

GOLDIE BUTTERCUP'S SPRING DANCE

By Corinne Pauli



Bluet

FARMER JONES was planting corn in his south field. This seems like a simple enough thing, but it had terribly upset the little World of Flowers, for the south field was where Goldie Buttercup lived and where she danced all day long.

Where would she live now? The World of Flowers asked the question over and over again.

It was all the fault of Corn-Flower, too. He was ever so wicked a little fellow who was always flirting with the girls. He was always after a new one, and he never wanted to settle down. That's the reason some people call him Bachelor's Button.

Well, one day he looked over his gate and saw Goldie Buttercup dancing, all by herself. He watched her for a while, then he went over and tried to dance with her. But Goldie Buttercup was very well brought



Daisies

Daisies



Corn-Flower

reminds me. I must plant corn in my south field." And the fifteenth time he was reminded of it, he started in planting corn in the south field.

Goldie Buttercup was frightfully distressed. She loved her home, and the wide spaces where she danced all day in the sunlight. What would she do when the whole field was full of great towering corn-stalks?

At last she thought of a plan. She knew she could dance better than anyone in the World of Flowers, and she decided to give a performance, charge admission, and then buy the south field with the money she made. So she called in the Bluets and asked them to deliver her invitations.

Everyone in the World of Flowers was interested in Goldie's idea, and wanted to



Goldie Buttercup

Yellow Pond Lily, stopping on his way to call for Iris, who wore her most gorgeous gown, with a train so long that little Dogwood had to help carry it. The Select Boarding School of the World of Flowers permitted the head teacher, Miss Primrose, to chaperon three of the young ladies, Pansy, Hawthorn Bud and Lily-of-the-Valley, who was protected from the crowd by her shining green mantle.

As Miss Primrose brought her charges past a secluded spot, they saw a group of strange

enough money collected to buy the South Field. Goldie was in tears. No one knew what to do, when Laurel came to the rescue.

"Why don't you move to the rocky hillside where I live?" he asked. "There's lots of sun there, and plenty of room, and it's so rocky that Farmer Jones would never think of planting anything there. I'll take care of you and see that no one bothers you." The very thing! the World of Flowers agreed, and so Goldie dried her tears, and went happily along.



Indian Pipe
Five Fingers
Trumpet-
Honeysuckle

up, and she had never met Corn-Flower before, so she wouldn't speak to him. This made him so angry he determined to get even. That's the kind of fellow he was!

So every time he'd see Farmer Jones coming, he'd spring up in front of him, and each time Farmer Jones saw him he'd say to himself, "There's a Corn-Flower. That



Iris
Dogwood
Yellow Pond-
Lily

help make it a success. The Daisies said they would be the chorus in the dance; and the Orchestra, composed of Indian Pipe, Five Fingers and Trumpet-Honeysuckle, volunteered its services. Indian Pipe turned his pipe sideways and played on it like a flute. Five Fingers asked a friendly spider to spin a web from a twig, and with this as a harp she used her five fingers to the very best advantage. Trumpet-Honeysuckle had a trumpet. Who could ask a better orchestra than this one?

The day of the performance was a lovely spring day, and all the World of Flowers turned out to see Goldie Buttercup dance. Even from the water's edge came

little Wistarias!" said Miss Primrose. "They never go anywhere. They're just like Bluebeard's wives, shut off from the world. And, now I come to think of it, I just believe Corn-Flower is the original Bluebeard, with that blue head of his, and always flirting with the girls. He's a wicked fellow."

WHEN Miss Primrose said this, Pansy, Hawthorn Bud and Lily-of-the-Valley gave a shudder and hurried past the Wistarias as if Corn-Flower might spring up any moment and grab one of them most wickedly.

Farther down the road they met Shepherd's Purse, with Lady's Slipper. You may know it was a grand occasion in the World of Flowers that induced the stingy Shepherd's Purse to invite anyone to a party, and Lady's Slipper showed her appreciation by wearing a dress all of gold.

The last arrival at the performance was Laurel, who said he couldn't walk fast because he was bringing one of his small sons.

Well, Goldie Buttercup's performance was a great success, and everyone said he never saw such won-



Primrose
Pansy
Hawthorn Bud
Lily-of-the-
Valley

And whenever you see a buttercup on a rocky hillside, you may be sure that Farmer Jones has planted corn in the south field, and Goldie Buttercup has sought protection with her kind friend, Laurel.

There under Laurel's care, Goldie and all the other Buttercups with her, are safe. And their gay, golden blossoms bring sunshine-flashes to the bare old hillsides so that Mr. Sun himself is sometimes amazed at such brilliance.

All the World of Flowers, too, rejoices because Goldie Buttercup is happy.



Lady's Slipper
Shepherd's
Purse



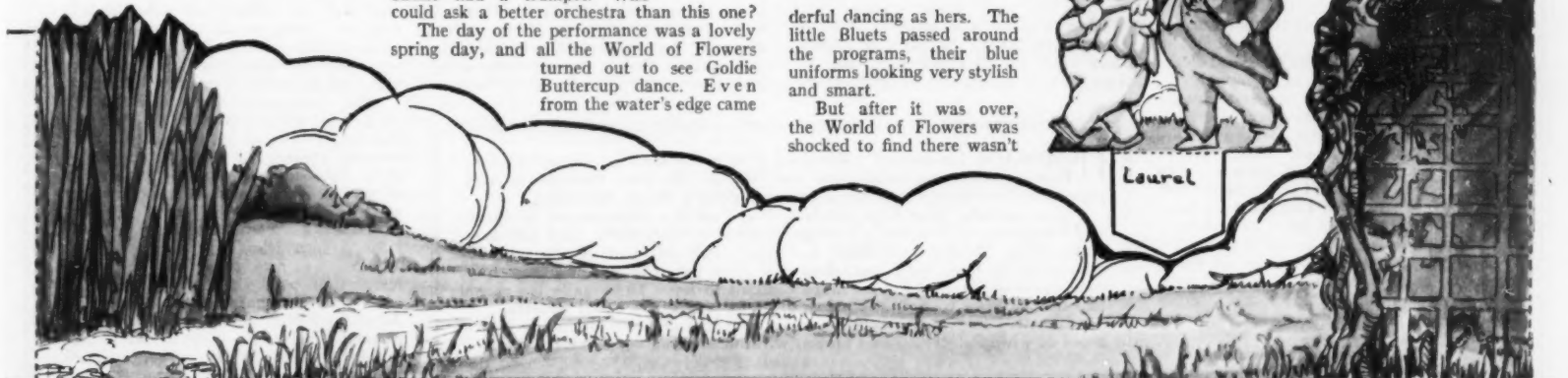
Wistaria

derful dancing as hers. The little Bluets passed around the programs, their blue uniforms looking very stylish and smart.

But after it was over, the World of Flowers was shocked to find there wasn't



Laurel



Before cutting out this page, paste it on a sheet of light-weight cardboard, letting it dry under a big book. The tabs at each side of the landscape should be 1 1/4 inches long so when they are bent back it will stand upright. Ten pieces of cardboard 1 1/4 inches square should next be cut with a slash

3/4-inch long through the center of each. Put the little pointed tabs on the flowers through the slashes and bend on dotted lines. If a pin is put through dot A and then through dot B the wistaria blossoms will hang from their bower.



FINDINGS *from* THE FOOD WORKSHOP Of Teacher's College Columbia University



NOW that the weather is becoming warm it is time to get ready for the ice-man. The family ice-box may have been out of use during the winter, because all outdoors has furnished our refrigeration. But when nature does not keep our food cold for us we have to devise some means of doing it for ourselves. The family ice-box therefore becomes a very important factor in warm weather housekeeping.

Heat causes food to change. High temperatures bring about the changes which we call cooking. But both before and after cooking it is necessary to keep food cold in order to prevent the spoilage which occurs at ordinary temperatures and renders food unfit for eating.

Over the week-end the family ice-box is more heavily stocked than it is the middle of the week to take care of our emergencies Sunday when the markets are closed. Every housewife therefore periodically goes into the cold storage business so that she will have enough food for her family and unexpected guests.

Despite all this it is strange that so much prejudice persists against cold storage on a large scale. For, after all, cold storage is merely the holding of food at a low temperature, to keep it in good condition so that we may have practically an uninterrupted supply at all seasons of the year.

We all realize that vegetables and fruits are seasonal things which are produced only during a few months out of the twelve. We know that in order to have them during the rest of the year they must be stored. Formerly we had vegetable bins and storage cellars in our own homes but now we prefer to have someone else do this storing for us.

Most of us are not so accustomed to think of eggs and milk as seasonal, because hens do lay eggs and cows do give milk the year round. There is a time in the spring when more eggs are produced than can be eaten just as there is a time in the middle of the winter when the demand for eggs is much greater than the production. In order to regulate the supply to the demand, some of the spring eggs are put into storage to be eaten in the winter.

This is the function of the big ice-box—to hold foods from times of plenty for the leaner months—not eggs only, but fruits, vegetables, poultry and dairy products. This has created a demand on the part of the public for foods out of season. Time was when nobody expected fried spring chicken the middle of January, yet now it commonly appears on winter menus.

NOT only does the big ice-box store food for us which we never were able to store in our own homes, but it does the storing which we tried to do in our own cellars and bins much better than we ever did. Time was when we were satisfied with the apples which we ourselves had hoarded even though they were somewhat withered and shrunken by early spring. In fact we were glad to have any old apple in May before the new windfalls came on. But now we demand perfect-looking fruits and we get them. We can put a plump bright red apple in the school lunch-box any day in the year.

Moreover thanks to the big ice-box, the food supply of perishables for a large city will not be perceptibly affected for several days, even if there is a heavy frost, a train wreck or a dock strike. The storage warehouse always has sufficient food on hand to tide over an emergency. Celery, spinach, lettuce and other vegetables which are shipped in from warmer regions are kept in storage in sufficient amounts to meet a week's needs in case of unexpected stoppage of supply.

From the time of the first storage warehouse to the present there have been numerous improvements. New possibilities have been developed. Almost everything now goes into cold storage. Nuts which might otherwise become rancid and wormy are stored so that we may have good nut sundaes in July. The luxury of fresh strawberry ice-cream in December is now becoming more available for many of us because fresh strawberries with sugar are put into cold storage. Fresh blackberry pies made from frozen berries are served at big hotels in the winter.

A visit to a cold storage warehouse is reassuring, even to the most prejudiced.

The Big Ice-Box

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University



The housewife prepares a mid-winter luncheon. How many of these foods could she have if it were not for cold storage?

No family ice-box is kept cleaner or more free from odors. How many of our friends' refrigerators would be in such condition that they would stand inspection any hour of the day?

Many investigations have been made to discover the best temperatures for keeping different foods. Accordingly the warehouse is divided into rooms, the temperature of each of which can be regulated. Foods which might contaminate each other are carefully separated. Nothing is put in the room with the eggs because it is well known by the storage men that eggs absorb even the slightest odors.

In few family ice-boxes is such care exercised. In fact too often in the home refrigerator the flavor of delicate food is spoiled because fish, cheese or strong vegetables are placed in it uncovered.

The coldest room of the storage warehouse is the freezer. Here meat and poultry are kept in order that we may have young turkey, Long Island duck or spring lamb out of season.

Right across the hall may be the room for apples—boxed ones from the Pacific Coast and barrels of locally grown fruit—all graded and kept at a low temperature, as cold as possible without freezing. In this room the moisture-content is regulated so that the apples do not become dry and shrivelled.

NOT only is the right temperature essential, but this right temperature must be kept constant. There can be no ups and downs. Fluctuation of two degrees may mean spoilage—and with many carloads of foods at stake no risks can be taken. So the cold storage plant must be equipped with two or three sets of machinery so that if one

breaks down the other will be ready to do the work without a moment's delay.

To have good food come out of cold storage it is necessary to put good food in. Cold storage is not magic. It cannot improve the quality of the food which is stored. Every housewife knows that when canning she should choose sound fruits and vegetables for preservation, discarding those with flaws. Similarly it is essential that this sorting process should take place for storage, so that there will be no poor food to contaminate the good.

Money and effort would be wasted in canning food which would not be attractive and palatable when opened. Likewise the dealer who stores our food for us would be wasting his money by paying for the storage of an article which would not be marketable when removed from the big ice-box.

Often there are wild rumors that food has been held in storage for an abnormally long time. Such a practice would not be economy because it is essential that all cold storage holdings should be removed and sold before the seasonal crop of the next year comes into the market. In proportion as the fresh foods appear, the need and the demand for the storage foods decreases.

SEVERAL years ago when there were large holdings of food in the New York warehouses, agitators complained that food was being hoarded for some ulterior purpose. As a matter of fact it happened to be in storage only temporarily waiting to be shipped abroad when transportation could be obtained. But a year later when the holdings were unusually low, complaints came from the same quarter that it was a terrible thing that there should be so little food to

supply New York in case of a railroad tie-up or some other calamity!

Probably most of the discussion about cold storage has centered around the storage egg. Is it good? What the housewife really wants to know is whether she should spend her money for strictly fresh eggs out of season, or whether she should accept the cheaper cold storage product. Above all she wants to give her family food which is palatable and nourishing, so she naturally asks the question: "Is a cold storage egg really an egg?"

Careful investigations have shown that cold storage eggs are perfectly desirable as food and when stored under the very best possible conditions may even be better than some so-called "fresh" eggs. Because a "fresh" egg is any egg which has not been in cold storage (that is subjected to a temperature of 45 degrees Fahrenheit or less for a month or more) it follows that when you buy "fresh" eggs you may be given some which have been held out of storage for as long as four to six weeks. Naturally these will not be of as good quality as the best eggs which have been kept in a clean cold storage warehouse. The egg merchants have found it to their advantage to store for the most part the best eggs of the year—those produced in April and May.

PREJUDICE regarding cold storage is disappearing. Nevertheless if the housewife is willing to pay a high price for the flavor of a strictly fresh egg, she should be free to do so, and she should be guarded against the possible fraud of a substitution of the cold storage product for the fresh, even though the two may have an equal food value.

Endeavors are being made to formulate workable rules requiring the stamping of bags and boxes in which cold storage eggs are sold so that a housewife may know exactly what she is buying. The purchaser who is unjustly prejudiced against cold storage may not be willing to face the truth and walk out of the store with a bag marked "cold storage." However, if she is unwilling to buy cold storage food she should then expect to pay the price for her prejudices.

One of the fallacies most commonly heard is that cold storage raises prices and adds to the high costs of food. As a matter of fact it has the opposite effect. If there were no such things as cold storage warehouses, there would not be enough eggs to go around in the winter time and the price of the few which were available would be unreasonably high—far above what is now asked. The consumer would have to go eggless, unless he was a fortunate consumer with a hen or with a well-filled purse. But now we can have eggs the whole year because they have been stored for us from the time of plenty.

LIKEWISE cold storage protects the farmer. Without it there would not be a market for the surplus eggs produced in the spring. The housewife would buy only for her housekeeping needs. Rarely is she willing to buy eggs and attempt to store them in her home. It would be impossible to eat all the eggs, hence many would be unsold and wasted. With the market so glutted the farmer would receive a very low price for those he did sell. Because there is a chance for storage, he now has a market for all of his products and receives a fairer price.

Undoubtedly there are some abuses of cold storage as there always will be of everything no matter how good its uses may be. These should not condemn the whole system, which is being carefully regulated by inspection and by laws which are becoming increasingly stringent.

The consumers' responsibility is to see that the existing laws are enforced and that better ones are substituted when the occasion arises. For example the laws of some states are less exacting than those of others. A national cold storage law would help.


To the government scientists and the business men who have developed cold storage, we owe many of the good features of marketing today. Yet too often the consumer realizes only the defects and is an unintelligent critic—just naturally "agin it." Why should he not count his blessings and make constructive suggestions?

HOMEMADE ice-cream! Whether it is made with a custard foundation or of cream sweetened and frozen, the very thought of rich, nutritious homemade ice-cream sets everyone's mouth watering.

Next month, Miss Van Arsdale, Head of the Department of Foods and Cookery, at Teacher's College, Columbia University, and her associates, Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber, will tell you of the methods discovered in their food workshop and give you the recipes they have developed which make it no more difficult to have homemade ice-cream in summer than to prepare many other of our more usual desserts.

Glorified ice-creams too—mousses, parfaits and biscuits made with a basis of whipped cream and frozen without stirring—will be treated.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



Charles M. Young
Chicago, Ill.

Mellin's Food

The proper use of Mellin's Food and fresh cow's milk will enable your little one to have the healthy and robust appearance so typical of all Mellin's Food babies.

We will be pleased to send you our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company
Boston, Mass.



FRESH from the Sea to Your Home

No Bones—ALL FISH

BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES

Tender morsels of codfish and haddock with that delicious deep-sea flavor. Cooked, seasoned, ready for use. Recipes on label. More in "Good Eating Recipes" booklet sent free on request.

Get B & M Fish Flakes at your Grocer's.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
73 Water Street, Portland, Maine

DR. PRICE'S VANILLA

Too strong vanilla overflavors; too weak vanilla does not flavor enough—Price's Vanilla is of balanced just-right strength—neither weak nor too strong! It is pure and delicious.

PRICE FLAVORING EXTRACT CO.
"Experts in Flavor" Chicago, Ill.



Look for Price's Tropicid on the label

When answering ads, mention McCall's

The One-Piece Pattern

[Continued from page 34]

her hair, she had the complexion of a candle made out of mutton tallow.

On Monday, returning from work for her bath and final arrangements, she was summoned to the 'phone.

"Yes, yes, it's Rae Stitche. . . . Just got a sec, Dolly . . . isn't it rotten, I'm detained at the office. . . . Tonight of all times . . . But now listen . . . I'll meet you in the Astor lobby, I'll be there by seven, and probably Steve won't be there even then. . . . You got your duds? . . . Good . . . Well, I can't stop, but listen, primp your darndest, remember Steve's got to have 'em swanky!"

SHE arrived in trepidation, at quarter to seven. The lobby was jammed, but there was no Rae Stitche. She wondered if Steve McCall were there. Presently she saw a young man who looked quiet and who she just somehow had a hunch was Steve. And he, lighting a cigarette, looked at her as if drawn by her earnest gaze. Blushing, she wheeled before she got his reaction, but a moment later the thing happened again, though this time he seemed to frown. Scared, she moved away, but she must stay where Rae could find her, and thus in spite of her their eyes met for the third time.

His brows knitted as if he had tooth-ache, he jerked aside his head and blew a swift cloud of smoke as if to dispel the annoyance. Shame flooded her face, trembling and angry she turned to flee. She beheld Rae Stitche heading across the lobby in her easy unimpeded way and before the child could escape Rae had seen her.

Rae stopped dead. Her eyes, her open mouth, expressed horrified incredulity.

And if with Rae's vision Dolly could have beheld her costume—the purple drapery that alternately hid and dragged, the black lace that seemed to have grown there in patches like lichen on a mussel-shell, the bright gilt braid with the jazzy loops—all this touched off at the extremities with white shoes and pale face under dead-white hat—she would have comprehended the extent of Rae's dismay.

Then Rae advanced. "What's the joke?" she demanded terribly.

"What joke?" Dolly asked, white.

But Rae's expression changed, it took on a rapid and desperate calculation which as abruptly became stupendous resolution.

"Come into the women's room!"

"But—aren't you going to speak to—him?"

"Him? Is Steve here?"

"Isn't he?" Dolly stammered. Rae swept the crowd.

"No. There isn't a red head in the lobby."

"Is—is Mr. McCall—redheaded?"

"Is water wet? But no matter, if he's here he can wait, he's got to." And she pulled Dolly with her.

She had not even seen the young man whom Dolly had so mis-identified. But that person, who had certainly seen her from her first magnificent step into the scene, and who had even risen the better to observe her, now moved so that he could watch her to the point of her vanishment. And then he might have been seen, after the utterance of a profound "Hm!" to light a fresh cigarette and blow a cloud in a manner of hyper-gratification.

"Now," Rae grumbled, "Why didn't you go to Madame Toole?"

She then heard the story of the letter from home. She heard in silence.

"Oh! Well, child—yes, I see." Her tone eased to gentleness. "What you want is something like this, this pink of mine. This is what you must wear tonight."

"But—"

"It'll fit you near enough. Is it lucky or isn't it, that I had my suit-case at the office? And at that I came near wearing my suit. Come, we'll change in the wash-room, I'll fix it with the girl."

"Good Lord," she said to herself a moment later as she flicked loose her georgette, "I'm plum crazy, as Bill Hart would say, but I said that kid was going to have a beau and I meant it. There, Doll," and she tossed her dress to her companion, and the purple-plum descended upon her own fine shoulders. She held it up; she could see Steve, the dining-room, the box at the show—eyes on her, not in the admiration to which she was as addicted as an angora to its cream, but in wonder, discreet mirth . . . she emerged to see beside her what she took for an astral Dolly lost in a pink mist.

"Well, it's the right start," she proclaimed. "A few magic passes—" and she helped and directed Dolly to loosen her hair and then she applied rouge, so deftly that the girl seemed to blossom into the complexion she had not had since infancy. Next, the hat. And then, "Now look in the glass. Do you know yourself?"

[Turn to page 39]



"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—Did you know that the entire staff of the Royal Educational Department is continually busy making home cooking easier and more attractive for you? Whether you are an expert or an inexperienced cook and housekeeper you will undoubtedly find some little hint or 'short cut' suggested on these pages of interest and help to you. Write today if your questions are not answered here.

More Cake Questions!

OF the hundreds of queries on every phase of baking received in this department daily, the majority emphasize "cake troubles". Space does not permit our answering all questions on these pages, so only a few of the commonest difficulties follow:

Question: How can I cream shortening easily and quickly?

Answer: When getting ready to make a cake and before measuring materials, pour a little boiling water into the mixing bowl. Let stand until ready to begin cake, then rinse and dry out bowl before measuring the butter or other shortening. This will soften it without melting it too much.

Question: Can sour milk be used with baking powder with good results?

Answer: Yes, if just sufficient soda is used to neutralize the acid of the sour milk and then the usual amount of baking powder added for leavening purposes; for example, a recipe calling for one cup of milk, two teaspoons baking powder, use one cup sour milk, one-third teaspoon soda, and two teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, sifting the soda and baking powder in with the flour as usual. Buttermilk can also be used in same manner as sour milk.

Now that the warm weather is approaching, many women, and especially those in the country, will undoubtedly have sour milk on hand. Do not hesitate to make cakes and other baking powder foods

because you have only sour milk, for when properly used it will give you excellent results. Many sour milk recipes are unsatisfactory because too much soda or a poor grade of baking powder has been used. One-third of a teaspoon of soda to a cup of thick sour milk, plus the standard amount of Royal Baking Powder for the flour called for, will give you as good results as if sweet milk were used. While the question of sour milk is taken up here in connection with cakes, it applies equally well to biscuits, muffins, and other breads.

Question: My cakes rise beautifully and after removal from the oven fall in the center. Can you tell me the trouble?

Answer: You have probably used too much sugar and shortening in proportion to the flour and baking powder, or else you have taken the cake from the oven before thoroughly baked. Use level measurements for all materials and follow carefully recipes on these pages.

Try One of these for Dinner Today!



Luncheon Cakes
With Chocolate Sauce
(Recipe below)

Have you ever stopped to think of the great food value in cake—good home-made cake—the kind you make yourself with good, pure, wholesome materials? Perhaps you have been accustomed to regard cake merely as a dainty addition to serve with fruit or ice cream, but in reality it is a dessert in itself and a valuable, important article of food deserving of a prominent place in the diet.

Send today for additional recipes "Cakes for Delicious Desserts", and the New Royal Cook Book—they're free. Address—

ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
Royal Baking Powder Company, 131E William Street, New York

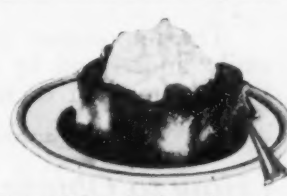
— Cut these out and put in your cook book. —

Luncheon Cakes

With Chocolate Sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating well; add egg yolk, vanilla and half the milk; then half the flour sifted with the baking powder and cinnamon; add remainder of milk and flour and fold in beaten egg white. Bake in greased small tins in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Serve hot with following sauce, topped with whipped cream:—

1 ounce unsweetened chocolate
2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract
Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add butter, and when mixed pour boiling water on slowly, stirring constantly; then, add sugar. Bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes without stirring; add vanilla and few grains salt. Serve hot.



Butter Cake with Strawberry Sauce
(Recipe below)

These delectable desserts take a very short time to prepare, and are delicious with or without whipped cream.

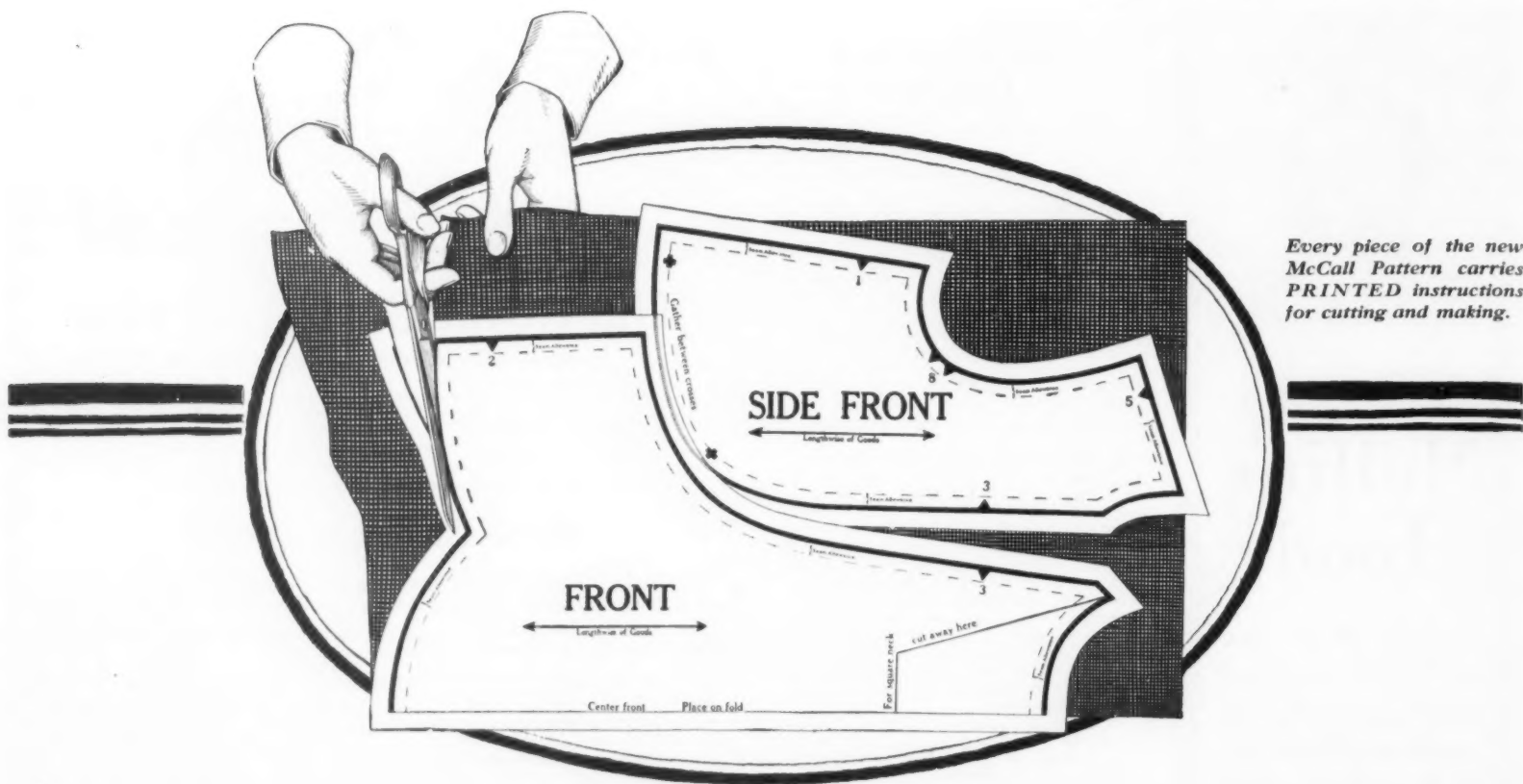
Butter Cake with Strawberry Sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating well; add beaten egg, one-half the milk, and mix well; add one-half the flour, which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add remainder of milk then remainder of flour and flavoring; beat after each addition. Bake in greased shallow pan in hot oven about 20 minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot with strawberry sauce, with or without whipped cream, as desired.

Strawberry Sauce

2 cups strawberries
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
Pick over strawberries; put in dish; cover with sugar and allow to stand for about half an hour. Remove half the berries to serve whole and crush the remainder, mixing well with sugar. Add whole berries and serve.

This is the
sixth of the
Royal Baking
Service



This is Important News to Women Who Make or Would Like to Make Their Own Clothes

Dear McCall Pattern User:

As a present or prospective pattern user, you will be interested in knowing that the United States Patent Office has granted The McCall Company letters of Patent on the New McCall "Printed" Pattern, issued under date of August 16, 1921 (Patent No. 1387723).

This Patent, which runs for approximately seventeen years, absolutely insures that McCall Patterns will be the only "Printed" Pattern obtainable during that space of time.

We particularly call your attention to the importance of this Pattern in regard to the **margin of accuracy**, one of the important innovations in the New McCall "Printed" Pattern. This Margin (exclusive to the new McCall product) insures absolute accuracy in garment cutting, which is in no way possible with the old-fashioned Pattern.

The importance of the **margin of accuracy** is easily understood by a comparison of the **new** and the **old** method of manufacturing Patterns.

How to Obtain New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated hereunder in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
2517	25	2546	25	2575	25	2604	45	2632	45	2660	25
2518	30	2547	45	2576	25	2605	45	2633	30	2661	45
2519	30	2548	45	2577	40	2606	45	2634	30	2662	40
2520	30	2549	30	2578	45	2607	30	2635	25	2663	45
2521	30	2550	45	2579	45	2608	45	2636	25	2664	25
2522	45	2551	25	2580	40	2609	25	2637	30	2665	45
2523	30	2552	45	2581	40	2610	45	2638	45	2666	45
2524	25	2553	40	2582	30	2611	45	2639	45	2667	45
2525	30	2554	45	2583	45	2612	45	2640	30	2668	40
2526	45	2555	30	2584	30	2613	25	2641	25	2669	45
2527	30	2556	25	2585	25	2614	25	2642	25	2670	30
2528	30	2557	30	2586	25	2615	40	2643	25	2671	40
2529	30	2558	45	2587	25	2616	25	2644	25	2672	30
2530	45	2559	25	2588	45	2617	30	2645	30	2673	40
2531	45	2560	45	2589	25	2618	45	2646	45	2674	30
2532	25	2561	45	2590	25	2619	45	2647	45	2675	40
2533	45	2562	25	2591	30	2620	45	2648	45	2676	45
2534	25	2563	30	2592	45	2621	45	2649	40	2677	30
2535	45	2564	30	2593	45	2622	40	2650	45	2678	40
2536	30	2565	25	2594	30	2623	30	2651	45	2679	45
2537	45	2566	45	2595	45	2624	25	2652	45	2680	45
2538	45	2567	30	2596	45	2625	45	2653	30	2681	40
2539	25	2568	45	2597	45	2626	30	2654	45	2682	40
2540	45	2569	30	2598	25	2627	30	2655	30	2683	45
2541	45	2570	25	2599	30	2628	30	2656	30	2684	30
2542	45	2571	45	2600	45	2629	45	2657	45	2685	35
2543	45	2572	45	2601	45	2630	25	2658	30	2686	45
2544	35	2573	45	2602	25	2631	45	2659	25	2687	30
2545	25	2574	45	2603	25						

The Old Way

In the old-fashioned method, the "master-pattern" is placed on a stack of paper sheets in units of 500 or 1000. As each pattern part is cut and punched, there necessarily results an irregularity in the pieces at the bottom of the stack, so that edges and perforations are often $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch or more out of proper location. This serious defect in the old-fashioned Pattern is mainly responsible for the "home-made" look so often evident in garments produced by home sewing.

The New Way

The new McCall method entirely eliminates this irregularity in cutting and punching and **prints each pattern part** from a metal plate reproduced by a photographic process from the "master-pattern."

The **margin of accuracy** is a blank edge around each Pattern part **protecting the cutting line** and preventing even the slightest variance, so that a garment cut from the "Printed" Pattern is an **absolutely exact reproduction** of the "master-pattern."

This **margin of accuracy** is largely responsible for the splendid results which even amateurs in sewing are achieving with the "Printed" Pattern.

The new Pattern also offers the added virtue of a remarkable **simplicity** and **ease of use** through clearly printed directions on each Pattern part, and the expression in the Pattern of the newest and best-selling styles of the season.

Wm. B. Warner
President

The McCall Company
232-250 W. 37th St.
New York, N. Y.

SLIPOVA

CLOTHES for CHILDREN



So pretty --yet low-priced

When Mothers buy "SLIPOVA Clothes for Children" for the first time they can hardly believe that most of them sell for less than a dollar.

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The One-Piece Pattern

[Continued from page 37]

"Oh, Rae," the other was saying, "my dress—on you—it does set better. Her own creation still fascinated her. "Aren't you, too, going to look in the glass?"

Rae swung around, caught a blurred glimpse, and fending cried, "The glass—Heavens! I couldn't—oh, Heavens!" And she yanked Dolly with her, stuffing a perfumed handkerchief into the girl's hot hand. "If I don't get a citation for this," she murmured—and then she caught sight of Steve's red head in the hallway.

Simultaneously he saw her and took an eager step. Next instant he appeared to congeal. Only his eyes moved . . . they protruded.

An imperative gesture from Rae, with a projected glare of furious forbiddance, froze the words on his lips.

"Miss Weeks, Mister McCall," she pronounced with intense and firm pleasantness.

Steve forced his eyes to Dolly, where they lingered in a parenthetical approval while he shook hands warmly. Then, resumption of his stare.

"What's wrong?" Rae demanded with ominous jocularity.

"Why—nothing," he stammered under her intimidating smile.

"I should hope not! There's nothing the matter with this crowd or the place or anything else—is that right, Stevie?"

"Sure!" And he forced a hearty accent. Abruptly, alarm seized him. Gazing past Rae, he detached himself faltering and beckoned with an arm of wood to a young man loitering at the end of the hall. Dolly Weeks also perceived this young man.

It was he of the lobby—

"It's a surprise, Rae," Steve was jerking out, "I wanted to spring him on you—it's Tom—Tom Wyckoff."

"Tom Wyckoff!" cried Rae.

And the Purple Horror—the Plum-colored Nightmare—

Then for a moment the thought flashed over her that perhaps—on her—the thing didn't look so awful . . . perhaps she, with her carriage and looks . . . But it was Tom Wyckoff's expression that banished the fleeting optimism. He was approaching, and though his manner was assured, at the same time he appeared surprised to the point of mystification. She groaned.

And Steve, red with mortification, presented his war-time pal, hero of battles, conqueror of feminine hearts . . . and to cover the mortification he was making hysterical observations on Tom's fame.

The Purple Dress! "The table's reserved," Steve was saying, "Guess we'd better mosey on, Miss—I didn't get your name—?"

"Weeks," faltered Dolly. She had been perplexed and left out, but now Mr. McCall was propelling her, and his touch reassured her. It was almost as if he had turned to her for help.

"Shall we follow, Miss Stitcher?" Tom asked. Rae looked at him.

She knew men. Without Steve's previous accounts of him she would have known him for a paralyzer, one of those men that women run after . . . and she, who always found such men a zesty quarry, she came to this encounter unwarned, and in this dress . . .

But it was Steve's action that roused her. He had looked back at her furtively, and now he bent questioning over Dolly.

"Steve!" and her tone galvanized Stephen. She beckoned him aside. "I've got to say something to him," she explained semi-gaily. And while Tom Wyckoff went up to Dolly and said complimentary things that brought forgiveness and even smiles, Rae was saying, "Now, Steve, just don't ask her anything. Don't ask anybody anything. Later I'll clear it up—do I ever do things without knowing why?" And her tone was fierce.

"I know, but I can't understand—" "It makes no difference. Besides, you should have told me."

"But I wanted to surprise you—" "Yes, but see here—will you do what I asked you?"

He caught the imploring note and half truculently yielded.

But it remained to cross the dining-room.

She never knew how she did it. At last she was seated, and Steve was ordering, while Tom Wyckoff made nice remarks to Dolly. Rae sat rigid in the purple misery that penetrated her marrow; the black lace hung off her shoulders like crepe on a door; if she looked down she was gold braid . . . Nevertheless, she smiled. . . . But she did not speak. No one spoke now. Silence descended.

Rae gritted her teeth. "Well," she exclaimed brightly, "now we've engaged in silent prayer, what's next, Parson McCall?"

Steve breathed more freely. "Soup," he answered as the waiter approached with the tureen. "That's the hymn."

[Turn to page 58]



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Skyrockets

[Continued from page 16]

gloomy alleys where anything might happen, and the sense of life and death that is a city."

"It isn't beautiful," she said tensely. "It's cheap and common and horrid and dirty. I've lived in it all my life and I loathe it. I've got to get away from it, I tell you, or I'll die! I've been happy, getting away every night out to where there were lights and music and happiness and money enough to live on, and people who laughed and sang and danced. I've been so happy sometimes that I ached with it. Now it's over. I'm here to stay, I suppose. I've said good-by to Emma and Ibrahim and now I'm going to say it to you, and another year you won't any of you be there. Oh, I know what you think of Riverview. It's just your passage money to France or Spain or Italy, and all the lovely places of the world; but it's the only lovely place I've ever known, and now I'm through. I'll go back there,"—her arm swept out toward the blackness of Gilpin Place,—and I'll live the way the rest of them live, and some day I'll die hating the world the way I hate it now."

"Patsy!" His arms went around her, and his lips closed over hers, shutting down the bitter words. She struggled away from him, sobbing once more. "I love you," he said, "and you don't have to go back. Come with me. We'll see the world together. I guess we can live on what I have, and I can always do a poster for a show."

"I won't." She held apart from him, although her eyes burned in their watching of his face in the darkness. "I won't have you sorry for me, and want me just because of it."

"It's not just because of it. I've loved you for a long time."

"I won't keep you from what you want."

"But I want you. Nothing counts but you. That's the only reason I want success. Don't you see that?"

"Yes," she said. "That's why I want it, too."

"Do you mean,"—his voice rang out exultantly,—that you love me?"

"Yes, I do," she said, moving farther from him; "but that's why I won't marry you now, this way. I know you better than you know me, and I'm not going to until I've shown myself and you what I can do. I know what you say your people are, and I can guess what they'll think of me. Besides, if I married you now,"—she beat down his protest,—"I'd never know what I could do, and I'd always be thinking that I'd either be more or less than I am. If you want to wait, you can. If I win, I'll marry you. If I don't, I suppose I'll come back here."

"I know what you can do."

"But I don't," she said, "and I must. Are you going to help me find out?" She came near to him, and he held out his arms to her. She slipped into them with a little sigh. "I wish I didn't have to, Teddy," she whispered to him, "but it wouldn't be me any other way."

He came for her the next night with a hopefulness which almost daunted her and a plan which brought her out of her brooding fear for the winter. "I think I can get you into the opera ballet," he told her.

"It won't be my fault if I don't make good," she assured him, eager to prove to him her desire for attainment. "You understand, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "but I think you're wrong. Love isn't a game, Patsy dear. It's a gift."

"It'll have to be a reward of merit for me," she persisted.

She sought to prove to him her desire to win it, and went to work with a zest which would have threatened her strength, had she not been dowered with steel-fibered nerves. He found her a place with the opera ballet where she labored with a determination which made other ambitious girls look at her askance.

EVERY day she listened to the talk of girls who had appraised the cost and the returns of success. "You have to give up everything to it," was their constant admonition, and she caught scraps of conversation which revealed to her that most of them were giving up a leisure which she had never known and family ties she had never had. Gilpin Place, although she continued to live there, no longer housed her spirit. She had nothing to give up but Ted, and it was for him, after all, that she wanted the rewards. It was not until Paestro, the little Italian master of the ballet, picked her out from the crowd that she began to see that the goal she had chosen might not be the end but the beginning of her career.

"She can dance," he cried to a line of tired, petulant girls after Patsy alone of them had obeyed his staccato commands. "And why? She has the picture of it in her brain. Do that again! What is it?"

[Turn to page 41]



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Skyrockets

[Continued from page 40]

It is grace, it is beauty, but, most of all, it is imagination."

He dismissed the others, and while the pianist thrummed over the bars of the ballet, put Patsy through the intricacies of the advance, studying her the while more keenly than she realized. "Do you want to be a *prima ballerina*?" he shot at her when the lesson was over.

"I want to make good," she qualified.

"Is it not the same?"

"Not quite, is it?"

His quick brain caught the implication. "You would climb the first rung of the ladder, and then jump off!" he exclaimed. "Bah! It is the first rung which alone is hard to reach. Why should you jump off? For some man?" He snapped his fingers. "There are many men, little *signorina*, but only one career."

Although she did not mention Paestro's warning, Ted seemed to divine the rising barrier. "Do you think you'll be able to leave it after you've won out in the game?" he asked her that night as they dined after the performance in a little Italian restaurant. "Look at all of them around here," he went on, his glance finding famous tenors and prima donnas, dancers and directors. "It's breath of life to them. It gets in your blood. Do you think you'll want to give it up, Patsy?"

"Yes," she told him, but her voice lacked the conviction it had held when she had promised to let him wait for her winning. "Dear old Teddy," she sighed, "do you think I'm worth waiting for?"

"More than worth my waiting," he said.

Her surging wish that he would run away with her then and there died out the next day before her pleasure in Paestro's praise. "I shall take you to Norada," he told her, his dark eyes luminous.

"But she's a singer," Patsy countered, in awe rather than in protest.

"What of it? It is but another brush. Sings?" He flung out his arms. "She sings and dances and acts as no one of the rest of them can. What does it matter if she has not Amelia's voice? She knows life as the others never will because she learned it when she was a child like you."

He peered into the girl's face. "God does not give his great gifts to the rich," he told her. "He gives them to the children who have hungered and suffered and wept, who have crept through dark streets alone, who have learned prayer, not from their mothers, but from their need. That is why I hope for you. The rest of them—bah!"

In her weeks of rehearsals Patsy Darrow had heard many tales of Sari Norada, that strange, gypsy wildcat of a woman whose story made other chronicles of opera cold and colorless in contrast. She had starved, rumor said, in the slums of Bucharest, until she had joined a Romany caravan. She had sung and danced in the dives of eastern Europe before Acosta heard her. He had trained her for her debut in Milan, and Italy had showered laurels upon her. Brazil and the Argentine had stamped to honor her. Even here, in a city which took its art less ardently, she blazed like a comet, and the girl's throat pounded with excitement as she stepped into the room to meet her.

IN the moment when Paestro and the woman who sprang from the piano at his entrance greeted each other Patsy had time to see how Norada justified report. She was a whirlwind of energy as she poured out Italian upon the little man. He shut off the torrent at last, and flung out explanation of his companion. Norada brushed him aside to view Patsy. The first impression the girl had of the singer's face was its sadness, which went however like mist before sunshine as she held out her hand. "Paestro says you can dance," she told her.

"As a leaf in the wind, as a moonbeam on water, as a sword-dancer in the streets of Soho," he proclaimed.

"And so you bring her to me?"

The woman's look studied Patsy.

"Where do you live?"

"In a street that's more like an alley over in a dark corner of the West Side."

"What are your people?"

"I have none."

Norada walked over to the piano and began to play, but her eyes never lifted their scrutiny from the girl. It was, Patsy thought, a wild, gypsy dance which the singer was strumming, and her blood leaped in answer to its mad melody as she swung into its measures. "You see," she heard Paestro cry exultantly.

"I see," said Norada. "I'll help you."

They rushed into a flood of Italian which shut out the girl, but, as the ballet master led her outward, the singer held out her hand to Patsy. "You're to come to me every morning at eleven," she bade her, and Patsy Darrow knew, with swift rejoicing, that she had stood the short and portentous test of her artistry.

IN the weeks that followed she attained two triumphs, the leadership of the dancing band in "The Jewels of the Madonna," and the friendship of Sari Norada. In the half hour in which the singer sought to encompass her with the atmosphere of the Wolf-Ferrari opera she gave her so much else that Patsy's mind became a kaleidoscope of brilliant color. Norada had been everywhere. Loving beauty, she had pursued it wildly. "But it's queer," she said one day, "that the first beauty I saw is going to be the last. I used to look at the stars high over the squalid street where I slept in rags and I knew them for their loveliness. Then I forgot them for many a year. But now I'm circling back to the place where they seem to be the one enduring beauty."

"But you have everything," Patsy said. "My dear little girl," she said. "I have one thing. I gave up all the rest years ago."

Because she had the feeling that Norada gave her a friendship such as she gave no one else Patsy kept the record of it even from Ted. She saw, though, that he was unhappy, and she guessed that her own attitude was responsible. Her work kept her from seeing him as often as before, and when she was with him, she filled the time with talk of her own plans. Almost reluctantly she told him of Paestro's decision to give her the leadership in the Neapolitan dance. The swift radiance of his face frightened her. "You've made good!" he rejoiced.

"Not yet." She put off final decision. "Wait till I've done it."

The memory of the hurt in his eyes at her words remained with her for days, but in the pressure of the work which Paestro piled upon her she forgot it. Day after day she strove to catch the elusive spirit of the Neapolitan dive in which the opera ends. She had the steps, she had the grace and litheness, she had the look of the Italian *gamin*, but in spite of the ballet-master and Norada, she had not yet grasped the essential fire. "She'll get it that night," Norada soothed Paestro's uneasiness. "I myself didn't feel that I was Maliella until I leaned down from the stairway. Then it came. And it stays."

THE final rehearsal, put on at midnight and going as badly as any final rehearsal can, left Patsy limp with terror and a sense of failure, and she crept out from the theater into a slackened relief that Ted was waiting for her.

"Do you know what is happening to us?" he demanded. "We're drifting apart as fast as two people can, and it's all because we're letting ourselves drift. If I didn't believe that down in your heart you care for me, Patsy, I wouldn't say a word. I'd let you go without a fight. But you do, I'm sure you do!" His tone held more pleading than he knew, but she strove to shut it out from her soul. "I've waited, and I've been willing to wait until you'd prove to yourself that you could do the thing you wanted. You've proved to me and to everyone but yourself that you can, and, if I'd been like some men, I'd have called quits on this a long time ago."

"Then you can call quits any time you want to," she said hotly.

"You know I don't want to," he declared, "but I'm beginning to be afraid that you do. And if you do, well, I'm not going to try to hold you back, dear. I—I care too much for you to stand in your way. If you think that you'll be happier dancing than being with me, I want you to try it. But you'll have to decide now. If you think after the show tomorrow night that you don't want to come to me, I'll take it standing. If you think that you'll take a chance on me," he smiled at her with a tenderness that brought back the night in Vernon Square when he had told her he loved her,—"there'll be the bungalow Emma despises so."

"But what about Spain?" she sought to counter. "And the church in Brittany?"

"Plenty of fellows win fame," he told her, "by painting the sand dunes right in Indiana."

He took her home without going back to their problem, but he kissed her good-night with a solemnity that she felt might be renunciation. She looked after him down the narrow street, dingier than ever in the winter grayness of moonlight. She shut the door softly that she might not awaken the household, but she leaned against it weakly for a moment before she went to her own bare room. "Oh, I can't be poor always," she told the straggling moonbeams. "I love Ted, but I want the other things, too. It isn't just money I want. It's beauty!" She was still weeping when the dawn filtered through the square and into Gilpin Place.

The moment she entered the dressing-room for the first performance she knew that something had happened to Norada.

[Turn to page 42]



Mrs. Vermilya before she found out about the new discovery. Weight 168 pounds. She thought her condition was hereditary, as she had relatives who weighed 200 pounds or more.



Mrs. Vermilya after she applied the new discovery to herself. Weight 128 pounds. Not only did she regain her normal weight, but she gained a beautiful complexion, as well.

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She began to starve herself in an effort to reduce. She even gave up one meal a day and ate barely enough to satisfy hunger. But it only weakened her without taking off a pound of flesh. Then she drugged herself with medicines. "I even used a special corset to reduce my hips," she writes, "but it made me look just awful!"

She exercised and dieted—all in vain. She was still 40 pounds overweight, and no matter what she did she could not take off the excess flesh that was spoiling her figure and ruining her health.

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She gave up all medicines, starving and expensive "treatments," and just followed the one simple new law. It meant almost no change in her daily routine. She found that she could do about as she pleased, eating many of the foods she had been denying herself, enjoying her meals as never before. And yet almost from the very beginning a change was noticeable. "Think of it!" she writes. "I didn't have to do anything disconcerting, didn't have to deny myself anything I liked—and yet my excess flesh vanished like magic. Before I realized it I had taken off the 40 pounds that I wanted to lose. My health im-

proved 100% too; I no longer suffered from indigestion or sour stomach. And my complexion became so clear and smooth that my friends began to beg me for my beauty secret."

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Skyrockets

[Continued from page 41]

She caught a glimpse of the chief director scurrying across the stage in white-faced agitation, and saw Paestro jumping up and down in excitement. She herself was not to go on until the last act, and, as she dressed slowly, she felt the rising tide of excitement.

"She isn't going on," some one said. "They're going to change the opera," another whispered, and Patsy trembled in terror at the thought. But the first strains of the orchestra reassured her, and Norada's voice, lifted from the stairway over the painted Neapolitan street, made final denial of the rumors; but even to Patsy Darrow, listening in the wings with the ears of friendship, Sari Norada was not singing her best. It was not merely her voice which was failing her. It was herself. Not the Italian street girl of wild passions and mad daring, but an artist wearied of her art, she faced the world beyond the curtain.

"She's done," ran the hostile message back of the scenes. "She's broken in her own rôle." There was a savage joy even under pretended regret which appalled Patsy. Only Paestro's grieving eyes seemed to mourn the singer's failure. "What has happened her?" she asked him when he came to make certain she would be ready for the last-act ballet. All the fire had gone from him, leaving him not a leader but an unhappy little man. "She has a great grief," he said, and the girl knew that he loved Norada. He stared down at Patsy as if her one point of contact with him was her friendship for the singer. "Do what you can," he told her.

FOR the moment before she went on the stage she felt overwhelmed by the tidal wave of circumstance which had gone over Norada and put out Paestro's ambition. How could she do it as she hoped? How could she wrest triumph from an audience which had turned thumbs down on great artists? But the sudden flash of the lights and the sound of the music uplifted her. "It's just like Riverview, after all," she told herself in surprise. "All I have to do is dance." When she faced the shadowed stage, however, depicting the dive of Naples where Maliella brings the stolen jewels, she strove in vain to get that sense of the scene which Norada had tried to instill into her. It wasn't real. It was only painted canvas. It was alien with swarthy faces, a strange haunt in a strange land. Then, suddenly, the first group of dancers swung into movement. Something in their motion gave her a new slant on the dance. "Why, it's the Texas Tommy!" she thought with a throb of joy. "Why didn't I ever realize it before? I can do that like a house afire!"

Before her understanding the canvas walls shifted in the shadows. The swarthy faces grew familiar. Not the stage of the Auditorium nor the underground dive of the Camorrista, but the sidewalk of Gilpin Place seemed to stretch out in front of Patsy Darrow as she swung into the mad measures of the dance. All her knowledge of the neighborhood in which she had always lived, all her remembrance of its struggles, its poverty, its unguessed picturesqueness beat into the rhythm of her dancing as the music mounted to a gorgeous frenzy of climax. It was the dance of the child of the city streets, a dance of recklessness, of fear, of promise, of sorrow, of youth evanescent and fleeting but, while it lasted, triumphant over time and grief, over the chains of life and the dread of death. It was the dance she had learned in the byways of Vernon Square, the dance she had brought to the crude glare of Riverview. The artist soul of her, seeing in the crucial moment of expression that the sidewalks of the world are all akin, had seized the torch of her own childhood to light this ballet of another land; and the artist eyes of those who watched her, from Ted Gates out beyond the footlights to Norada, waiting in the wings for her final entrance, thrilled to her power. For a glorious moment Patsy Darrow knew success.

More than the plaudits beyond the orchestra the look on Norada's face gratified her, but the joy in her achievement slackened before the knowledge of the other woman's failure. There were tears in Paestro's eyes when he came to her in the wings. "She wants to see you," he told her, and when the last curtain had fallen, led her to Norada's dressing-room.

Norada was hurrying out of her costume. Her face looked strangely drawn, and her eyes were red with weeping. She held out both hands to the girl. "I am proud of you," she said. Through her tears her eyes shone as if with consuming fire. "I am glad, so glad, for you. You start up, as I come down."

"But you're not coming down," Patsy protested. "You're sick tonight. You're—" "It is the end," Norada said. "One does not meet another dawn. I have had my day. Yours comes." She strove to

smile at Patsy through the gloom of her own sorrows. "I hope it will be happier than mine." Suddenly she sprang up and began to pace the narrow dressing-room. "Some day," she told the girl, "you'll love some one. Then you'll remember what I tell you. It's all that counts in life, or death, or eternity! Fame? Bah, it's a bubble. Money? It's gross. Art? A phantom fire. But love! What is it? Oh, dear God, what is it not? Listen to me." She swung across the room clutching at Patsy's shoulders while she gazed deeply into the girl's frightened eyes.

"I thought, when I began to sing, that I'd find the answer in work. I couldn't. Laurel's a lonely flower. You have a spray of it on your head tonight, and to you it is sweet, but some day you will know." She clenched her hands, and resumed her pantoherish pacing. Suddenly she covered her face with her beringed fingers. "I did not know how much I loved him," she sobbed. "O God, dear God, is there no way to tell him now? I loved him, and I left him for this. For this art that makes no difference to any one! I left him alone that I might win the heights. And, when it's all done, there's only an old dancing master and a strange little girl to care what happens me." She paused before her dressing-table, and took from her shining bag the blue slip of a cablegram. "This came tonight," she said. "It is why I could not sing. It is why I shall never sing again."

"But—" "No," she said. "You see it there. He is dead. I loved him, I have always loved him. I married him in London sixteen years ago. He knew all I had been, and he only said, 'Poor child.' He was poor, a doctor in Whitechapel, giving his life to the poorer. I was beginning to have all this. I said I could not burden him. He said I could be no burden. I said I must live my life, and he told me he would wait. I have loved no other man since I knew him. Does one who loves the sun see the candles? I have always, always meant to go back to him one day. And now he's dead, and it's too late. Too late," I threw away God's gift for the world's, and what have I?"

Her eyes looked far beyond the girl, beyond the flat walls of the dressing-room. Suddenly she sank down beside the littered table. "Go away!" she cried. "Go away, and leave me alone!"

SILENTLY Patsy crept out of the room, awed into terror by Norada's wild sorrow. Paestro was standing by the door outside. He shook his head sadly. "I shall take her back over there," he said. "Good-by, little signorina. You have climbed the first rung of the ladder. The rest will be easy. We shall meet again." They looked at each other through tears, and Patsy Darrow went down the narrow passageway toward the stage door.

For a moment she could think of nothing but Norada's grief. Her deep pity for the older woman had engulfed her delight in her own swift triumph, but with the quick reaction of youth came the thought of Ted Gates waiting for her with the question of their futures in his steady eyes. She had come to the crossroads. Before her stretched the two highways, one leading to the heights which she was but beginning to realize, the other a level path with the man she loved. Then, slowly, she went out into the night where Ted Gates waited for her.

He swung her into the wide space of the boulevard before he spoke, and she realized that he was fighting as hard as she for lightness of attitude. "We'll have a party," he said. "This is the great event, isn't it?" But his voice trembled.

Under the lights of the boulevard lamps she lifted her eyes to him. "It ought to be," she said. "It's my last appearance."

"Patsy!" he cried. "Are you sure?"

"Very sure."

"But you are giving up more than you know."

"If you mean the rewards, I've seen enough of them to know what they're worth. If you mean the dancing, I guess I can dance out on the dunes."

"Or in Andalusia." His voice rang out in gay hopefulness.

"Or even in Vernon Square." She put her hand in his, and they went on together, as they had gone out of the last night of Riverview. The moonlight lay white on the bell tower of the Little Sisters of the Poor as they came to the square. In the shadows under the wall of the Greek church Ted Gates kissed her. "Isn't it beautiful?" Patsy Darrow said. She bent closer to him, and he thought it was the reflection of the moonbeams which made her soft eyes more lustrous. Not yet could she tell him that here, at the door of love, she was pausing to give a thought to Sari Norada, grieving for the love she had thrown away.

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for
Windows



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—for cleaning and polishing

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Nickel Ware	Linoleum and
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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.



When the hair is dry always give it a good thorough brushing.

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EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair now, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides, and the back of your hair. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will

be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating people use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

You will be surprised to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look.

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that sticks to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell, when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

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THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

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If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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The Sheerest Materials Vie With Those of More Substantial Weave

No. 2646, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36- or 40-inch material, or 2½ yards of 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is 1¾ yards. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 1094 may be used to great advantage.

No. 2667, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for waist and skirt and 2½ yards of 36-inch for collar and tunic. The width at lower edge is 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1100 would make a very attractive decoration, if trimming is desired. The frock is developed in organdie and silk.

No. 2652, MISSES' THREE-PIECE COSTUME; suitable for small women; slip-on blouse, cape and two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards of 40-inch material, or 4¾ yards of 54-inch material, and 1½ yards of 40-inch contrasting material for cape lining. The width at lower edge is 2 yards.

No. 2669, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36- or 40-inch material, and 4½ yards of 1-inch ribbon for trimming. The width at lower edge is 1½ yards. This smart frock may be developed in jersey, Canton crepe, Poiret twill or cotton fabrics.



2646 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1094

2667 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1100

THESE laces shine. Don't make the mistake of thinking they are the dull and sober thing to which we have been accustomed. The black weave has the appearance of a fragile kind of patent leather. Silver lace in so fine a texture that it resembles cobwebs on a frosty ground, held the love of the designers, evidently, for they treated it with kindness and imagination. Furthermore, the public agreed to this by making it the success of the season on the Riviera as they did the hammered silver tissue with the color running through it like water under glass.

Lace designs were carried out on cloth, some of them like the open medallions of the Renaissance pattern; and Jenny, one of the most ardently liked French dressmakers by Americans, exploited the eyelet embroidery as a feature of her collection, a fact which assures its appearance and its popularity over here.

This lace work is used on coats as well as frocks. It is a general scheme of ornamentation. When Jenny uses black lace for an evening gown, she chooses so fragile a weave that, mounted as it is on a softly colored chiffon foundation, it appears as a tracery of embroidery on the lower material. And, reverting to allover lace as a fashion, there are smart gowns built of wool lace, black at that.

An unusual number of suits were exhibited in France; and although Americans never take their tailored street clothes directly from the Paris houses, they are directly influenced by their cut and manipulation of cloth, therefore it is important to know that three types of jackets were put into the market: the paletot which led all others, sometimes sleeveless; the long, flaring coat with a low girdle; the short hip-length jacket with a shaped line at the waist, somewhat after the outline of the

ubiquitous pin-striped suit worn by half of Europe last summer as made by the house of O'Rossen on the Place Vendome. The bolero was offered by several houses, meeting with approval from the Americans, and capes were after the order of those worn by Sir Walter Raleigh, exposing the front of the blouse or frock and gaily lined with flowered or print fabrics. Sometimes they were lined with plain beige crepe de Chine, as the preference for this color, and its superiority over gray, continues.

With the short jacket, the blouse is less of a covering for the hips than when worn with the cape or the longer jacket; and only the jumper blouse was shown.

The skirts in these suits revive the hip yokes that fit the figure. Everywhere there is strong evidence that the molding of the body below the waist is to be accentuated, and whatever drapery there is, such as pleats, flounces, falling points, is to begin below the turn of the hips. Cheruit, one of the master designers, starts the trains on her evening frocks well down toward the knees.

[Turn to page 54]



2646

2667

2652

2669

FROM A PARISIAN NOTEBOOK

By ANNE RITTENHOUSE

THE Paris collections, as the exhibitions of new seasonal clothes are called over there, brought out such a number of things that we all should be as happy as kings when we start on the important business of getting ready for the warm weather. Paris settles the situation, leaving it to individuals to follow or not as they wish. As these collections were held before the Royal wedding in England, there was no connecting link between the gowns shown to the American buyers and those for Westminster Abbey. Even though Princess Mary had several frocks in light blue, the color was not included in the Paris clothes, and larkspur, the new blue chosen by Queen Mary and by the bridesmaids, was not exploited. That many of the trousseau gowns are of chiffon, coincided, however, with the fashion laid down in France.

This fabric was everywhere featured at the dominant houses as an offset to thin crepe. So was metallic tissue in its new and interesting weave which makes its surface look as if it had been beaten with a hammer, then dipped in some fine fluid dye. One can see the glimmering of water green, of mauve, of apricot, of periwinkle blue somewhere in the depths of this alluring fabric.

Crêpe de Chine has not lost its savor, as the French collections proved, and shining lace is a novelty widely accepted. In mauve, it is brilliantly worked with silver threads and placed over a silver cloth foundation. In red, it is combined with black lace, and in black it is put over chiffon slips in white or in an opposing color.



2652 Costume
4 sizes, 14-20

2669 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

Feminine Styles Are Most Alluring This Season



2683 Dress
5 sizes, 34-42
Transfer Design No. 1066

2657 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157

No. 2683, LADIES' DRESS; four-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch, or 4¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, 3 yards. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 1066 may be used.

No. 2657, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for vest. Width, 1¾ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2647, LADIES' DRESS; with vest. Size 36 requires ¾ yards of 40-inch material, and 2¼ yards of 6-inch ribbon for sash. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards. Transfer Design No. 1094 may be used if trimming is desired.

No. 2650, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material, and 5 yards of edging. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards. Checked gingham may be used.

No. 2666, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch, and ¾ yards of 36-inch contrasting for collar and tunic. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

No. 2669, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch, and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and tie-belt. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards. English print may be used.

No. 2654, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material, and 1¼ yards of 36-inch contrasting material for vest, collar, cuffs and tie-belt. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.



2647 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer Design No. 1094



2650 2669



2666 2657 2647

2650 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2666 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44



2654 2683

2669 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2654 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

Warm May Weather Calls for Dainty New Clothes



No. 2650, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1022 may be used, if trimming is desired. Canton crepe or krepe knit may be used for the frock.

No. 2657, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch, or $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 2663, LADIES' DRESS; with vest; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, or $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 48-inch material, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 18-inch for vest. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 2661, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch, or 4 yards of 44-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 2646, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36- or 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 14-inch contrasting for vest. Width at lower edge $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. If desired, Transfer Design No. 1100 may be used.

No. 2669, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for belt and bindings. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 2666, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 5-inch ribbon for sash. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



2650 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1022

2657 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



2663 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2661 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

2646 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1100

2669 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2666 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44



2661 2663 2650 2669

2666 2646 2657

Satisfaction Is Assured, When One Chooses These



No. 2592, MISSES' THREE-PIECE COSTUME; suitable for small women; two-piece circular skirt. Size 16 requires, View A, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch for waist and sleeves. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1170 may be used.

No. 2592, MISSES' THREE-PIECE COSTUME; suitable for small women; slip-on dress. Size 16 requires, View B, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch for skirt. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1170 may be used.

No. 2573, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch for cuffs and sash. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2547, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; closing at shoulder; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1045 may be used most appropriately. The unusual treatment of the side draperies marks this gown as most individual.

No. 2583, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; tie-on overwaist; two-piece skirt attached to lining; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch, and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting for sleeves. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1179 may be used most attractively. This frock may be developed in taffeta and printed georgette or satin and figured cr pe de Chine to make a very effective costume.

No. 2574, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece draped skirt; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of edging. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2544, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch, or $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Cretonne or saten may be used.

No. 2492, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1126 would make an attractive trimming.

A Charming Variety of Frocks for all Occasions



2651 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon
Transfer Design
No. 1157

2652 Costume
4 sizes, 14-20
View A

2652 Costume
4 sizes, 14-20
View B

2648 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2665 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2680 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2667 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2641
Middy
Blouse
7 sizes, 8-20
2473
Sports
Knickers
7 sizes
14-16; 26-34

No. 2651, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16, 3¾ yards of 36-, 40-, or 45-inch, and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1¾ yards. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2680, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; four-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch, and 3 yards of 36-inch contrasting for skirt. Width at lower edge, 2¾ yards. Plain and checked taffeta may be used.

No. 2665, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material, and 1¾ yards of 40-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs and tunic. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 2648, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch, 3¾ yards of 40-inch, or 2¾ yards of 45-inch material. 5 yards of 1½-inch ribbon. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 2667, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for collar. The width at lower edge is 1½ yards. Taffeta and organdie may be used.

No. 2473, LADIES' AND MISSES' SPORTS KNICKERS. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material, 2¼ yards of 40-inch material, or 1½ yards of 54-inch material. These knickers, which are very popular for sports wear these days, may be developed in tweed or homespun.

No. 2652, MISSES' THREE-PIECE COSTUME; suitable for small women; slip-on blouse, cape and two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires, View A, 5¼ yards of 40-inch material and ¼ yard of 40-inch contrasting material for collar; View B, 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. The width at lower edge is 2 yards. This attractive and practical costume may be developed in sport silk or in woolen homespun or jersey material.

No. 2641, MISSES' AND GIRLS' MIDDY BLOUSE. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material, 2 yards of 40-inch material, or 1½ yards of 54-inch material. Linen, drill or poplin may be used for this new and becoming blouse, which was designed especially for comfort.



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2475 Sports Coat
4 sizes, 14-20
2286 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20
2465 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46

2662 Coat
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1065

No. 2662, LADIES' COAT. Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 48-inch. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1065 may be used, if trimming is desired. Satin or Canton crepe may be used.

No. 2649, LADIES' COAT. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 48-inch material, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Lining, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width at lower edge is 2 yards.

No. 2681, LADIES' SUIT-COAT. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch, or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Lining, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Transfer Design No. 1142 may be used.

No. 2475, MISSES' SPORTS COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Lining requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2622, LADIES' SUIT-COAT; with vest. Size 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 18-inch contrasting for vest. Transfer Design No. 1043 may be used.



2622 Suit-Coat
6 sizes, 34-44
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
Transfer Design No. 1043

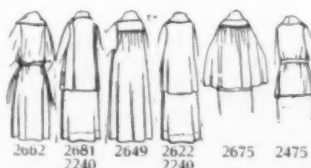
2681 Suit-Coat
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1142
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

2649 Coat
6 sizes, 34-44

2675 Cape Coat
4 sizes, 14-20
2286 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from waist-line. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-, 40-, or 44-inch material. Width at lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 2465, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, or $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 45-inch material.



Costume Nos. 2675, 2286. Size 16, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for cape lining. No. 2675, MISSES' CAPE COAT. Size 16, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for cape lining. No. 2286, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 16, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Home-spun may be used for this plain skirt and the new cape coat.

The Smartly Tailored Costume will be Much in Demand

No. 2671, MISSES' CAPE COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for lining. Transfer Design No. 992 may be used for trimming.

No. 2675, MISSES' CAPE COAT. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Tweed or reversible material may be used.

No. 2678, MISSES' SUIT-COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch. Lining, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 927 may be used.

No. 2685, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. Small size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Lining, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2544, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Tweed or homespun may be used.



2685 Cape
Small, medium, large
2544 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2675 Cape Coat
4 sizes, 14-20
2286 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20



Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

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For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



2668 Coatee
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design
No. 927
2133 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20

2678 Suit-Coat
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 927
2286 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20

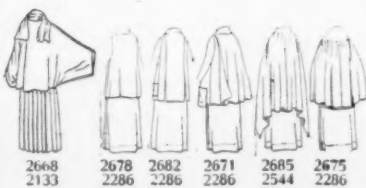
2671 Cape Coat
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 992
2286 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20

2682 Suit-Coat
4 sizes, 14-20
2286 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20

Costume Nos. 2668, 2133. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2668, MISSES' COATEE. Size 16 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Transfer Design No. 927 may be used.

No. 2133, MISSES' STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



No. 2286, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2682, MISSES' SUIT-COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material, and 2 yards of 36-inch contrasting for lining.

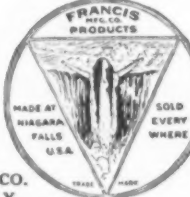
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2644 Romper
4 sizes, 1-6

2643 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

2664 Dress
4 sizes, 2-8

2660 Suit
4 sizes, 2-8

2640 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2674 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2642 Nightgown
6 sizes, 4-14
Transfer Design No. 426

2672 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1103

2684 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2655 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2653 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2377 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2656 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1177

No. 2644, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-, 36-, or 40-inch, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 32- or 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2643, CHILD'S DRESS AND BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch for yoke, cuffs, pockets and bloomers.

No. 2664, CHILD'S DRESS; with blouse; pleated skirt attached to underwaist. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2660, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch, or $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2674, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and 2 yards of 5-inch ribbon for sash.

No. 2640, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 2642, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN. Size 6 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32- or 36-inch material. If trimming is desired, Transfer Design No. 426 may be used.

No. 2653, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to underwaist. Size 10 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2377, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE. Size 10 requires, dress, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch; guimpe, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch.

No. 2684, GIRL'S DRESS; straight gathered skirt. Size 6, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting for skirt.

No. 2656, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch contrasting. Transfer Design 1177 may be used.

No. 2655, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs.



No. 2672, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 6, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Sash, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 5-inch ribbon. Transfer Design No. 1103 may be used.

A Delightful Group of Fluffy Frocks for Graduation Day

No. 2399, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch, 2 yards of 36-inch, or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Voile or chambray may be used.

No. 2529, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece straight gathered skirt. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 32-inch, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 45-inch material.

No. 2445, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece straight skirt. Size 10 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1103 may be used to good advantage as trimming.

No. 2599, GIRL'S PARTY DRESS; with slip. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards for slip and tie-belt.

No. 2591, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece tucked skirt. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2640, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 32-inch, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Transfer Design No. 1100 may be used.



2399 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2529 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



2599 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



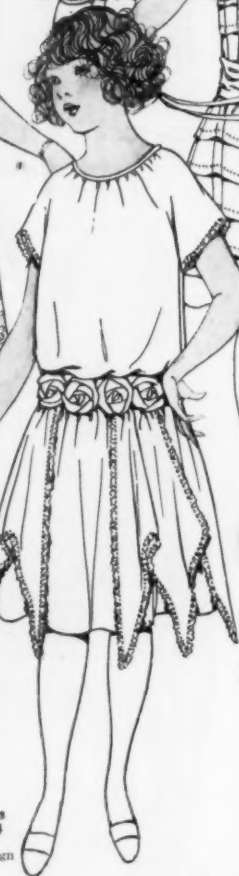
2445 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1103



2640 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1100



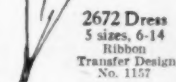
2450 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 947



2591 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



2674 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



2672 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157

2250 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1094

No. 2250, GIRL'S DRESS; with circular flounce attached to two-piece circular skirt. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Transfer Design No. 1094 may be used.

No. 2450, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for draperies. Transfer Design No. 947 may be used.



2450 2591 2640 2672 2450 2599 2399 2250 2529 2674 2445

No. 2672, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 10 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used at waistline, if desired.

No. 2674, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch for yoke and ruffles, and 2 yards of 5-inch ribbon for sash.

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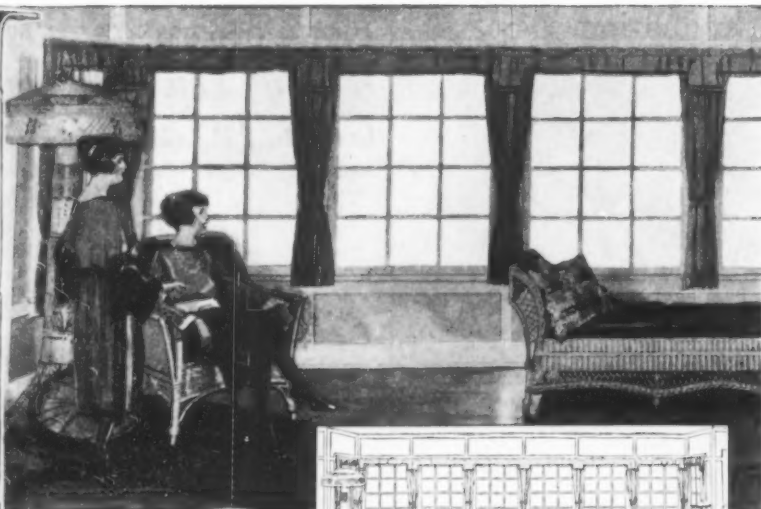
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PAUL JONES MIDDIES



2679 Bathing Suit
6 sizes, 14-16;
36-42
Transfer Design
No. 1069

2164 Bathing Suit
Small, medium
large

2676 Bathing Suit
6 sizes, 14-16; 36-42

2167 Bathing Suit
4 sizes, 8-14

No. 2679, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1069 may be used, if monogram is desired.

No. 2676, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. This attractive model may be developed in surf satin or taffeta.

No. 2167, GIRL'S BATHING SUIT; bloomers attached to underwaist. Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Mohair, jersey or taffeta develop to excellent advantage.

No. 2164, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT. Small, 14 to 16; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42. Medium, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.



2658 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design
No. 992

No. 2658, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, or 2 yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 992 may be used, if trimming is desired.



2167 2679 2164 2676 2658

From a Parisian Notebook

[Continued from page 45]

NOT all the coat suits hold one color to a suit. Color combinations run riot here as elsewhere. Bright woolen jackets are put above homespun skirts, red kasha jackets go with dark blue serge skirts, green leather jackets are added to striped woolen skirts. So it goes. No one need be afraid of color this spring. The rainbow's the limit. It's the swing of the pendulum.

Although several of the dressmakers with sufficient power to establish a new fashion and reverse an old one, put forth the nearly normal waistline, the majority continued the low line accentuated by a wide band of embroidery, or drapery around the hips. Girdles were not featured as strongly as they were last autumn.

The most conspicuous frocks emphasized the usage of an important ornament on the left hip to take the place of the girdle. These were made of glittering stones and were weighted with long and heavy tassels that hung nearly to the knees. Red roses were often substituted for the crystals, the trailers made of small roses and green vines. When metallic girdles were used, jade-green was a preferred color.

Conspicuous among the straight-line frocks, and such were not absent, were a vast variety of frocks that owed their reason for existence to the skill of their abdominal drapery, which is the frank phrasing given to it by the dressmakers. This consists of lines of the fabric pulled tightly across the figure; not on the bias, but straight, to simulate a girdle.

[Turn to page 55]

House Dresses and a New Sports Costume



2677 House Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2567 House Dress
8 sizes, 34-48

2670 House Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2645 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1174

No. 2670, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2677, LADIES' SLIP-ON HOUSE DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 2567, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 2 yards.

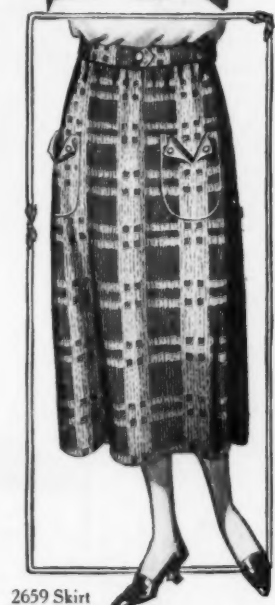
No. 2645, LADIES' RUSSIAN BLOUSE; with raglan sleeves. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1174 may be used for trimming.

From a Parisian Notebook

[Continued from page 54]

THESE folds end on one hip in whatever gay and conspicuous manner the dress-maker chooses. Necessarily this movement draws the skirt into irregular length at the hem and also demands the use of a long bodice. There is more than a slight suggestion of the revival, in forcible measure, of the best of the Moyen-age fashions in these long gowns with their sleeves often covering the wrist. Along with this type of gown has come the square and round neck, newer, but not more prevalent than the canoe-shaped opening. Skirts can not fail to sweep the instep, if not the toes, if this Moyen-age fascination increases. It can be called the dominating movement of the hour.

The arm coverings offered to women as fashionable, are heirs to all the ages. The success of the fanciful sleeves last summer emboldened designers to go far afield for ideas. There are a few short sleeves. Worth puts them in several models. The more important fashion is for the arm to be covered. The popular style is fitted to the elbow, then flares prodigiously to the hand. There are sleeves slashed in the Franz Hals portrait manner, showing bare flesh, however, not a colored fabric beneath. Jenny's new sleeve is like a scarf going across the back of bodice, stretching from wrist to wrist. Other sleeves are straight and slim from shoulder to elbow, then flaring into balloons from elbow to wrist, heavily embroidered, sometimes with metal threads; they are caught snugly into the wrists. It's a gay sleeve year. Subordinate the gown to them and you are fashionable.



2659 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

No. 2659, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-, 40-, or 48-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Sports silk or English homespun is suggested.



2677 2567 2645 2670 2659



"Behold the bride!"

A really good photograph is a never-changing record of that happy, happy day.

But the photograph that is a truthful mirror of its subject is not to be found around every corner. It is the work of an artist who pictures personality, who is not content with "just a likeness," who carries his craftsmanship to the fine point of selecting superb mountings for his work as a jeweler would the settings for his precious gems. Such photographers encase their prints in Collins Photographic Mountings.

A professional photographer of this type is worth looking for. You will be glad in the years to come that you found him, for his work is fine and enduring.



You can identify Collins folders by the Oak Leaf trademark on the back. Mention "Oak Leaf" to your photographer and he will know that you desire the best he can give.

No PORTRAIT is so completely satisfying as one made by a professional photographer.

COLLINS
Photographic Mountings

A. M. COLLINS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Philadelphia

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for
Spring
Dyeing

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to Show
Color
Guide



CLEAN and DYE
This Spring with the Fast,
All-Fabric Soap Dye—SUNSET!

CARRY out that cherished color scheme for curtains, draperies, covers, lamp shades, bureau scarfs. Clean and dye your last year's fabrics or buy and dye cheesecloth, unbleached muslin, etc. Get out last year's dresses, frocks, ribbons, waists, lingerie, ties, stockings, outdoor apparel, and dye them your favorite colors. Remember that SUNSET will dye them all fresh, smart colors—and—it—won't—wash—out! It's so easy to use—so quick—so satisfactory—so safe—you'll be delighted.

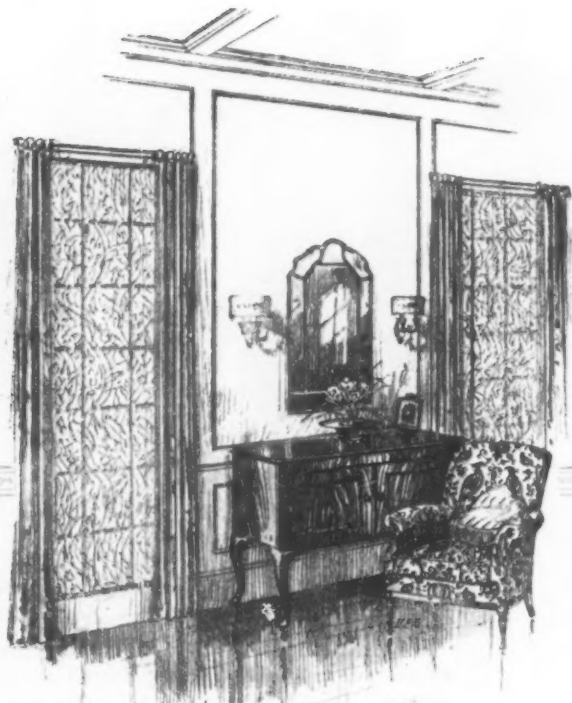
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And yet KAPOCK'S durability, "Long-Life Colors" and double width for splitting make it the fabric economical.

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Dept. S. Philadelphia, Pa.

Be sure it's KAPOCK. Genuine has name or white basting thread on selvage.



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"Rather! Because we know we'll never be pricked by an open safety pin. Our mothers take no chances. They always refuse ordinary safety pins and insist upon getting Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins."

Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins are made of strong, durable brass wire. Bevelled point passes easily through thickest fabrics. Cannot open accidentally. Cannot rust. Tongue in head and guarded coil spring prevent tearing of delicate material.

Cost A Little More Than Ordinary Safety Pins—But Worth It

Ask your dealer for Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins. If he cannot supply you send 6c for Sample Card.

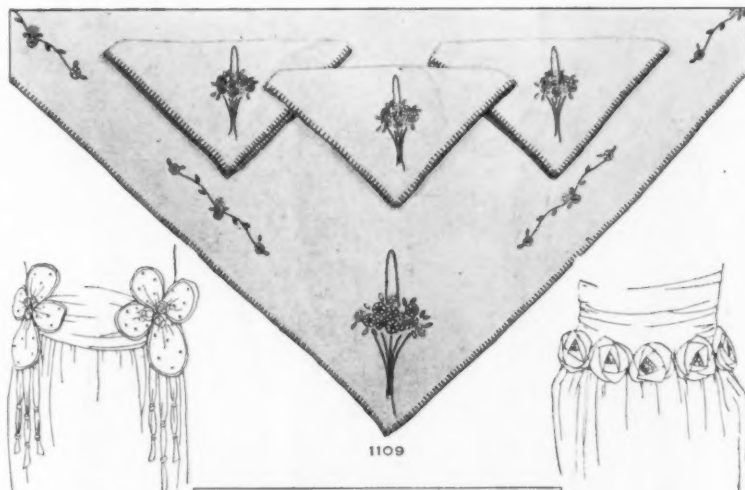
CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.
Bloomfield, New Jersey

STEWART'S
DUPLEX
SAFETY PINS
"The World's Safest Safety Pins"



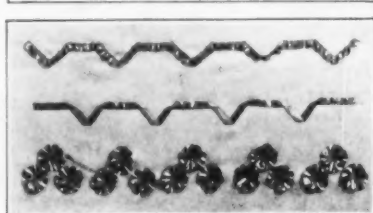
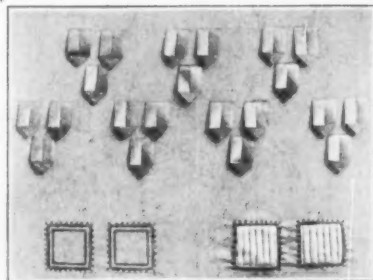
Designs You Can Stamp With a Hot Iron On Any Desired Material

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1157

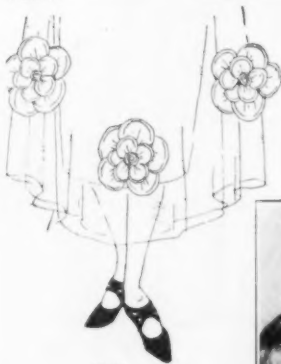
1157—Transfer Pattern for Ribbon or Silk Trimming. These silk flower and ribbon trimmings give smart touches to the afternoon or evening frock. The pattern includes 6 yards each of transfer designs for making the 4 ribbon bandings illustrated, and 21 illustrations in actual size of silk flowers and silk-covered cord trimming, with diagrams, cutting patterns and directions. The Four-petal Flower and the Folded Roses illustrated measure 6 1/4 inches and 3 inches across; others included are Grape Corsage, Rose Drape, Covered-button Spray, etc., from 1 1/2 to 4 1/2 inches. Price, 35 cents. Yellow.



1157

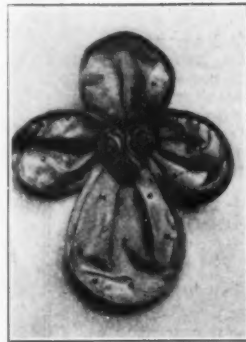
1109

1109—Transfer Pattern for Motif and Banding. These slender baskets with bunches of wheel-flowers and a narrow banding to match, make an unusually dainty decoration for luncheon sets, scarfs and card-table covers. It may also be very effectively used on fine lingerie. The embroidery combines the simple lazy-daisy and outline-stitches with French knots, and the edges may be buttonholed. The pattern includes suggestions for a color combination of delicate shades, and details for development; 6 1/4 yards of 1/2 inch banding; 24 baskets, 1 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches; 4 baskets, 2 1/2 x 5 1/4 inches. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.



1157

1034—Transfer Pattern for Bedspread. This design with the triple-bird oval in center and single birds in corners is attractive outlined in delft-blue cotton. Bolster and curtains to match, as in 1035, make a bright bedroom effect. Includes 1 oval center, 21 x 23; 4 corners, 8 x 9. Price, 30 cents. Blue.



1157—Four petal Flower



1157

1035—Transfer Pattern for Bird Sprays. These match Bedspread Design No. 1034, and may be used for bolsters, curtains, scarfs, to complete a charming bedroom set. Full directions are given, and suggestions for finishing off hems and edges. Includes 4 sprays, 9 1/2 x 22 1/2 inches. Price, 25 cents. Blue.



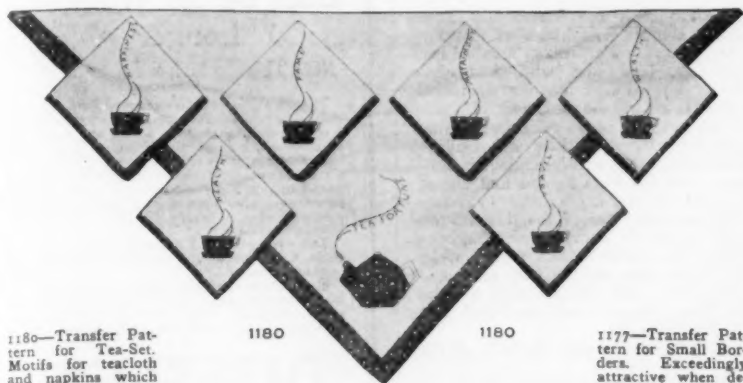
1134—1135

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

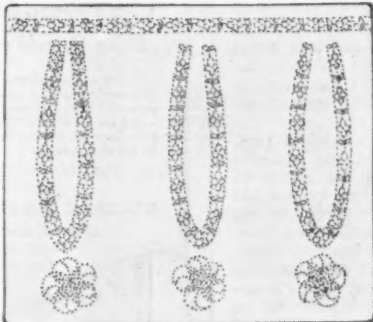
Designs You Can Stamp With a Hot Iron On Any Desired Material

By Elisabeth May Blondel



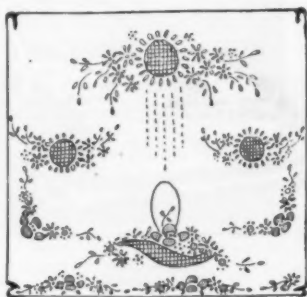
1180—Transfer Pattern for Tea-Set. Motifs for teacloth and napkins which add spice to the fun of fortune-telling. An effective combination of appliqué and outline-stitch. Includes 3 teapots, 7 x 4 1/4 inches; 12 cups, 6 x 2 inches; and designs for patch pieces. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1176—Transfer Pattern for Bead Trimming. Flower-loop motifs arranged as pendants from shoulders and front of blouse, produce an unusually artistic effect. May also be arranged around skirt, turned up from banding. Includes 12 motifs 3 1/4 x 1 1/2 inches, and 6 yards 3/4 inch banding. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

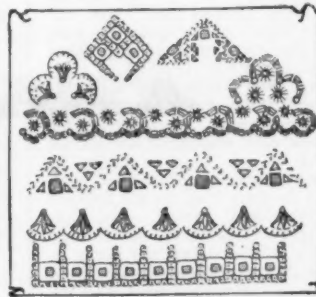


1176

1177—Transfer Pattern for Small Borders. Exceedingly attractive when developed in bright peasant colors. For blouses, collars and cuffs, children's dresses. Embroidery including simple stitches of outline, satin-stitch, button-hole and French knots, gives the rich effect of an Egyptian design. The petals of lotus-flower banding may be worked in three colors, gold, red and blue, with circles and scallops green. Other suggestions given and full directions. Includes 3 yards each of 3 bandings 1 inch wide; 3 yards of banding 1 1/2 inches wide; and 4 each of 4 corners. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue. These bandings are also attractive for towels.



1178



1177

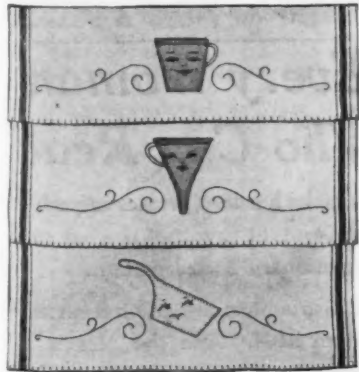
1178—Transfer Pattern for Motifs and Sprays. Very dainty on fine lingerie, children's clothes, household linens. Developed in lazy-daisy stitch, French knots and outline-stitch, with insets of net or lace. May also be worked in appliqué. Includes 5 yards 3/4 inch banding; 4 each of corners, wreaths and baskets; 2 large motifs 6 x 7 1/4 inches; designs for patch-pieces or insets. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1181—Transfer Pattern for Dish Towels. Clever decorations for kitchen necessities. In appliqué patches of contrasting color, and quick touches of outline and buttonhole-stitches. Includes 6 designs from 2 1/4 to 4 1/4 inches high; designs for patch-pieces. Price, 25 cents. Blue.

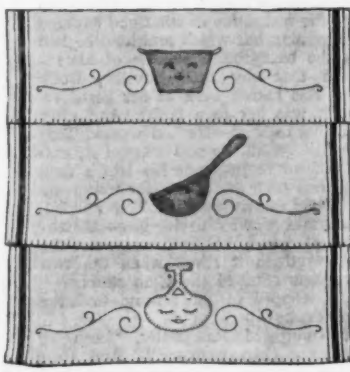


1179

1179—Transfer Pattern for Paisley Design. This conventional design of ancient fame makes a handsome trimming for a costume or dress. One large motif may cover the front of a blouse with the narrow banding for neck and sleeves, and the large border be placed around the skirt. Red, green, blue, gold and white are the colors to be used. The long plain lines are worked in outline-stitch, the edges of lower part in buttonhole-stitch, the solid parts in satin-stitch, the short lines in single stitches, and the dots may be covered with beads or worked in French knots. Pattern includes 2 1/2 yards of banding 1 inch wide, and 2 1/2 yards of banding 1 1/2 inches wide. Price, 40 cents. Yellow. Directions included.



1181



1181

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

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Gertrude Olmstead, Universal Film Star

Handwork will Beautify Simple Apparel

There is almost no end of variety to the many ways a touch of simple handwork may beautify and lift the plainest type of garment out of the commonplace.

One of our well-known stars, with a hobby for working out unusual, new ideas, has taken crocheted medallions daintily worked up with Royal Society Cordichet No. 50 and applied them, together with a lacey edge also of Cordichet, to beautify and embellish what otherwise would have been just an ordinary Pajama.

Directions for Working Medallions and Edgings will be mailed upon request

This instruction sheet will give complete description and an actual photograph with directions for making medallions, which can be applied to different garments; also crocheted insertion and lace that can be used on pillows, spreads, etc.

For women who prefer hand embroidery, we will also include an illustrated circular of articles in

ROYAL SOCIETY

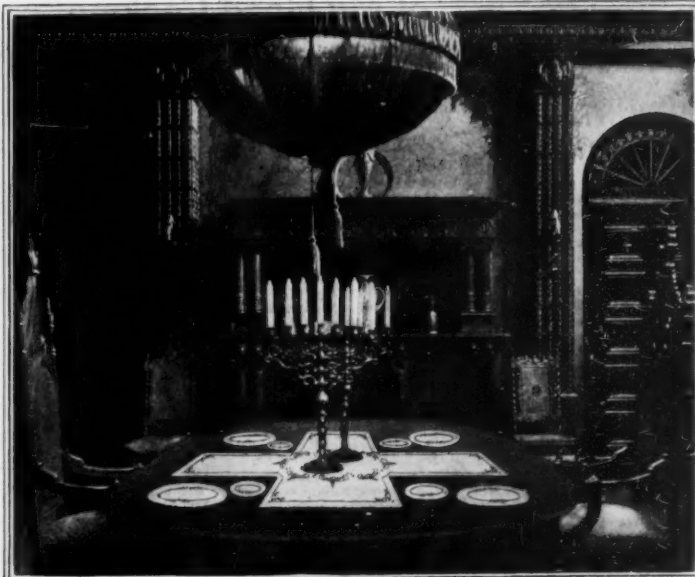
Embroidery Package Outfits

These packages, in quality and design, meet the standards of tone and refinement found in the most exclusive homes; yet they are priced moderately enough for those who must consider costs.

As an example, the exquisite nine-piece Luncheon Set, illustrated, is Package Outfit No. 143, only \$1.65. There are Modish Styles in Children's Dresses and Hats, Soft Lingerie, Decorative Pieces for the Home, Lounging Cushions, Table Runners, Novelties, etc. "Everything is in the package, clean and intact," including sufficient floss to complete the embroidery and instructions.

BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

H. E. VERRAN CO., Inc.
Union Square, West New York



Courtesy of Universal Film

To know what goes into a frozen dessert—make it at home

"MOTHER, why do you always make our ice cream? Margie's Mamma buys theirs."

"Because, dear, we can't tell what they use in store ice cream."

"At Margie's they don't have all the different kinds we have, either — and then it's fun to help you."

"Yes, darling, it is fun now that we have an Alaska—and our frozen desserts are food."

Spanish Chocolate

SCALD one quart of sweet milk. Mix 1 cup of sugar, 4 tablespoons grated chocolate and 2 tablespoons of cornstarch with a little cold milk and add to hot milk, stirring constantly till it boils. Boil until chocolate is melted, remove from stove, add 1 teaspoon of vanilla and beat. Cool, place in freezer and freeze.

Send for our recipe book, addressing

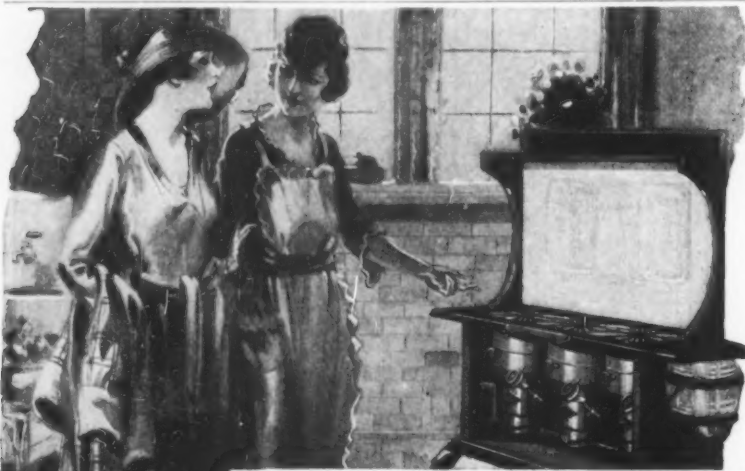
THE ALASKA FREEZER CO.

Winchendon, Mass.

THE ALASKA FREEZER



Also makers of the Alaska North Pole All-Metal Freezer



"Here Is the Secret of My Good Cooking"

"I bought an oil stove equipped with the Patented KEROGAS Burner and get the same good, uniform results I used to get with my gas range—and at less cost."

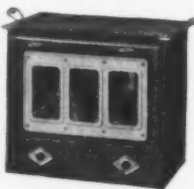
The Right Heat When You Want It

The Patented KEROGAS Burner mixes kerosene with air, turns the oil into gas and gives a double flame concentrated on the cooking utensils. Have it high or low—intense or simmering just by the turn of a little control wheel.

You cook at least cost because every particle of fuel is used. Kerosene is cheap and then with the Kerogas Burner, only 1 gallon of oil is used to 400 gallons of air.

The Patented KEROGAS Burner is very simple—made from one piece of brass—rust proof, leak proof. Lasts for years. Be sure that the oil stove you buy is equipped with it.

A. J. Lindemann & Hoverson Co.
1237 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens,
Cooling and Heating Stoves and Ranges



The Kerogas Burner gives wonderful results in baking and roasting. Heats quickly and uniformly. See it at your dealer's.

PATENTED KEROGAS BURNER

The One-Piece Pattern

[Continued from page 39]

"Don't sing it too loud," said Tom. Everyone laughed. And now at last Rae met his eyes. Their expression numbered her.

Intimate, bold—and with a baffling glance of inward and horribly significant amusement—oh yes,—amusement.

There was such secret relish in him that she all but left. But there was Dolly—toward whom Steve was beginning to show interest—and the girl's lighted and almost pretty face steadied her.

That reminded her of the things Steve had told her about Tom's heroic acts, done jestingly. Yes, he'd be like that—but he needn't think men are the only ones who can face fire. And she produced a quip, which Steve caught and amplified and which Tom ramified.

But Dolly Weeks was the belle of the bunch.

Heaven knows where Dolly had got her jokes, but they were good ones. The first, which she told scaredly, had taken, and after that she had picked up a sort of breathless boldness, and she always looked dazed when they laughed, and that added piquancy to her. She was no more the Dolly of the Club than the meal was an Ann Street sandwich. Steve was openly pleased.

All this was not Rae's original plan. True, after her first few sallies she had been glad to drop behind, and not merely to let Dolly shine. Steve hadn't exaggerated when he had put Tom way up in the special class, and to cope with such a hero, even a Rae Sticher had to have her faculties, and you can't rise out of a handicap like hers without preparation. But eventually the logical time had come for her to put in some of her famous strokes—and what had happened? The strokes—by her own standards—failed.

She tried again—again—and she was so humiliated and shamed that she got flustered, she who was famed for the ease with which she could carry off any situation—and she hated Tom Wyckoff.

She hated him for that gleam in his handsome eyes, that twinkle of inward, relishing comprehension. He comprehended that she was a fake, that Steve had lied or been deluded. . . . "And he thinks I'm straining every nerve to get him—I, who never had to do more than lift my finger—Oh, it's the darn dress!" And she couldn't forget the dress for an instant, and that fact infuriated her, she ought to have played the game properly, risen above the dress. . . . But she hadn't, and she would have liked to spill her dinner in its lap, plaster its lace flaps and gold loops with meringue glacé.

Then it was over, and they were on their way to the show.

It was an emotional play, built for a star. Steve, by now too interested in Dolly to pay much heed to the others, discussed it with his enraptured companion, but Tom made no comments, and Rae, sure that by now he had outright discarded her, sat silent too.

In the last entre-act however Tom delivered himself of the view that the play was true to life—women didn't stand by each other. Steve took the opposite view. They argued.

But Rae hadn't a word. Sheer rage flooded her.

"What do you say?" Tom asked Dolly. Dolly blushed painfully. "Why, I—I think—sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't." She gazed at Rae.

"Dolly," said Rae, "I guess all we can answer for is the two women here, each for herself."

The curtain rose.

The last act vindicated Tom's opinion. Rae wouldn't hear to supper afterwards, she said her head ached, and Steve got a taxi.

For whatever reason, on that ride Steve came to the realization of what had haunted him all evening but which somehow he had put in the background because of his interest in that shy little novelty, Dolly Weeks. Rae hadn't been at her best.

But it was her own fault. And after his bragging to Tom—He had wanted Tom to like her. Well, he still wanted it, and so he decided to postpone his trip a day, and he tried to make a date for tomorrow night. Dolly eagerly assented, Tom nodded, but Rae said wearily to let it go till tomorrow, it could be fixed up over the 'phone. And so it stood when the two stenographers climbed the Club stairs.

Dolly stopped in Rae's room to leave the pink dress.

"Oh, muttered Rae dully, 'keep it. You're more than welcome.' And then mustering a smile—"I guess you've got Steve started. If you work it right, you're on the road to luck, dearie."

"How about you and—Tom?" was the other's low query.

"Tom?" Rae rose. "You'd better go to bed, Doll."

[Turn to page 61]

Does Better Work—Longer

Note This Exclusive Advantage

There is a difference in sweepers. And one difference puts the Bissell in a class by itself. It is more than four wheels, a box and a rotating brush. It alone has the famous "Cyclo" Ball Bearings. This principle always brings the brush in correct contact with any kind of carpet or rug. It gives maximum sweeping power even after years of wear—and makes sweeping easy, of course. No other sweeper has it or can have it.

The average life of a Bissell is 10 to 15 years. Consider the cost per year of service—30 to 50 cents.

Even where there is an electric cleaner, the Bissell sweeper is indispensable if you want quick, thorough, easy sweeping, with your sweeper always handy and ready for use.

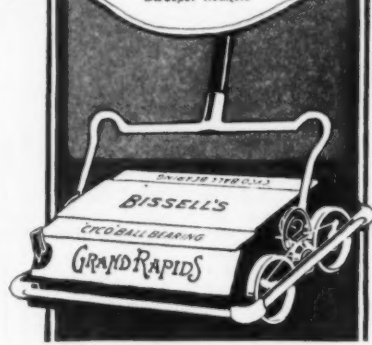
BISSELL'S "Cyclo" Ball Bearing Carpet Sweeper Now Priced as Low as \$5

There are other models as low as \$4.50. Toy sweepers 25c. and up. Delight the kiddies and teach tidiness. All prices slightly higher in West, South and Canada. At dealers everywhere. Book-let on request.

Put Your Sweeping Reliance on a Bissell's Appliance

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

220 Erie St., Grand Rapids, Mich. Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers



The Secret of beautiful furniture is not in its design alone. It is more in its care. The one sure, safe, quick, and easy way to clean, polish, dust, brighten and beautify all furniture and wood-work is to use O-Cedar Polish. One hundred per cent satisfaction is guaranteed with O-Cedar Polish or your money refunded. 30c to \$3 sizes All Dealers

O-Cedar Polish

Every Woman Who Can Read

can make her own dresses in perfect style and fit by the use of the revolutionary printed pattern.

All instructions are printed on the pattern itself. And the Margin of Accuracy prevents costly misfits.

The New **McCALL PATTERN** "it's printed"



THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU



A Meal from Shelf-Supplies

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

WHAT shall I give them to eat? is the terrifying thought that flashes through a woman's mind when company comes unexpectedly.

But she who has a shelf supplied with canned and package foods, feels no distress in facing the unexpected guest.

She knows that an entire luncheon or dinner can be prepared from cans; and by using the bit of fresh food she has on hand, almost endless combinations and courses are possible. The bunch of celery can be made into a delicious salad by the addition of chicken and mayonnaise; with cocoanut and raisins, the oranges can be turned into a company dessert; and the plain dinner can be converted into a four-course one by having a soup at the beginning, a lobster salad in the middle, and a plum pudding and black coffee at the end.

Or, the busy woman who has little time to spend in cooking can have, from her canned-goods shelf, many a palatable and nourishing meal in the home instead of eating in the hurry and confusion of the lunch counter.

And for the kitchenette dweller, whether she has a tiny ice-box or none at all, the shelf with the canned supply is a blessing.

Suggestions for the shelf are as follows:

- 6 cans of soup such as tomato, chicken, mockturtle, bouillon and asparagus; including, always, one can of clam chowder.
- 6 cans of fish such as lobster, shrimp, sardines, crabmeat, tuna fish and salmon. Have one can of prepared fishballs to be used for an emergency breakfast.
- 6 cans of meat including chicken, tongue, beef, potted meats and do not forget cornbeef hash. Include at least one can of chicken à la king.
- 6 cans of different vegetables; peas, beans, spinach, beets, asparagus, corn and so forth.
- 6 cans of fruits; peaches, apricots, cherries, sliced pineapple, loganberries, pears.
- 3 or 4 bottles of pickles and olives, green and ripe.
- 1 jar of marshmallow cream.
- 3 or 4 jars of preserves, jams and jellies.
- 3 or 4 jars of marmalade and preserves.
- 6 bottles of drinks such as gingerale, loganberry, orange and grape juice.
- 1 bottle, each, of catsup and chili sauce.
- 6 packages of different crackers, plain and sweet.
- 1 can of milk evaporated, condensed or powdered.
- 2 jars of cheese.
- 1 bottle of salad dressing.
- 1 jar of mayonnaise.
- 1 can of pimientos.
- 1 can of prepared coffee.
- 1 can of prepared cocoa.
- 1 jar or package of dried beef.
- 1 jar or package of sliced bacon.
- 1 jar or package of sausage.
- 1 package of dates.
- 1 package of raisins.
- 1 package of cocoanut.
- 1 package of cut sugar.
- 1 box marshmallows.
- 1 box of macaroni.
- 1 box of spaghetti.
- 1 box of vermicelli.
- 1 can of baked beans.
- 1 can of plum pudding.
- 1 can of welsh rarebit.
- 1 can of assorted nuts.



Some of these foods, which are not served necessarily as dishes in themselves, give flavor or nutritive value to other foods. For instance, macaroni and spaghetti are used not only as casserole dishes but also can be boiled quickly and served in soup.

Use marshmallows to decorate a cup of hot chocolate or a dessert.

Cut up marshmallows make a delicious combination with fruit salad.

Marshmallow whip can be used to cover a plain cake; add nuts to make a fancy frosting.

Salad dressing, especially if mixed with a little chopped pickles, olives or capers, is excellent as a sauce for fish and cold meat.

MENUS FOR EMERGENCY LUNCHEONS

Chicken à la King on Toast
String-Bean Salad Crackers
Gingerale Loganberries Sweet Wafers

Cream-of-Celery Soup Salted Crackers
Potted-Meat Sandwiches and Cheese
Stuffed Dates and Raisins
Oranges Punch

Baked Beans
Pickles Brown Bread
Cherry Salad with Cheese wafers
Strawberry Jam
Tea Plain Crackers

Corn-Beef Hash
Pickles Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Sliced Peaches
Cocoa with Marshmallows Vanilla Wafers

Welsh Rarebit Sliced Dried Beef
Raisin and Cocoanut Salad
Coffee Plain Crackers

Lobster Salad and Toasted Crackers
Ripe Olives
Grated Pineapple with Marshmallows
Coffee Sweet Crackers

MENUS FOR EMERGENCY DINNERS

Tomato Soup Saltines
Escalloped Tuna Fish
Roast Beef
Spinach Creamed Celery
Pineapple Salad
Butter thins French Dressing
Plum Pudding
Coffee

Bouillon
Olives Salmon Timbales
Tongue (whole tongue)
Corn Peas
Asparagus Salad Wafers
Nuts Apricots
Sweet Crackers (Variety)
Coffee

Chicken Soup Soda Crackers
(with Vermicelli)
Shrimps in Ramekins
Corn Beef
Beets Pickles Lima Beans
Pear Salad (with pimiento and walnuts)
Plain Crackers
Hot Mince Meat on Buttered Crackers
Coffee Cheese



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Your dealer's stock now comprises 100 shapes and sizes. New 1922 prices are back to the 1918 standards.

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5 of the Essential
Pyrex dishes for
every home





Floating Bath Soap

White and light as the airy mists of Niagara! Maid o' the Mist Bath Soap, the pearl-white soap that floats, meets every requirement of a pure, mild, all-round toilet soap. It has a sweetness, a fragrance, and a charm all its own.

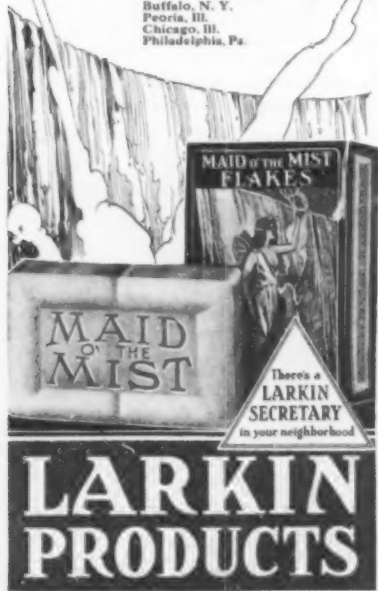
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Peoria, Ill.
Chicago, Ill.
Philadelphia, Pa.



All the Charm of a Villa Yet This Home Possesses, Too, Every Comfort

By Bernhardt E. Muller

HAVE you ever dreamed of a little Italian villa like those tucked away in the valleys and on the hillsides of Italy? Like those picturesque and wholly fascinating foreign dwellings yet having, along with their charm, all the comforts which we, in America, have come to demand as essential features in the building of a home.

The plans shown on this page will give you just such a house. It has the quaintness of Italy's villas and the comfort in arrangement and equipment which the American family needs.

Further than this, it has been estimated that it can be built for \$9,000.00 at the prices of labor and material which are current today. Bids were taken for its construction and you may see in the estimate how the cost is divided. These figures would, of course, vary somewhat in accordance with the locality but in most cases the cost would be less.

Of course no set of figures such as those which follow, are arbitrary. These figures will vary not only with the geographical area and the supply of timber, and so forth, within that area; but the cost of labor, too, is always a variable. No stated figures ever can be considered final for the laborers' hire.

If the "man of the house" knows something of practical carpentry, masonry, plastering, plumbing, electrical work, painting and so on, he can reduce, by a considerable amount, the cost of the construction of his new home, provided he himself will do a part of the work of construction and equipment.

THE specifications for the exterior call for a pink stucco, tile roof, wrought-iron balconies, blue-green shutters and brick chimney.

A word of warning about the colors—keep them very subdued. We are all apt to think of Italian colors as very vivid, and to forget that the Mediterranean sun is much brighter than ours and so brings

the surrounding colors, the sky and the water to a tone which is in harmony with gay color.

Our sun is colder, except in California, so we must subdue our color if we wish our homes to fit into the surroundings.

There is another point that should be remembered in building a house such as this. Do not be too precise. The mark of the workman's tool on the stucco, a variation in the hard straight line of tile, a change here and there in the color of the brick; these will give a character to the house which it will lack if it is too mechanical. Do not however confuse variation with careless workmanship.

In the same style of design the plans provide a garage which, for those who own a car, will be a welcome addition. The cost of the garage is not included in the estimate given below.

A study of the floor plan will be well rewarded by the finding of an especially convenient ground floor which allows for two means of entry into the kitchen and a first floor lavatory.

The planting, which goes so far toward making or marring a well-designed exterior, should be in the same Italian feeling. Plants which will grow down from the balcony and flowering vines which cling so easily to stucco will add a great deal to the spirit of the house.

The drawing at the top of this page suggests appropriate planting.

COST OF ITALIAN HOUSE

Excavation and Grading.....	\$ 400.00
Masonry	800.00
Carpentry	3,000.00
Stucco and Plastering.....	1,500.00
Plumbing	925.00
Heating	1,000.00
Electric Wiring and Fixtures....	300.00
Painting	500.00
Metal Work	325.00
Roofing	400.00
Hardware	50.00

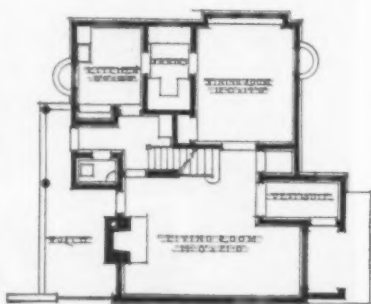
\$9,200.00

MR. MULLER, the architect who designed the wholly picturesque home on this page, will be happy to answer any questions regarding the house.

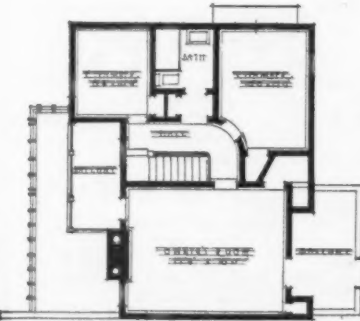
Write to him, in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Please be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for Mr. Muller's reply to you.

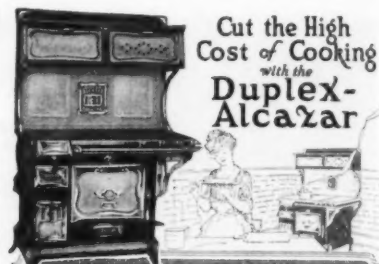
Send, too, for the new booklet, "A Group of Little Homes," designed by famous small-house architects and compiled by Robert Cummings Wiseman. Price, 10 cents.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



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On hot days use gas and have a cool kitchen. In winter, coal or wood and keep the kitchen warm. At any time burn gas with either coal or wood.

All this means comfort and better cooking.

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It is an anti-phlogistic—reduces inflammation in a natural manner.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT



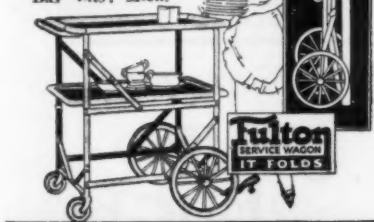
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ANYONE may learn from my book to make delicious candy for pleasure or profit. Write me today.
MARGERY RICKER, Dept. 6, Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.

The One-Piece Pattern

(Continued from page 58)

"Oh, you've had an awful time, Rae! Oh, I know it! It was my dress—I know, don't think I don't!"

Rae faced her. "So you've waked up to it, have you? Now that I've worn it all night and made a fool of myself, what do you want? Want to rub it in? Well, go ahead—rub it in, but tell me first how you found it out—are you a clairvoyant?"

"Oh—!" And Dolly burst into tears. "I knew when he—when Steve asked me at the show where—where in hell you got that horrible purple dress—Oh, Rae!"

"And," said Rae sharply, "you replied—?"

"I—I said I didn't know."

"Poor kid," Rae put an arm about her. "Forget it. You'll learn about dresses. The interest's the main thing. Now you see what I meant when I said clothes are everything—" She broke off. "Oh, go on up to your room," she ended curtly.

"But Rae, I want to tell you that Tom—he—"

"Are you going?" Rae cried with paralyzing emphasis.

IT WAS Rae who was paralyzed next morning. Tom 'phoned her at the office. To propose lunch . . . The Savarin.

"But—"

"Oh, Miss Stitcher—please." "I don't quite see why you—" she began freeing. He wouldn't listen. While he urged she was saying to herself, "I'd die before I'd go with him, I'd starve and drown and burn to death first. Well," she said, "I'll meet you in the arcade."

On the way she had somewhat more than the usual endorsement from males. She was in her trimmest suit and a super-Toole hat. Not that she was going to flaunt her swankiness, she would be subtly casual, but she pictured his amazement. . . . If he anticipated amusement he was a doomed man.

There he was looking into Nassau Street, but she had purposely come via Broadway. To be sure, he was swanky too.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Wyckoff?"

He wheeled to meet her self-possessed smile. Inside her she was like a lynx, waiting for his astonishment.

"There you are!" he cried, without a trace of surprise. And she went with him in a daze.

Trance-like she sat while he ordered. Then he leaned to her. "Why," he asked softly, "didn't you wear the purple dress?"

The trance vanished. As a duelist she faced him.

"If you asked me here as a private entertainment, Mr. Wyckoff, I'll say I'm not open to bookings."

"I am, though. I want to get on your books."

"What do you mean?"

"What did you mean by entering the Astor in a pink dress and showing up next minute in purple raiment?"

"You—you saw me come in?"

"Yes, but not before I'd seen that guy get-up on your little Dolly Weeks. Aw, don't get scared, I'll never tell Steve." And then he took her hand.

It might be said of the purple dress that Dolly gave it back to Aunt Em, who wore it at the double wedding.

Baby Will Grow and Thrive

(Continued from page 33)

be a rest in the recumbent position for at least one hour after the mid-day meal.

There should be one bowel evacuation daily and this should be provided for by the medical attendant.

A nursing mother must avoid fatigue. If this condition is observed she need not be particularly careful as to work or exercise. Tennis is vigorous and may be harmful. Dancing, swimming, golf, and horse-back riding are of benefit to those who can be temperate in their use.

The infant should show a gain of not less than four ounces a week. This is the minimum weekly gain which may safely be allowed. When the baby remains stationary and makes a gain of one or two ounces a week, it means that something is wrong, and that the defect will usually be found in the milk supply.

When the baby is nursed at proper intervals and the supply of milk is ample and of good quality, he is satisfied at the completion of the nursing.

The stools should be yellow in color, soft in consistency, and number from two to three daily. The weekly gain under such conditions is usually about six to ten ounces.

Something good to drink - ROOT BEER made from



One 25c package makes 80 glasses

All you need is a package of Hires Household Extract, some sugar, water and yeast. Just follow the simple directions printed on each package. Bottle with tight corks or get Hires Patent Bottle Stoppers from your grocer. In 48 hours you will have the best root beer you ever tasted.

Ask for HIRES HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25 cents and we will send, postpaid package direct. Or send \$2.80 for carton of one dozen.

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Ask for Hires at the fountain, or carbonated in bottles, or buy it ready to drink from your dealer.



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There are sixteen colors to choose from; all of them waterproof and durable.

Colorite is for sale at all drug stores, also in department and dry goods stores, for 25 cents (in Canada 30 cents). Rather than accept a substitute, send us the price for the shade you want.

You can also get Colorite Fabric Dyes (in convenient tablets) for the easy dyeing or tinting of cotton, wool, silk and mixed goods. One dye does all.

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16 COLORS
Jet Black (Gloss)
Dull Black
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Sage Green
Lavender
Old Rose
Cerulean
Burnt Straw
Brown
Violet
Gray
Natural

Cousin Martha's Advice to Brides



Home Packed Vegetables Are Economy

IN my day, my dear, economy was the watchword of every young housekeeper, and it still seems to me a most important duty.

You can really save a great deal, my dear, by packing all kinds of foods in quantity. You can pack all kinds of vegetables, soup stock and meats, besides delicious apple butter, jams and preserves. And you can pack enough eggs in big stoneware jars, when they are cheap in spring and summer, to save you a great many dollars when the price goes up in winter. I always put up everything in good old-fashioned stoneware. It preserves the flavor and delicacy as nothing else can. Indeed, I keep my fresh vegetables, spices and everything in my pantry in stoneware jars.

I have a book that you should have, by Dr. Goudiss, the food authority, on preserving foodstuffs. He makes many valuable suggestions for you and gives splendid recipes for packing and preserving, including those endorsed by Government officials. You can get a copy by writing the nearest stoneware manufacturer. Be sure to do it.

Yours as ever,

COUSIN MARTHA.

White Hall Sewer Pipe & Stoneware Co., White Hall, Ill.
White Hall Pottery Works, White Hall, Ill.
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Zanesville Stoneware Co., Zanesville, Ohio
U. S. Stoneware Co., Akron, Ohio
Pittsford Pottery Co., York, Pa.
Uhl Pottery Co., Evansville, Ind.
Louisville Pottery Co., Louisville, Ky.
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P. S.—I know that Grocery, Department, Hardware and General Stores have all styles and sizes of stoneware jars and jugs for every purpose.—C. M.



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DEARBORN SUPPLY CO., 5 N. LaSalle St., CHICAGO

Moonlight and the Dump

[Continued from page 27]

Judy nodded. Her chin was snuggled down into her fur coat, her hat shadowed her eyes.

"What part?" he asked.

"The—worst part." She felt his eyes upon her but she did not meet them. "Please just drive on and on until I find what I'm—looking for."

They joined the stream of traffic that traffic officers occasionally damned—and were damned by—and so worked their way over to South Boston.

Presently he spoke. "This looks about as bad as can be," he suggested. "Perhaps it will do."

They were flanked by rows of three deckers in need of repair. Women so encased in fat as to be oblivious to the November chill, hung out of open windows. Children teemed in the streets.

"No," began Judy and then immediately changed to: "Oh do stop—please!"

An alleyway had given her a glimpse of what she sought. As the car came to the curb she sprang out before he could help her.

"This—this way," she murmured, and all but ran up the alleyway.

Now that she had gotten this far, she, who had always been so cool and self-possessed, felt panic-stricken. But she could not escape him. He caught her at the edge of what was, unmistakably, a city dumping ground, a vast scrap heap of all that civilization has made to serve man, and which, having served man, is cast aside. Tin cans and baby-carriage wheels, old hats and stray shoes that surely could never have been so long used as to get in their present condition, rusted parts of old stoves and battered kitchen utensils.

"I'm not," Judy managed to say, "wholly out of my head. I'm—merely keeping a solemn promise I made myself—"

"A promise?" Inverie's face evidenced his utter bewilderment.

A stray cat paused to look at them, suspiciously.

"I was engaged once, last summer," Judy plunged on, still evading his eyes. "I—oh it was all the moonlight. I realized that afterwards. And I promised myself then that the next time any man with less than twenty thousand a year proposed to me I'd—"

She paused, struggled with a mad desire to flee, and finished breathlessly, "I'd make him take me to South Boston in a flivver and propose on a dump there!"

She dared a swift glance up at him then.

"You—you are going to propose, aren't you?" she flashed, with a return of her old assurance.

"Judy!" he protested and then brought himself up roundly. "Dear child!" he

began, "I feel like getting down on my knees—"

"You can get down on your knees," she murmured, "but don't you dare 'dear child' me. I've been out and around since I was eighteen and—"

The chill November wind picked up a stray newspaper and flapped it against his legs. He did not notice it.

"You don't know what you are saying, Judy. Even if I were mad enough to believe you—meant it, I've got to go through with this new job now. Winter is coming on, there would be days when it would be almost impossible even to step out-of-doors—"

"You won't be lonely if I'm there," interposed Judy. "A handwriting expert once read my writing and he said I was awfully good company—"

"We'll get deathly sick of each other—"

"What a press agent for matrimony you are!" commented Judy. Her voice was light, but there was a little quiver of hurt running through it as she added:

"So—I'm rejected!"

"Judy!"

His tone startled the stray cat so that the latter swiftly withdrew his nose from a condensed-milk tin and regarded him with renewed suspicion.

"Can't you see you wouldn't be able to stand it." Inverie went on, in the same tone. "Your luxury-loving little soul—"

"Has never had much luxury save in prospect—"

"How would you feel with six feet of snow shutting you in—"

"Like snowshoeing and skiing. I adore them both," she replied. And then in a voice that matched his she added: "How would I feel in Boston, without you? Aren't you going to give me a chance to be somebody, amount to something—"

"Don't tempt me, Judy," he pleaded. "I'm trying to be strong for your sake."

Silence fell between them—silence and a light drizzle. Then:

"Thanks," acknowledged Judy, lifelessly. "I was a little idiot. I see that now. I suppose—" her voice rose impetuously—"that I ought to have been sober and cautious too, and remembered that I probably wouldn't be happy—so few married people are. But I couldn't. I couldn't think of anything but you. And if you really loved me—"

The stray cat, really alarmed now, jumped three feet sideways and prepared to go away from there.

"Don't—don't you dare kiss me!" Judy was saying, passionately, as she tried to thrust Inverie away. "I don't want you to now. I—"

But men are contrary beasts ever, he merely kissed her again.

Up and Coming

[Continued from page 30]

A great event happened when Jones was twelve years old. Through one of Martha's patrons he was suggested as an errand boy during spare time at the famous art store of Hannibal, Hamlin & Son, a firm founded for half a century and dealing in pictures, statuary, antiques and bronzes.

The peculiar feature of the establishment was the fact that the owner and proprietor, son of the founder, was a blind man who was yet counted authority as to his stock—a man of integrity and unquestioned ability. Blind from childhood, he was endowed with the ability to tell from his finger tips, he declared, the quality of a vase, the technique of a painting or the value of a human being.

With neither cane nor guide, he would go through the four floors of his store, stopping to chat with clerks and customers, deciding on the prices for antiques, "enjoying himself" as his friends declared. He was a majestic man, middle-aged, with snowy white hair and dark, vacant eyes unshaded by glasses.

When Jones, shaking in his boots at being in this vast, beautiful shop, stood before him, Hamlin rested one hand on Jones' arm as he said:

"From four to six each afternoon, from eight until six on Saturdays. And you like to do errands?"

"Yes sir," chattered Jones.

"This is a big store—we have a great many wonderful things to sell. Sometimes a jade goddess no bigger than two fingers costs a fortune, a brocade a thousand years old brings many hundreds of dollars. We must have people working for us who like both our ways and our wares. Grow up with the business and become one of us. . . . All right, young Bynight, you can report tomorrow."

He had "seen" Jones.

Jones tore home to tell his mother. To work in the store of all stores, surrounded

by the beautiful, feast his eyes on pictures and embroideries and be entrusted with some lesser object—such as a package of wall fasteners! What new worlds were opening for him!

When Marian came in, Jones told her. "My, I'm glad," she confessed. "It is different from being in a grocery store! I wonder where you'll end up with such a start as this?"

"Where will you end up?" asked Jones generously.

"I shall teach," was Marian's prim decision. "I shall never be like mother."

Jones was silent; he could not criticize his idol. Patricia had added herself to the group.

"I shall go on the stage, ride bareback or swing off a trapeze—anything but go to college," was her challenge.

His father heard the news without satisfaction. "That's right; get ahead of your folks and then be ashamed of 'em," he declared. "That's the way it goes. Your ma is bent on it. Going to have you all lily-fingered ladies and gentlemen. I don't think it's a good plan. I've a notion to move you all onto a farm and let you sweat a while. Well, if you break anything over to that art store, you can pay for it. Remember that. Working in such a swell place isn't all beer and skittles. I'd rather work in a butcher shop—if you drop anything there, all you got to do is wash off the sawdust and lay it back on the block."

Jones felt nauseated. He realized that life was complex. Yet he felt almost culpable for not wanting to be in the butcher-shop environment. By dint of hard work on the part of Jones and his mother, and through a scholarship Hamlin had secured for his favorite clerk, 1903 found Jones entering a college a hundred miles distant.

[Continued in the June McCall's]



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Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

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Charles Rex

[Continued from page 13]

Saltash's ugly face softened miraculously. "Why, Nonette!" he said. "Nonette!"

She strangled another sob. Her face was burning, quivering, appealing, no longer the face of a boy. "I thought you'd forgotten to come," she said.

"What? Was I expected to lunch?" said Saltash. "I hear you refused to go to church. Is that why?"

Toby looked up, desperately smiling. "It may have been—partly. But I never do go. Do you?"

"Not often," said Saltash. "I might if I stayed here. There's no knowing. You'll be pleased to hear your daddy is better. He's coming down to the Castle to convalesce. And when he's done that, I'm going to have a party—a coming-out party—for you."

TOBY went to church that Sunday evening with great propriety, Saltash having departed, taking Bunny with him to spend the evening at Burchester. Her behaviour was a model of decorum throughout.

When Maud presently went to the piano, she came and sat on a low chair near her and listened in absolute stillness while she played. They were alone, and Maud played on and on, almost forgetful of her silent companion, suffering her fingers to wander in unison with her thoughts. Nearly an hour had passed before she remembered the silent little figure behind her, and then it was with a swift sense of compunction that she took her hands from the keys and turned.

"Toby, dear, how boring this must be—for you! Are you asleep? Why, child, what is it?"

With a start she saw that Toby's fair head was bowed upon her arms in an attitude of the most hopeless, the most bitter, despair.

Maud got up with quiet decision and went to her.

"Do you know, I am wondering how to make you happy?" she said.

Toby choked back a sob. "You are very kind, and I am stupid—stupid. I will try to be happy. I will, really."

With a sudden passionate movement, Toby slipped down on to the floor, hiding her face against her.

"I'm not fit—to speak to you!" she said in a vehement, strangled whisper. "I'm so bad—so bad. And I do—so—want to be good. Do you think people ought to be made to suffer for things they can't help?"

Maud shook her head. "I am afraid it often happens, dear."

"And yet you believe in God," Toby said.

"Yes, I believe in God." With quiet reverence Maud made answer. "And I am quite sure, Toby—quite, quite sure—that He never holds people responsible for the things they can't help."

"And you think that bad people—like me—can do anything?"

"My dear, yes." Very quietly, with absolute decision, Maud made answer. "You are young—too young to be hampered by anything that is past. You have your life before you, and—to a very great extent—you can make of it what you will. There is no need—believe me, there is no need—to look back. There is only time enough for the present. Just keep on trying! Make the very best you can of it! And you will find the future will come out all right."

"Thank you," Toby murmured gratefully. "And you really think—you do really think the past doesn't matter?"

Maud was silent for a few moments. What was the thing in this child's past that she desired so earnestly to put away? She wondered if she ought to ask, but she could not.

A slight tremor ran through the small, supplicating figure at her knee, and quick pity banished doubt. "I think it is entirely in our own hands, dear," she said gently. "The past can always be left behind if we work hard enough."

CHAPTER V

THE BUTTERFLY

BUNNY entered the castle, where he was to be a guest of Saltash for dinner, by the great stone hall and found it lighted from end to end. He had known the place for years, but it always struck him afresh with its magnificence. He left his coat with the silent-stepping butler and went up to the large drawing-room. There, a man in evening-dress turned suddenly from one of the great southward-facing windows and moved to meet him.

He was a gaunt man with a trim beard and the eyes of the seafarer, and he walked with a slight roll as if accustomed to pitching decks.

"Sir Bernard Brian?" he said. Bunny held out his hand. "You're Captain Larpent, of course. Sorry you

[Turn to page 64]



M. J. MCGOWAN, WHOSE DISCOVERY LEAVES LESS USE FOR SKIN SPECIALISTS AND FOR BEAUTY PREPARATIONS.

SCIENTIST DISCOVERS A SKIN LAXATIVE

Evacuates the Pores and Purges the Skin of Every Impurity in An Hour

(BY WILLIAM R. DURGIN)

WOMEN, give thanks to Mr. McGowan—an English scientist scarce out of his twenties. His discovery means that a beautiful skin is now a mere matter of personal cleanliness; that a skin can be made beautiful while you wait.

After five years of experiment, an element has been found that physics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, not distasteful, for it is applied *outside*. Put it on; slip into your easy chair to dream or doze; in less than an hour the skin pores *move*.

Impurities clogging your facial pores come out as if squeezed from a tube. This flushing of the pores makes them tingle with relief and relaxation. The new bloom of color and velvety texture of skin are simply marvelous, such is the magic of modern chemistry. It always works, because it is Nature.

How It Works

THE scientific name of this new element is Terradermalax. It is blended into a soft, plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice. No expert masseuse's fingers ever felt so soothing, for you feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In half an hour wipe off with a towel—and with it every blackhead, pimple-point, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. For a week, or two, it is well to move the skin every other day. Then once a week suffices. In the end, the skin is trained to function without aid.

Terradermalax is a scientific achievement, not a cosmetic or cream. It is harmless, hygienic and helpful to the skin. Women on whom Mr. McGowan experimented daily for months, show skins and complexions of striking health and

beauty. Texture of one's skin—coarse or fine—makes no difference in the result. In fact, it is equally beneficial to men.

Not On Sale

UNFORTUNATELY, Terradermalax cannot be stocked by druggists. The active ingredient that loosens the pores must be fresh. The laboratory seals each can and dates every label. On store shelves, this laxative element would lose its force, and then the application would have no more effect than the "massage muds" now so common. So the laboratory supplies the users direct.

How to Obtain a Supply

MAKING this new material is slow work. But the laboratory fills requests for single cans (two months' supply) in the order of receipt. With it come McGowan's own directions. Send no money, but pay the postman just \$2.50 when delivered. McGowan says: "Any woman whose skin and complexion do not receive instantaneous and perfectly astonishing benefits that she can feel and see, may have this small laboratory fee back without question." If you expect to be out when the postman calls you may as safely send check or money order for \$2.50 with your application, as the same guarantee holds.

Sallow, oily or muddy skin will soon be looked on not as a misfortune, but evidence of neglect. So if you desire a skin of perfect purity, softness and coloring, here is your opportunity. Just fill out this application and mail it at once.

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WALTER FIELD CO., Dept. B-1438, Chicago

Charles Rex

[Continued from page 63]

had such bad luck with the *Night Moth*. "Oh, damnable luck!" said the sailor gloomily.

"Still you came out of it alive," said Bunny consolingly. "And your daughter, too. Things might have been worse."

Larpernt grunted again. "Shipboard is not the place for a girl."

"Toby seems more at home on horse-back than anywhere else," said Bunny.

Larpernt gave him a keen look. "How long has the child been with these Boltons?" he asked.

Bunny hesitated. "Let's see! It must be—practically ever since the wreck. It must be about six weeks."

Larpernt was silent.

"Fine place this," Bunny remarked. "It's a pity Saltash is here so little. It's a confounded shame—a gorgeous family place like this and no one but servants to live in it!"

"It is, isn't it?" gibed Saltash, unexpectedly entering from the further door. "Large enough for fifty wives, eh, Bunny? Well, as I said before, you get married, and I'll adopt you."

He approached the open door that led out upon the great staircase, the jest still on his lips and the laughter in his eyes. He reached it and stretched out both hands in greeting.

"Welcome to my poor hovel!" he said.

"Madam, I kneel at your feet." A clear high laugh answered him from below, and both of his companions turned sharply at the sound.

A figure in white, girlish, fresh as the morning, sprang suddenly into view. Her eager face had the delicate flush of a wild rose. The hair clustered about her temples in tender ringlets of gold. Her eyes, blue and shining, gave her the look of a child just awakened from happy sleep—a child that expects to be lifted up and kissed.

"By Jove!" murmured Bunny, staring openly.

And these words failed him. He had never been so astounded in his life. This girl—this funny little Toby with the sharp features and pointed chin, the girl-urchin with whom he had chafed and played—was actually a beauty, and till that amazing moment he had not realized the fact.

Across the wonder came Saltash's quizzing voice—"Mais, Nonette, Nonette, you are a vision for the gods!"

And a curious hot pang that was like a physical stab went through Bunny. How dared Charlie use that caressing tone to her—as though she were a mere ordinary woman to be trifled with and cajoled?

And then he was standing close to her, and Saltash, laughing, pushed him forward. "Do you know this fellow, *ma chère*?"

The wide blue eyes came up to his with a pleased smile of comradeship. "Why, it's Bunny!" the clear voice said. "I'm so glad you're here, too—in this ogre's castle."

Her hand gave his a little confiding squeeze, then Saltash airily took it from him. "Come!" he said lightly. "Here is someone else you ought to know!"

He wheeled her round with the words. She came face to face with Larpernt. There was an instant of dead silence, then Toby uttered a little quivering laugh.

"Hullo—Captain!" she said.

"Hullo!" said Larpernt, paused a moment, then abruptly took her by the chin, and, stooping, touched the wide brow with his lips. "All right?" he asked gruffly.

Toby gave a little gasp; she seemed to be trembling. But in a second she laughed again, with more assurance. "Yes, all right, Captain," she said. "I—I'm glad to see you again. You all right, too?"

Larpernt also was embarrassed. It was Saltash who answered for him, covering the moment's awkwardness with the innate ease of manner which never seemed to desert him.

"Of course he's all right. Don't you worry about him! We're going to buy him another boat as soon as the insurance company have done talking. Maud, this is my captain, the finest yachtsman you've ever met, and my very good friend."

CHAPTER VI THE OGRE'S CASTLE

LET'S go out into the garden!" said Bunny urgently.

Dinner was over, and Maud and Saltash were at the piano at the far end of the great room. Jake and Larpernt were smoking in silent companionship at a comfortable distance. Toby, who had been very quiet the whole evening, sat slightly apart in a low chair with her hands clasped about her knees. Bunny alone was restless.

She lifted her eyes to him as he prowled near her, and they held a hint of mischief. At his murmured words she rose. "You'd like to?" he questioned.

She nodded. "Of course; love it. You know the way. You lead!"

[Turn to page 67]

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Sani-Flush has made the closet bowl the easiest part of the bathroom to keep clean.

It has displaced the use of make-shift preparations—and all the unpleasant, scrubbing, scouring and dipping methods.

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

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TO PREVENT BABY FROM SLIPPING out of the high-chair, I have devised a scheme which I think will be a valuable thing for mothers. I take a piece of portiere-pole about six or seven inches according to height of chair to tray, and nail with nail under the seat in the center of chair, then when baby is in chair you place a leg on either side of chair pole and this prevents him from sliding through.—Mrs. W. W., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

RUBBER WASHERS OF VARIOUS SHAPES AND SIZES, at a penny apiece at the hardware store, make excellent molds for crochet tops of window tassels or the ends of belts and sashes. They do not crush nor break in laundering and are a nice weight.—Mrs. L. S. S., Vallejo, California.

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Address: Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

How to Make a Home

[Continued from page 2]

country, it appeals to me that the happiest homes, the hearthstones around which gather self-respect, love, and contentment, are those homes where God is. There was something in the good, old-fashioned religion that instilled in a home an element that is too often lacking in the life of the present day.

My best advice to any young couple beginning life together is to treat each other with loving, considerate respect, to make every effort to own some kind of home, no matter how humble, and then to refuse to allow the other demands of life to crowd God from the home, for it is where He dwells that there is real happiness, peace and contentment.

Exactly what or where God is, is a personal matter. He may be the good in each one of us. He may be the Invisible Hand that evolves and governs the Universe. He may be a great personality sitting on a far throne, ruling the worlds inexorably. Whatever He is, He is truly the spirit of worship that is born in the heart of every living creature when it begins to palpitate as a separate entity.

I was deeply moved by the story of a little boy who stood entranced listening to the exquisite, pulsing, throbbing, mating song of the cardinal grosbeak. A woman came by and stood listening with him. She said to the little fellow: "What do you think the bird is saying?" He studied the matter very seriously for a minute, and then he answered her: "I think he says, 'Keep the home fires burning.'"

This is the best message that anyone can convey to the boys and girls of our nation as they approach manhood and womanhood and begin to take up the responsibilities of life. The one thing above all others most essential to our progress as a nation is to "keep the home fires burning."



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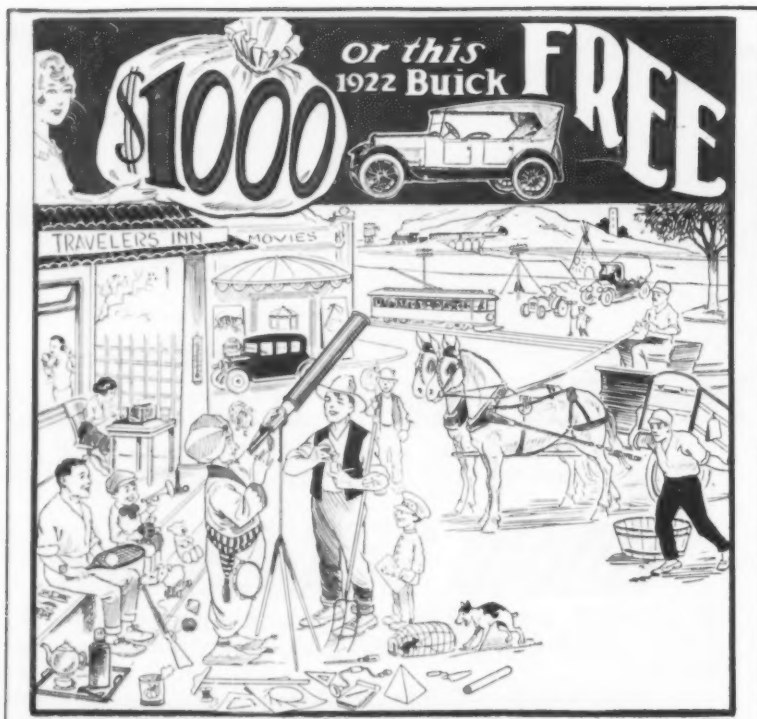
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2nd	1,000.00	500.00	250.00
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4th	250.00	125.00	62.50
5th	125.00	62.50	31.25
6th to 10th	10.00	5.00	2.50
11th to 15th	10.00	5.00	2.50
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26th to 50th	5.00	2.50	1.25

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Dept. 201
Minneapolis, Minn.

We want every man, woman and child to become acquainted with the Hember Silver and Gold Pencils, the most useful of all writing appliances. That's why we are giving away these prize gifts. You will like the Hember Pencil. It is fully guaranteed, your money back if not satisfied. Hember Pencils make most suitable gifts for every occasion.

Lady's or Gent's Style. The illustration shows only pencil, the Lady's Silver (regular \$2.50) or two for \$5. The gentlemen's size is similar except the barrel is longer and comes with a safety clip. The barrel is beautifully chased and engraved. The Hember has many distinctive features, repelling lead device, safety clip, non-clogging mechanism, lightness of pencil, etc. Your money back if not satisfied.

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Wedding 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$3.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, \$1.00
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Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

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Earache, Lumbago, Pain, Pain.

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid.

The Postman on McCall Street

[Continued from page 1]

made by man but destroyed by man, the mystery of the sacrament still remains. It cannot be destroyed and it holds in its sacred bonds the souls of the two united in first marriage, until death dissolves the bonds.

"Can courts today sever the tie of matrimony? Just as well sever the relation of earth and sun. They are trifling with a truth above and aside from their power of jurisdiction.

"The facts that every person contemplating marriage with a divorced one should face are these: I am entering where I am an alien, where I have no right, and I am disobeying the command of the Ruler of the World.

"Please bring out this question strongly before the thinking people of today. Start them on a quest for the truth and they will find it.

"I thank you for the pleasure afforded readers in such articles as this one, also the one by Gene Stratton-Porter.

"MRS. JOSEPHINE COUCH,
"Sheffield, Texas."

A Subscriber for Twenty-nine Years

"I have for a long time intended to write a letter to our Magazine, for I have something to tell you all, and also a question to ask. I first subscribed to our Magazine in 1893; it was then called McCall's Queen of Fashions. It was a small paper of four leaves.

"Now this is the question: Who has been a subscriber as long or longer? Please answer through the columns of our Dear Old, but always New, Magazine. If there are those who have taken it longer I would be pleased to know their names.

"JULIA MCKAGNE, Deer, Mo."

Too Much Print

"Will you permit a criticism in regard to your paper which I think would be seconded by many of its readers? The covers contain many beautiful reproductions suitable for framing were it not for the printing which often laps onto the picture proper, as in the case of the February number, thereby injuring the picture for the purpose mentioned.

"C. O. PAGE, Brookfield, N. Y."

Wants Man's Face on the Cover

"I like the February number, but I am tired of always seeing a woman's portrait on the cover. I always take the cover pictures and pin them on the wall. Think some men's pictures are prettier and I've heard lots of remarks that women would like to see the portraits of men, too.

"I am sure the change would please most of the girls.

"A SUBSCRIBER, Yoakum, Texas."

Bachelor Likes the Heart Page

"After reading Mrs. Wilcox's page in McCall's, I am at a loss to properly express my appreciation and respect for such a grand, fine woman in these days of sex insanity. These articles alone are worth many times the price of the magazine and every accountable man and woman, old and young, should read and ponder them.

"Fashion and frolic rule the day, and the almost utter disregard of genuine religion—really, the only hope—causes even serious-minded people to wonder if that, also, is not becoming a failure.

"This is from a man—an old bachelor—who reads every one of your articles and who wishes you many more useful years.

"D. B. C., Nashville, Tenn."



SWEET SPRING, which comes with violets in her hair and crowns her beauty with the rose, is Nature's symbol for the rebirth of trees, of flowers, of the thousand different living things.

To man, the Spring brings new life, too. But man must sometimes aid Nature in the work of rejuvenation.

You will find in Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) an ideal vegetable Spring Tonic and corrective, which will aid in relieving the tired out feeling, constipation, biliousness, headaches and other distressing symptoms which come after the inactivity and sluggishness of winter.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) does more than a laxative. It tones the stomach, increases the assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding Nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new. NR Tablets are companions of the Spring.

All Druggists Sell
The Dainty
25c. Box
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NR Tablets



Used for over
30 years

NR JUNIORS
Jrs

Chips off the Old Block.

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs
One-third of regular dose.
Made of same ingredients, then candy coated.
For children and adults.
Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. M, St. Louis, Mo.

Deformities of the Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 45,000 cases the past 20 years.

30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book. If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
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Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores \$1.
Parker-Belmont Powder Compact . . . \$1.00
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HAIR REMOVED FREE

Send for FREE sample of Hairine which will remove all traces of hair from face, neck, arms, limbs or any other part of body. Where others fail, this works. Try it. Free. Address: THE HAIRINE CO., Dept. 5, 24 W. Quincy Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



DeMiracle

Every Woman's Depilatory



Removes Hair

Immediately—safely

BY actual test genuine DeMiracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines. DeMiracle is the most cleanly, because there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. You simply wet the hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. DeMiracle alone devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

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You Needn't Tell the Secret

Restore your graying hair with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and no one will ever know. No streaks or freakish discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off. The restored color is even and perfectly natural in all lights.



Mail coupon today for free trial bottle and test on a single lock. Be sure to state exactly the color of your hair. Enclose a lock if possible. When convinced by wonderful results, get a full-sized bottle at drug-gist or direct.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1337 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.


Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is
 black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
 medium brown..... light brown, light auburn or blond.....

Name.....

Address.....

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU TRIED TO CONCEAL THOSE FRECKLES?

Only one way to do it safely and surely. Use Stillman's Freckle Cream. Removes freckles quickly and keeps them away. What a relief to see them go, and have again a fair skin that neither sun nor wind can harm.



Stillman's is safe and reliable. The standard freckle remover for over 50 years. All druggists. Don't accept a substitute.

Sent free: *Complexion Booklet and Treatment of Freckles.* Full strength, 50c.

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Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

Formerly Closely Guarded Secrets, Now Yours

We make you expert in all branches, such as make-up, mud pack, dyeing, marcel, skin work, manicuring, etc. Earn \$40 to \$15 a week. No experience necessary. Study at home in spare time. Earn while you learn. Authorized diploma. Money-back guarantee. Get FREE book, *Oriental System of Beauty Culture*, Dept. 221 1900 Diversey Blvd., Chicago

Charles Rex

[Continued from page 64]

Bunny needed no second bidding. He went straight to the tall door and held it open for her. Toby, very slim and girlish in her white raiment, cocked her chin and walked out in state. But the moment they were alone she turned upon him a face brimful of laughter.

"Oh, now we can enjoy ourselves! I've been feeling so proper all the evening. Quick! Where shall we go?"

"Into the garden," said Bunny. "Or wait! Come up onto the battlements! It's ripping up there."

They entered the door at the foot of the steep stairs that led up inside the ancient pile of stone and went forward for a few yards in total darkness. Then, from somewhere high above them a faint light filtered through.

"That's on the stairs," said Bunny. "One of those window-slits through which in the old hospitable days all comers were potted at. Look out how you go!"

They passed the slit in the wall and Bunny suddenly awoke to the fact that the flying figure in front was trying to out-distance him. It came to him in a flash of intuition. All his pulses beat in a swift crescendo as he gave chase.

His heart was pumping, but he would not slacken. She should never triumph over him, this mocking imp, this butterfly-girl, who from the first had held him with a fascination he could not fathom. He would make her pay for her audacity. He would show her—

A door suddenly banged high above him. He realized that she had reached the top of the turret and burst out upon the ramparts. A very curious sensation went through him. It was almost a feeling of fear. She was such a wild little creature, and her mood was at its maddest. The chill of the place seemed to wrap him round. He felt as if icy fingers had clutched his heart.

And then suddenly he blundered into an iron-clamped door.

He had begun to think that she must have bolted it on the outside when abruptly it yielded to his very forcible persuasion, and he stumbled headlong forth into the open starlight.

Desperately he flung his fear aside and moved forward to the parapet. The wall was thick, but between the battlements it was only the height of his knee. Below was depth—sheer depth—stark emptiness.

His heart was beating suffocatingly; he struggled to subdue his panting breath. She was somewhere close to him of course—of course. But the zest of the chase had left him. He felt dizzy, frightened, sick.

He went forward and found himself in a stone passage, actually on the castle wall, between two parapets; the one on his left towering above the inner portion of the castle with its odd, uneven roofs of stone, the one on his right still sheer above the terrace—a drop of a hundred feet or more.

As he moved forward through the glimmering starlight he called to her:

"Toby! Toby, I say! Come out! I'm not playing."

His face was grim. She had carried the thing too far, and he would let her know it. He rounded the curve of the castle wall. He must be close to her now. And then suddenly he stopped dead. For he heard her mocking laughter, and it came from behind him, from the turret through which he had gained the ramparts.

He rounded the curve once more, and approached the turret. His eyes were accustomed to the dim half-light, but still he could not see her. Fuming, he went back the whole distance along the ramparts till he came to the iron-clamped door that had banged behind him. Then, very suddenly, from far behind him, in the direction of the northern wall, he heard her laugh again.

He swung about in a fury, almost too incensed to be amazed. Once more he traversed the stony promenade between the double line of battlements, searching each embrasure as he went. Then his wrath suddenly burst into flame, the hotter and the fiercer for its long restraint. He wheeled in his tracks with furious finality and abandoned his quest.

Again he rounded the curve of the wall and came to the door of the turret. A great bastion of stone rose beside this, and as he reached it a small white figure darted forward from its shadow with dainty, butterfly movements, pulled at the heavy oak door and held it open with an elaborate gesture for him to pass.

It was a piece of exquisite daring, and with an older man it would have taken effect. But Bunny was young and vehement of impulse, and the flame of his anger still scorched his soul with a heat intolerable. She had baffled him, astounded him, humiliated him, and his was not a nature to endure such treatment tamely.

He hung on his stride for a single moment, then hotly he turned and snatched her into his arms.

[Continued in the June McCall's]



CANTHROX SHAMPOO

A lovely reflection looks back at you from the mirror when you give your hair the beauty in color, luster and waviness that follows the use of

Free Trial Offer

To prove the merits of Canthrox and that it is in all ways the most effective hair wash, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address on receipt of postage to cover the remailing expense.


It is a daintily perfumed scalp-stimulating hair cleanser which has been the favorite for years because Canthrox is made for hair washing only, and in addition to its cleansing properties is known to have a beneficial effect upon both hair and scalp.

If troubled with dandruff, you will notice the first shampoo removes most of it, and after each succeeding shampoo you find the flakes smaller and fewer until they disappear.

For Sale at all Druggists

It costs about three cents per shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; and none is more easily used. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water, thus making enough shampoo liquid to saturate all your hair instead of merely the top of the head, as is ordinarily the case. Then rinse, and you have an absolutely clean head of hair.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 237, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.




Frees You From Excessive Armpit Perspiration

EXCESSIVE Armpit Perspiration is an unhealthy condition; furthermore, it is the relentless enemy of dainty women. Time was when perspiration ruined gowns and a humiliating sense of impaired daintiness made summer a season to dread. Then came the wonderful, scientific discovery, NONSPI—a pure antiseptic liquid. You need apply it only TWICE a week—the underarm will remain sweet and dry and, without other protection, your gowns will be saved from perspiration stains.

Physicians and Nurses Endorse Genuine Nonspi

Hundreds of nurses and physicians have written us such expressions as: *Will freely recommend it*—“Nonspi is an indispensable preparation.” And before one cent was spent on advertising, NONSPI spread to every state in the Union—simply because grateful users passed on the good news and told their friends of it and its merit.

And, if you are annoyed by armpit odor or have had dresses stained by perspiration, it is to your best interest to obtain a bottle of the GENUINE NONSPI at once, from any leading toilet or drug counter or by mail (postpaid) from us. Use it TWICE a week and free yourself from perspiration troubles, as a million other women have done.



Our Testing Sample Will Convince You!
Send 4c for Testing Sample and what medical authorities say of armpit perspiration.

Never Raised in Price—Never Lowered in Quality
New as Always—50c—Several Months' Supply

THE NONSPI COMPANY
2630 Walnut Street
Kansas City, Mo.

I am free—You may be



Has the Wife the Right to Know?

Here Is the Most Extraordinary Problem Mrs. Wilcox Has Ever Faced. For the Best Solution From a Reader She Offers a Prize of \$100

THERE is the romance of renunciation, the passion of giving up the heart's desire—just as surely as there is the romance of realization, the passion of gaining the greatest goal. Here is a letter, in ways the most extraordinary I have ever received, which clearly sets forth this generally unnoticed fact in human relations.

This remarkable confession is marked by high personal idealism and its exaltation is almost of a religious fervor, but it strikes me that it betrays a hint of blind fanaticism.

The letter acknowledges the existence of a love which separation cannot destroy.

Now, the point is made in this confession that the wife in the case never knew, and will never know, of the affair; it is assumed she has no right to know.

The question immediately arises as to whether it is just to keep her in the dark. For if she knew, would she be satisfied

with things as they are—knowing that this love silently persists? For she must, under the circumstances, receive only a part, and not the whole of the wife's legitimate share of her husband's affections.

And so, does not this become *her* problem as well as *theirs*?

In a fair adjustment of this case, is the wife entitled to know and to make her own choice of the hard conditions the lovers have created for her?

Do you think she should learn the truth?

For the best letter from a reader offering a solution to this tangled problem of human destinies a prize of \$100.00 will be given.

Your letter must be received on or before May 10th, and should be addressed to Mrs. Wilcox, care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

In my own experience, there may be some help for the girls who are creating regret for themselves and others by some real or fancied love for a married man.

At twenty-one, I discovered that the friendship I had formed with a wonderful man, ten years my senior, had grown beyond the conventional bounds. We were thrown together daily in a business way and had found rare satisfaction in the association that grew normally and unconsciously.

I knew his wife and liked her and went often to their home.

At first I refused to take my growing love for him seriously. But there came a time when it could no longer be ignored.

When we learned that the interest was mutual, through circumstances which conspired against us, we were frightened, dazed and exalted. After realization, came consternation and despair. We had grown so close through mutual interests and tastes that the thought of separation was like the thought of death.

We floundered for a while, I confess, too terrified to know what to do. Then we looked at the facts without evasion.

He had been married ten years to a charming girl whose only fault was that by training and nature she was more fitted for the drawing-room than the library her husband preferred.

They had a son who idolized his father.

As a public official, the man was respected by everyone. We had to submerge our selfish desires. We never hesitated in our choice.

I hope never again to be called on to face a trial like that. There has been no association in my life so indisputably right. We had the sense of belonging to each other. But the facts showed us that we didn't; that further, we dared not even entertain the thought of it.

To keep our love unsmirched, we had to make the sacrifice. And we made it.

I never loved him so much as when he said to me: "It is impossible! She is my wife! She loves me!

WHAT we think about war, work, wives and other human interests differs from the opinion of 1913. Everywhere the present conflict between the new convictions and conventional conduct produces emotional distress. Much of this mental agony and moral confusion is a tragic waste of the finest individual qualities. Now an old platitude, coinciding with the new psychology, says that confession is good for the sick soul. But many persons have troubles of a kind not to be confided to relatives or close friends. Thousands of harassed persons who prefer an unknown and unseen confidant have detailed their big and little worries to one of the writers for McCall's, signing only their initials. For a personal reply, send a self-addressed and stamped envelope. Address letters to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



of the writers for McCall's, signing only their initials. For a personal reply, send a self-addressed and stamped envelope. Address letters to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

And I care for her! I will be faithful to her, so help me God!" It was the finest thing he ever said, I think.

Our relations have been shaped on that resolution. I resigned my position. The fight was not ended with our decision. There have been times when we were frantic with the need of each other; when we wanted to follow our inclination to see each other clandestinely.

But we couldn't run the risk of shaming each other. So we stood firm.

Had circumstances been different; had there been dissension and discord in his home; had there been no

child, we might have acted accordingly. I cared enough to sacrifice myself willingly.

But I could not sacrifice him by laying against him the indelible charge of weakness. And had he taken any other attitude toward his wife than the one he took, I should have despised him.

The sacrifice has left us both with a sense of incompleteness, of thwarted desire. But the friendship that exists between us today is as boundless as the ocean, as fresh and sweet as an April morning, and utterly above reproach.

I would not for all the secret blisses ever devised by clandestine lovers exchange my pride that I can meet the eyes of his wife without self-reproach.

She has never known, never will know.

Though I know that my feeling for this man will never alter, I am hopeful that time will bring me a companion who will help me realize the purposes of my womanhood.

I shall have no sense of inconsistency or shame in offering my love to another man. Love is not selfish or limited or personal. It is a faculty to be developed to infinite good.

If the girls who find themselves coveting their neighbor's husbands will face their problems courageously, they will find that the beauty to be won through self-sacrifice far eclipses the doubtful satisfaction of a few hours of stolen joy.

I wish some unhappy young girls who say they "can't give him up" would realize that they really mean, "I won't give him up!"

I wish they could realize that the love that takes no account of persons or conditions is not love at all—but emotional madness.—P. S. G., New York City.

Winona Wilcox



Raisin Coffee Cake

Do you make only bread on bake day?

When baking do you use a little bread dough for delightful sweet breads?

Many mothers find that plenty of sweet rolls and bread reduce the craving for cake and candy. Children love every kind of sweet loaf; after you begin to have them the "sweets" problem in your home will not be nearly so perplexing.

And it is so easy to make them when you have bread dough on hand. Just add sugar, eggs and shortening, according to the recipe you like best.

Northwestern Yeast Co., 1752 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago



Cinnamon Rolls

Bread
Rolls

Raisin Coffee Cake with bread dough

In the morning to 1 pound regular bread dough, when first made, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon shortening, 3 tablespoons sugar and 1 egg. Knead 5 minutes; let rise $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours; knead down and let rise about 1 hour. Roll into a sheet about 1 inch thick, sprinkle with small seedless raisins and shape into a roll. Twist the roll and form into a ring, joining the ends. Place in pan; let rise for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Bake 30 minutes in moderate heat. When done and while still warm, ice with frosting made by beating together 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon milk or water and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla extract.

Parker House Rolls

with bread dough
Two and one-half dozen

Take 4 cups (2 pounds) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Roll out to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thickness. Shape with a biscuit cutter, brush each shape with melted butter, crease through the center, fold over and press edges together. Place in a buttered pan 1 inch apart and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes. Sweeter and richer rolls may be made by creaming together 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, and adding to the regular bread dough, together with enough extra flour to make a medium dough.

Cinnamon Rolls with bread dough

One and one-half dozen

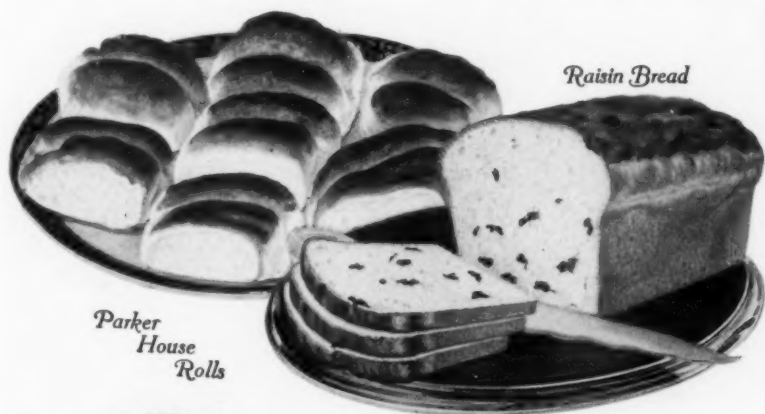
Take 4 cups (2 pounds) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Roll out to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thickness. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Make into a long even roll and cut into 18 pieces. Set close together, with cut surface down, in a buttered pan, and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Butter tops and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Sweeter and richer rolls may be made by creaming together 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, and adding to regular dough, together with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup raisins and enough extra flour to make a medium dough.

Bread Rolls

One dozen large or two dozen small

Take 4 cups (2 pounds) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Mold into a long even roll and cut into twelfths. Shape into round balls. Set close together in a buttered pan, brush with melted butter, cover and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.



Raisin Bread

Parker
House
Rolls



HANNAH L. WESSLING
Formerly Bread Expert
Department of Agriculture

Ask our expert what you want to know about bread making

Miss Wessling is an authority on bread making and will be glad to answer any question about flour, yeast, temperature, mixing, kneading, rising, molding, baking, etc. If you are making some delightful new bread with a delicious flavor, write to Miss Wessling and tell her about it.

An important new discovery about Yeast Foam

People also eat Yeast Foam. You need vitamins; they create vitality—help you resist disease. Thousands are benefiting from the energy-making qualities of Yeast Foam, one of the richest sources of the remarkable element in food called vitamins.

Send for instructive booklet,
"Dry Yeast as an aid
to Health"



Magic Yeast—Yeast Foam—just the same except in name.
Package of 5 cakes—at your grocer—10c package



A Shower of

Cleanliness

Old Dutch makes housecleaning easy and economical. The soft, flaky particles remove all dirt without injuring the surface. Contains no lye, acids or hard, scratchy materials

